The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833 — SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1889. — PRICE FIVE CENTS

GEO. DeWALD & CO.

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Full and Complete Line

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HOSIERY,
FANCY KNIT WOOLENS,
HOODS, TOBOGGANS,
Cardigan Jackets,
Misses' and Children's
WOOL MITTENS.

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COMPANY,

Calhoun and Columbia Sts

JOE. YOBST & BRO.

Have knocked the bottom out of prices in the Meat Business.

Round Steak, 10c., or 3 lbs for 25c.
Shoulder Steak, 8c. lb.
Pork Chops, 8c. lb.
Boiling Pork, 6c. lb.
Boiling Beef, 5c. lb.
Beef Roast, 8c. lb.
Kettle Rendered Lard, 10c. lb.
Sausage, 8c. lb.
Hog Head, 2½c. lb.

Watch this column for bargains and buy where you can get the best for your money.

NO. 232 CALHOUN ST.

WE HANDLE THE BEST.

First read the prices and then come and get the quality, and we know that you will be convinced that you are getting the worth of your money, at

ROUSSEAU & PFEIFFER'S

Meat Market, 44 West Berry street.

Round Steak, 3 pounds for	25c.
Chuck Steak, per lb	7c.
Chuck Roast, per lb	7c.
Boiling Beef, (good) per lb	5c.
Boiling Pork, per lb	5c.
Pork Chops, per lb	8c.
Pork Saus, per lb	8c.
Sugar Cured Bacon, per lb	10c.
Choice Home Rendered Lard, per lb	10c.
Elegant Corned Beef, per lb	8c.

HERE WE GO FOR A GRAND WIND UP

Most merchants advertise a Clearing Sale only at the close of the season, but we are compelled to take an inventory earlier than usual this year and will give you the edge on prices now, when you need goods the most.

We are going to sell every article throughout our store at cost and below cost.

We Mean Just Exactly What you Read Here.

This sale includes our Entire Stock of Cloaks, Shawls, Furs, all kinds of Woolen Goods, Underwear, Hosiery, Dress Goods, Silks, Plushes, Carpets, Curtains. In fact, Prices will be cut Right and Left on every article in our Store.

So Come Soon, For the Quicker You Come the Better For You.

LOUIS WOLF & CO.

54 Calhoun St.

JUROR CULVER DID IT!

The Secrets of the Jury in Their Deliberations in the Cronin Murder Case Made Public.

CHICAGO, Dec. 28.—The *Herald* this morning publishes what purports to be a true story of the proceedings of the jury in the Cronin case.

It says the jury first elected Mr. Clarke foreman, and then freely discussed the evidence. The jurors were nearly unanimous as to the guilt of at least four of the defendants, and Culver, by his remarks, seemed to acquiesce in the views of the others. On the first ballot, however, on the question, "are any of the defendants guilty?" his vote, (the only one) in the negative, showed his position. Several of the jurors argued with the real estate man, but to no purpose.

On the second ballot, "was Dr. Cronin killed in the Carlson cottage?" the result was as before—11 to 1. There was no more balloting Friday night, but plenty of heated debate. Saturday the argument was resumed and Culver took the position that Burke's identification was by no means complete and that the identity of the furniture had not been established. This staggered the other jurors. They had expected trouble, but were not prepared for the position he was taking. Several of the jurors, after a consultation, prepared a series of questions concerning Culver's utterances in the rooms occupied at the hotel. These questions were put to him in rapid succession. With some modifications they were as follows:

"Are you prepared to state, on your oath as a juror, that you did not come in the jury room with the determination to force disagreement? If not, how do you explain the fact that you said to a juror, before any testimony had been taken, that you were almost prepared in advance to discount everything that the state might do and disbelieve its testimony?"

"How do you explain the fact that you said to two jurors that Mrs. Conkling was an enamored woman, to another juror that she was impure, that she made your flesh creep by reason of her proximity to you while she was on the stand?"

"How do you explain the fact that you said to a juror, before he was sworn in, that you would not make a good juror; that you were prejudiced against the state; that it had used you brutally and that you could not give the state fair treatment?"

"How do you explain the fact that you said to a juror during the first or second week of the trial that the jury would probably stand on the ballot 11 to 1?"

"Why did you say to Mr. Bonticour, before the evidence began, that the jury system was cruel and that the state would not make anything by treating you as it had done? Will you swear that your determination to sue the county for damages has not influenced your opinion?"

Calver sat through the ordeal like one in a dream, big beads of prespiration broke out on his face and forehead, his body trembled and his hands shook. He made a motion once as if to break away from his stern inquisitors, but sinking back in his chair in a hopeless sort of a way, remained motionless until the reading was concluded.

He made no effort to answer any of the questions, nor did he comment on them. When the reading was finished he wrote a letter to Judge McConnell complaining that his character and integrity were being assailed and asked for protection. The judge replied that he could do nothing for him. After another long argument, a third and fourth ballot was taken on the same questions as the first. On the second ballot the result was the same, Culver voting "No." After a fifth ballot, which was like the preceding ones, debate was resumed. The others gave Culver no rest at all. Three or four were after him all the time though he begged piteously to be let alone.

Finally, Saturday night Culver took two jurors aside and told them that if they would let Kunze and Beggs go free he would vote to find the others guilty. The proposition was accepted and all went to sleep.

Early Sunday morning a ballot was taken and resulted: Beggs, guilty 7; not guilty, 5. Coughlin, guilty, 12. O'Sullivan, guilty, 12. Burke, guilty, 12. Kunze, guilty, 3; not guilty, 4.

This result was unexpected to everybody. Culver charged the others with violating their agreement, but they informed him that no agreement had ever been made. He wanted to compromise, but the others insisted on proceeding as they were.

Beggs' case was then taken up. On the seventh ballot only two voted guilty and on the eighth Beggs was acquitted. The result pleased Culver and he became more affable. After an argument it was agreed to find Kunze guilty of manslaughter and on the tenth ballot it was so decided. On the thirteenth ballot his sentence was fixed at three years.

On the question of hanging Burke, O'Sullivan and Coughlin the ballot was ten for and two against. On Burke at one, 11 yeas and 1 no.

Culver alone stood between Burke and Coughlin and the gallows, but was supported by one other in O'Sullivan's case. Culver argued strongly that fourteen years was sufficient, and threatened to withdraw his vote of guilty if the others insisted on the death penalty.

Monday morning Culver agreed to a twenty year sentence, and a ballot resulted, 11 noes, 1 yea. Finally, at 12:30, Monday, the thirty-first ballot was taken on the proposition to send the murderers to the penitentiary for life. The vote was 7 for and 5 against. On the thirty-second ballot the sentence was agreed upon.

DIEBOLD'S SUCCESSOR.

Nic DeWald Has the Inside Ropes at Present.

Officer Henry Diebold was preemptorily dismissed from the police force for drunkenness on his beat.

The police commissioners will hold a meeting next Monday, when, it is now believed, Nic DeWald, of the sixth ward, will be appointed to fill the vacancy. Councilman Bandt placed Mr. DeWald's application before the police commissioners, who, from all present indications, will make him their choice.

A SERVANT MAID.

Charged With Larceny, Lena Heines is Imprisoned.

Last evening Officer O'Connell arrested and locked up Lena Heines, a young woman.

The prisoner was arraigned before Mayor Harding this morning on a charge of larceny for the theft of a dress valued at $12, a necklace valued at $2 and a pair of gloves valued at $1.

Miss Clara Kelly testified that the goods were stolen from her.

Both girls worked together at Mrs. James Ryan's, on West Washington street.

Miss Heines stated that her home is in Van Wert.

She was bound over to the circuit court in the sum of $300, in lieu of which amount she was sent to jail. It was her first experience before a tribunal of justice and she wept bitterly as she was taken to the police station in the patrol wagon.

REV. DR. YOCUM.

He Eulogizes on the Manly Traits of Character of the Late Jeff Davis.

In Bartow, Fla., on Wednesday evening, Dec. 11, the citizens of that town gathered at a public meeting to hold memorial services on the death of the late Jefferson Davis. Many distinguished gentlemen made speeches complimentary to the departed. Among those who spoke was a former citizen of Fort Wayne, Rev. Dr. Yocum, at one time at the head of the M. E. college.

Of his address the Bartow *Courier-Informant* says: "Rev. Dr. Yocum, principal of Summerlin institute, was the next speaker. The doctor is from the north, and the situation might have been embarrassing to a narrower and less brainy man. But we deeply regret that we can not lay his whole speech before our readers. It is one of the most masterly ever delivered in the state. With the breast of true manhood he recognized the noble traits of Jefferson Davis' character, and pictured with a glowing eloquence, which fired the hearts of all the old ex-Confederates, the eminent Christian piety of their great chief, his strict integrity, and his sublime adherence to a cause which he believed to be right, even though a different path might have offered greater fame and honors. He closed with an earnest appeal for a united country; that we may stand together as one man and build up this great and glorious republic. He did honor to himself and honor to the occasion. And, in behalf of this whole community, we bless him for his precious words, whose influence for good will last through years to come. Had we a few more Dr. Yocums in this country, the dead past would soon bury it dead, the wounds would heal, and we should know no North, no South, no East, no West, but only one common country."

LA GRIPPE.

An Old Bank President Dies of the Malady.

BOSTON, Dec. 28.—John Templeton Cooledge, president of Columbian bank, died this morning at his residence of "La Grippe." Mr. Cooledge was one of the oldest bank presidents in Boston.

Short in His Accounts.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Dec. 28.—The sensation of the day here is the discovery that I. Monasch, financial secretary of the Turners Building and Loan association, is short in his accounts. The discrepancy is estimated at $25,000.

Threatened Strike.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Dec. 28.—A strike on the New York, Lake Erie and Western railroad, which extend from this city to Buffalo, is threatened. The trouble is caused by the recent discharge of four engineers.

Failure.

ELBENSBURG, Wash., Dec. 28.—Lloyd & Co., the chief mercantile firm have failed. Liabilities, $15,000.

A MICHIGAN FIEND!

In Cold Blood He Murders His Wife and Two Children and Then Commits Suicide.

ROCHESTER, Mich., Dec. 28.—A cold blooded tripple murder was committed two miles north of Mount Vernon last night. Wm. Major murdered his wife, his daughter, and his grand daughter. Major, who is about fifty years old, and a well-to-do farmer, was in Romeo yesterday, and came home cheerful. His daughter, Mrs. Joseph Depew, of Brandon, and her little daughter, were visiting the house, and, after conversation with them, the family retired.

The people were but fairly asleep when Major arose and began the work of slaughter. He took a revolver and shot his wife as she lay asleep, putting two bullets into her body and mortally wounding her.

The noise of the shooting awakened the others, but the murderer did not hesitate. Springing into the apartment occupied by his daughter and her child he cooly fired a bullet at Mrs. Depew, and when it failed to kill her, he procured an ax and knocked out her brains. Then he pulled his little grand daughter from beneath the bed clothing, and with one blow of the ax cut her open, killing her instantly, blood and brains bespattering the bed and wall.

Major then rushed into the room where his little son slept and groped about the bed for him. The lad had crawled under the bed for safety. As he heard his father searching the room he said, "Are you going to kill me, too, papa?"

"No, my son," replied the murderer. "Do not be afraid. I won't hurt you. When I am gone you will get $150, which I will leave you, and divide it with your sister."

Then he hastened from the house. The boy gave the alarm as soon as he could and the neighbors found Mrs. Major still alive. She cannot survive, however. The other two were instantly killed.

Major was found last night. His body was discovered in his barn, he having committed suicide by hanging.

LITTLE TICKS.

The Day's Telegraph News From Many Points Told Briefly.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—Benjamin A. Jones, paymaster's clerk in the United States marine corps' department, is missing. His hat has been floating in the river, and a letter written by him to his wife said that he was about to commit suicide. Jones' accounts are being investigated, and a shortage of $2,500 has already been discovered.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Dec. 28.—A general strike is believed to be brewing on the Cincinnati Southern railroad, owing to the discharge of more than twenty freight conductors because they belong to the Brotherhood of Railroad.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Dec. 28.—Henry Saxon, who made some sarcastic remark about the quality of music furnished for a country dance near here Christmas night, was asked to step outside by Willis Glass, the musician, and was instantly killed. Glass escaped.

BOSTON, Dec. 28.—The retail notion store of Houghton & Sutton, at Tremont and Beacon streets, was damaged to the extent of several thousand dollars by fire, smoke and water at an early hour this morning.

AUGUSTA, Me., Dec. 28.—Miss Susan L. Stanwood, a sister of Mrs. James G. Blaine, has been stricken with paralysis and is not expected to survive many hours.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—It is reported that the Vanderbilts have caused to be prepared by Tiffany & Co. a service of plate valued at $50,000 and will present it to Mr. J. Pierrepont Morgan as a Christmas-tide remembrance. The gift is supposed to be in recognition of Mr. Morgan's services in financeering the West Shore and other deals in the Vanderbilt interests.

CAIRO, Ill., Dec. 28.—James K. Kent, a prominent member of society here, and assistant cashier of the Cairo, Vincennes and Chicago railway, was yesterday found to have embezzled about $1,500 of the company's money. He has left for parts unknown.

A DEFAULTING TREASURER

Comes From Prison and Seeks to Recover Property Held in Trust.

VINCENNES, Ind., Dec, 28.—An important suit has been filed here by Spence S. Hollingsworth, ex-county treasurer, against James Ellison. Hollingsworth defaulted for about $80,000 and for this he served a term in Jeffersonville prison.

In order to indemnify his bondsmen he deeded in trust all his property to James Ellison, one of his bondsmen. The property was estimated at $60,000. The bondsmen compromised with the county and paid the shortage with $35,000.

Hollingsworth now claims that the rest of his property held in trust has been unaccounted for and is his, and, therefore, sues to recover the same.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—For Indiana—rain; warmer, southerly winds.

THE LAST SUNDAY

Of the Year Comes To-morrow, and the City Pastors Invite You to Religious Services.

You are heartily invited to the First Baptist church.

Regular services at Trinity Episcopal church to-morrow.

Usual services at the Trinity M. E. church Sabbath morning and evening by the pastor.

Services at the "Christian Chapel" to-morrow at 10:30 and 7:30. Evening subject, "The Final Judgement."

Rev. J. M. Boggs is ill and in consequence there will be no services at the Third Presbyterian church to-morrow.

Simpson M. E. church, corner south Harrison and Dawson streets. Regular services to-morrow by the pastor. All cordially invited to attend.

Berry street M. E. church; preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. M. Van Slyke, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., praise service, 7 o'clock; Sunday school at 2:15 p. m.

Services at Grace Reformed church to-morrow morning at 10:30. In the evening at 7:30 the pastor will speak on the topic, "The Unmarried," Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.

Regular services at the First Presbyterian church, morning and evening, by Dr. Moffat. Meeting of Society of Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p. m., Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All invited.

Usual services to-morrow at the Wayne street M. E. church. Preaching by pastor at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Subject of the morning sermon, "The Temptation of Christ." All cordially invited.

Men's meeting at the Railroad Department of the Y. M. C. A., will be held Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, standard time, to which all men are cordially invited. One of song, music and short talks, is sure to be profitable to all.

St. Paul M. E. church. Preaching both morning and evening by Rev. H. N. Herrick, president of the M. E. college. At the close of the morning sermon, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be celebrated. Sabbath school at 2:30 in the afternoon.

The First U. B. church, corner East Lewis and Harmer streets—Preaching both morning and evening by Presiding Elder Rev. J. L. Lutrell. Morning at 10:45, after which communion service; evening, at 7 sharp. Sabbath school at 9 o'clock, standard time. Come.

Union services of Congregational and Second Presbyterian churches will be held in the Congregational church to-morrow. Morning service at 10:30, conducted by Rev. J. P. Lloyd; Sunday school at 12 o'clock, m.; evening service at 7:30, conducted by Rev. G. Newton, of California; young peoples meeting at 6:45 p. m.

The city department of the Young Men's Christian association extends to all the citizens of Fort Wayne the compliments of the season, and to those who so willingly and cheerfully devoted their time and means for the success of our fair and the encouragement of our work we return our most sincere thanks, hoping that the coming year may be full of blessings for them and their children. Our Sunday afternoon meetings will be resumed to-morrow at 4 o'clock, city time, when we expect to see a large turn-out of young men. Let us begin the new year right by starting with the last Sabbath of the old year. Rev. W. M. Van Slyke will conduct the services.

LOCAL LINES.

There was a dullness about the depots to-day.

Engineer Meyers has entered the employ of the Nickel Plate.

Mr. James E. Graham was presented with an elegant gold watch and chain by his family on Christmas day.

Jacob Baltes missed a horse and buggy last night. The property turned up later at Rippe's livery stable.

Mrs. Adam Hoffman, jr., and daughters, of Crestline, Ohio, are the guests of Conductor and Mrs. Tom Hall.

W. H. Brilliant, Kendallville, W. C. Bramen, Muncie, Hugh S. Butler, Huntington, are among the guests at the Rich.

Mr. George Geiger, aged 75 years, 3 Edgerton street, died this morning of asthma. The funeral occurs to-morrow at 3:30 p. m. from the Zion Lutheran church.

To-day a splendid black team of horses were purchased from Farmer Lepper, the consideration being $350. The combined weight of the animals is 2,820 pounds.

Messrs. James and Michael Woulfe will shortly add another story to their building at the corner of Calhoun and Baker street. Mr. John Hinton will lease the property for hotel purposes.

Harry C. Adams, of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba railway, who was the guest of his parents at No. 165 Griffith street, has returned to his home in Minnesota. Mr. Adams was for some years an operator for the Pennsylvania company, and is now chief clerk and stenographer for the superintendent of the northern division of the Manitoba railway.

TEN KILLED!

A Terrible Wreck on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad in West Virginia.

WHITE SULPHUR, W. Va., Dec. 28.—A wreck on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad occurred near here at 7 o'clock this morning. It is reported that ten people were killed and ten injured. The accident was caused by a broken rail.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 28.—A telegram to the officials of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad says: There was a terrible wreck on the Chesapeake and Ohio near White Sulphur, W. Va., at 7 o'clock this morning. Five passengers and as many employes were killed and many injured. The accident was caused by a broken axle.

Chief Clerk Ryan, of the passenger department of this city, says he thinks none of the killed are Cincinnatians, but most of them reside principally in Virginia and West Virginia. The engine is not off the track, but car 64, combined car 44, and the coach and sleeper Herneosa turned over on their sides.

The coach telescoped the combined car and it is there where the people were killed. Five passengers in the second-class coach, and five employes were killed. The names of the dead, as far as we have been able to learn, are as follows:

Kidder Kidd, of Hannibal, Mo.

Baggage Master Barksdale, of Huntington, W. Va.

H. Mottson, mail clerk, Charleston, W. Va.

Newsboy, name not learned.

Two colored men who worked on the Alleghany section, names not learned.

Thomas Karsh, Blackstone, Kan.

J. D. West, Howardsville, Va.

The injured, as far as learned, are:

Conductor Schweichert, legs crushed.

Section Master Myers, badly injured in the breast and back.

The injured were taken to the Caldwell house, White Sulphur.

SHOWS HIS COLORS.

New Hampshire's Governor Issues an Extraordinary Proclamation Against the Rum Traffic.

CONCORD, N. H., Dec. 28.—Governor D. H. Goodall has issued an extraordinary proclamation, saying that in view of various henious crimes which have been committed in the state within the past few weeks, which are directly traceable to the use of intoxicating liquors, in the sale of which the state laws have been frequently violated, he warns all persons to desist from the illegal and deadly traffic immediately and calls upon state, county, city and town officials, and all good citizens of every party, sect and faith to unite in one supreme effort to close up every liquor saloon in the state, and he urges all churches, temperance organizations and all persons who desire the best good of the commonwealth to redouble their efforts to promote personal sobriety and temperance amongst the people.

FATAL FIRE.

An Old Lady Perishes in the Flames --Others Injured.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 28.—A fire occurred last night in the old St. Angeles church building. The first two stories were occupied by the New York Furniture company and a number of private offices, while the third floor was occupied by roomers.

An old lady, Miss Copeland, was overcome by smoke and fell into the flames and perished. Another lady in attempting to rescue her was badly burned. Jack McAuliffe, a fireman, was precipitated to the ground by the breaking of a ladder and received probably fatal injuries. Another fireman was slightly injured by falling walls. The financial loss will be about $20,000.

Masked Men.

RACINE, Wis., Dec. 28.—Three masked men visited the house of A. Jones, covered him with a revolver, and took a small amount of money.

King Carlos I.

LISBON, Dec. 28.—The formal accession of Carlos I, as king of Portugal, was proclaimed to-day with elaborate and imposing ceremonies.

Robert Carter Dead.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—Robert Carter, member of the publishing firm of Carter & Bro., died this morning, aged eighty-two years.

Death of a Judge.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Dec. 28.—Horace Wilder, ex-judge of the supreme court of Ohio, died at Red Wing, Minn., yesterday.

Burned.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Dec. 28.—The Muskeget life saving station on Nantucket beach was burned last night.

Dom Pedro's Wife Dead.

LISBON, Dec. 28.—The ex-empress of Brazil died to-day at Oporto, of heart disease.

Sheriff Viberg to-day arrested John Palmer on suspicion of selling stolen jewelry. Palmer was about the streets trying to dispose of watches. He showed satisfactory evidence that he purchased the stuff and was released.

A REPORTORIAL APOLOGY.

A Sentinel Reporter Gets the Names of Messrs. Ellison and Jenkinson Mixed in His Account of That Mock Trial.

THE SENTINEL owes an apology to Mr. T. E. Ellison, the attorney, and it will make it gracefully.

In giving an account, in its yesterday's issue, of a mock trial—a Christmas joke—which took place Wednesday at the office of Justice France, it gave his name as one of the principals, when in reality he had nothing whatever to do with it.

The information concerning this amusing Christmas day episode was obtained from a spectator whom our reporter had every reason to think was well acquainted with the parties, but the sequel proves, as we found out afterwards, that he was woefully mistaken in regard to the identity of one of them—Mr. Eilison.

He was represented, in our article, as assuming the part that should have been credited to Mr. J. J. Jenkinson, the attorney, who, with Mr. Byron Hattersley, were the principals in the affair that created so much merriment for a large crowd of spectators on Christmas day.

How our informant should have got the names mixed we are at a loss to understand, but mixed he got them, at any rate. There is but little similiarity in appearance between the two gentlemen and those who know them could not mistake the one for the other, but our informant did, and that is the explanation of the whole affair which created considerable comment and no end of amusement last evening among the friends of the parties concerned.

THE SENTINEL apologizes to Mr. Ellison for the newspaper notoriety it has given him by hastening to make the correction of the mistake in names. The publication of the episode goes to show how human it is to err. Mr. Ellison, we feel sure, was not worried about the matter, but we make the apology that Mr. Jenkinson may share, with Mr. Hattersley, his part in this Christmas day mock trial.

PROBABLY FATAL.

A Wabash Brakeman Badly Hurt at Huntington.

A young man named J. T. Fetters, whose home is at Andrews, was badly injured at Huntington, Thursday night while in the discharge of his duties as head brakeman on westbound freight train No. 98, on the Wabash. The accident occurred in the yards and was caused by some logs extending over the ends of the cars, and coming into close contact with each other. They caught the brakeman as he was making a coupling, pinching his head and causing dangerous complications. Blood flowed from his ears and he was rendered quite deaf, being unable to hear anything that was said to him. He did not seem to lose consciousness and gave orders concerning many of his personal affairs.

He was given every attention that the trainmen could furnish.

It was after midnight when the accident took place and at about three o'clock the victim was placed in the caboose and conveyed to Andrews. Reports were current that his injuries would terminate in death, as the skull was very likely fractured. Latest information is to the effect that he is still alive and if any change is noticeable, it is for the better. He will be taken to the hospital at Peru.

Fetters is popularly known in this city and bears a reputation of being honest and faithful in the discharge of his duty.

CUT HIS LEG.

A Young Farmer Meets With a Bad Accident.

Gottlieb S. Schwan, who has been chopping timber just south of the city on the Bluffton road, met with a very serious accident this morning. While cutting through a tree, the ax glanced off and buried itself in his left leg, just above the ankle, almost completely severing the foot from the leg.

One of the choppers took off his suspenders and bound them tightly around the cut member, and thus in a measure checked the flow of blood. Dr. J. W. Younge was called for and on his arrival tied the cut blood vessels and bound up the wound. The man will be confined to his bed and room for the remainder of the winter and may be crippled for life.

SAM SMALL.

The Former Associate of Sam Jones, to Lecture in This City.

On New Year's evening, Rev. Sam Small, the noted evangelist, will be in the city and will lecture at the Academy of Music, under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, upon the subject, "From the Bar Room to the Pulpit." The lecture will be free and all are most cordially invited to be present. From the fact that the visit of Sam Jones is of such recent date, the appearance of his famous co-laborer will be given additional interest, and many persons will be desirous of hearing him. The house will undoubtedly be filled.

LAST OF THEIR RACE.

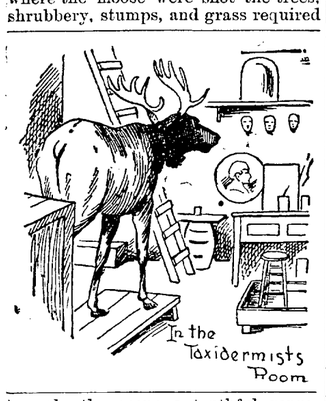
A STRIKING COLLECTION IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

A Group of Moose Now Being Mounted by the Taxidermists—The Noble Animals So Scarce that Specimens Have with Great Difficulty Been Secured.



ONE of the most striking objects or collection of objects in the National Museum at Washington is the huge case containing what is known as the buffalo group. This represents a small section of Montana scenery, a spot in the prairie where there is a pool of water and a group of buffalo mounted by the taxidermist in most life-like attitudes gathered about the pool. The animals were secured by Mr. Hornaday in his famous hunt "for the last of the buffalo." The scenic accessories down to the last little tuft of prairie grass were arranged by Mr. Hornaday, and the buffalo were mounted by him, all in faithful conformity with nature, which he had ample opportunity for studying.

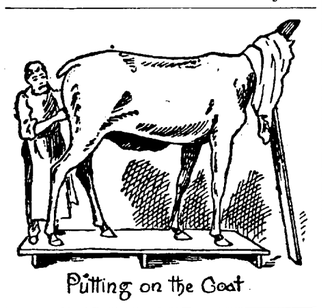
Soon there will be placed near this buffalo group another of equal size and importance. It will tell as well as one such collection can the life history of the moose. The moose group will be made up in part of trophies of Col. Cecil Clay's. The scene to be represented has been all planned and sketched in black and white by Mr. Hornaday. Joseph Palmer, the taxidermist, is mounting the moose in the various attitudes they will assume in the complete group. Col. Clay, who has taken much interest in the work and has given personal direction to many of the details, has gone on a trip to Canadian wilds, partly for the purpose of securing right from the spot where the moose were shot the trees, shrubbery, stumps, and grass required



to make the scene a truthful representation of what a stealthy hunter who could get near enough to such a group of moose might actually have seen.

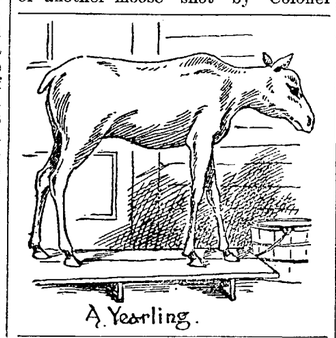
The larger of the rooms occupied by the taxidermist is now devoted almost entirely to the moose. In fact, there is room on the floor for little else, but the shelves are covered with casts, drawings, skies, antlers, and the many materials used by the taxidermist. On one shelf is a cast made from the head of a big moose, showing the great development of the flexible nose—a provision of nature which enables the animal to plow beneath the surface of the crusted snow in winter in search of the foliage of bushes upon which it feeds at that season, and also aids as a horn to give volume and effect to its peculiar and prolonged bellow when calling to its mate.

On low platforms on the floor stand the moose already mounted or in process of mounting. The largest of the group is a cow, and the taxidermist has about completed work upon this animal. This is the huge creature from the province of Ontario shot for the museum by Col. Clay and which measured 6 feet 4 inches in height at the withers. It is as large as a big horse and weighed 1,500 pounds. It is represented with legs somewhat spread and its short neck and long head stretched at an angle upward, as if reaching out to seize with its tongue and overhanging upper lip a leaf or twig from the branch of a tree. The shortness of the neck, the size of the head, and length of the awkward-looking limbs give the creature a somewhat ungainly aspect, but the taxidermist has stuck to the lines laid down by nature's handiwork. The neck is so short that it is with difficulty the



animal gets its nose to the ground, and instead of grazing as common cattle or deer do it feeds upon leaves from the tops of bushes or on the lower limbs of trees.

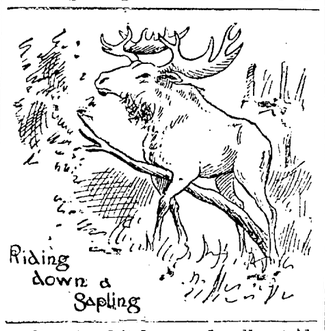
A recent visit to the work-room showed Joseph Palmer and his assistant, A. H. Forney, giving the semblance of life to the legs of a yearling moose which is to form one of the group. Near by stood another cow, about completed, and the calf secured by Colonel Clay with the big cow was off in a corner by itself ready to take part in the moose tableau. The calf, which was a very young one, is distinguished, like its mother, by the length of its legs. A bull shot in Maine stood on the ways near by, not yet ready to be launched. It was the most interesting object in the room to one who wanted to see how a moose is made—that is, a moose made by a taxidermist. It had not had its coat put on yet. The head was there, a genuine moose skull with branching antlers and some deficiencies in the bony structure supplied by the skill of the taxidermist. The body, well rounded out and made in the perfect image of a moose, was composed, so far as the eye could see, of fine "excelsior," wound, and packed, and padded, and molded, and wired into the form of muscles and flesh. There were the shoulders, and the joints, and the line of the backbone all brought out and well defined. The legs had for their foundation or base the leg bones of the moose rearticulated by the taxidermist and strengthened and supported by slender but strong iron rods bent into proper shape. About



these bones were twined the muscles and tendons of "excelsior." The taxidermist, by utilizing the skull and bones of the animal, secures outlines and dimensions for which nature is responsible and cannot be questioned. This half-made bull is almost as large as the great cow. Colonel Clay is not satisfied with its size, however, and hopes to secure one to substitute for it—a monarch of its race, which will represent fully the height and size attained by the full-grown old moose bull. This bull is represented standing quietly and naturally in its tracks, with its head about the level of its hump. On the floor lay the leg bones of another moose shot by Colonel Clay, and which soon will have to perform service as part of the skeleton of a moose, whose heart and vitals, circulatory system, muscles and flesh will be excelsior. When the body and limbs have been modeled to accord perfectly with measurements, sketches and casts taken from the animal before it was dismembered the skin has to be put on, and in this the skill of the taxidermist is severely tested. The skin has in the first place to be removed with much care from the animal after it is shot. Then it has to be treated carefully so as to preserve all the natural color and aspect of the coat, and be kept in a flexible condition without either shrinking or stretching. Nature's tailoring is done with much nicety, and even when the taxidermist has nature's own materials, it is not an easy task to secure the same exactness of fit in one place or the soft fold in another as that which characterized the coat of the live animal. The workman has to study his subject thoroughly in order to have his reproduction of nature look comfortable in its skin.

The group, when mounted, will be represented feeding in a clump of trees, birch and ash, such as might be found in the moose country in Northern Maine or Ontario in the autumn.

The glass-case in which they will be placed will be of the same size as that inclosing the buffalo group—12 by 16. In the foreground the big cow will stand, reaching up and grasping at a twig with its tongue and lip. By it will stand the calf, and the yearling moose will be standing by with its head down and tongue protruding, licking the calf's forehead. The other moose will be feeding near by. The bull moose, still to be mounted in the workshop, will be postured in what is perhaps the most characteristic attitude. The moose, when it cannot conveniently feed upon the leaves of a sapling by reaching upward, will throw its weight against the stem of the



sapling, bend it down, and walk astride of it. It will then feed at ease upon the succulent twigs and leaves. This performance is called in moose-hunters' parlance "riding down" a tree, and the moose yet to be rehabilitated will be represented in the act of feeding on a sapling which it has ridden down.

The Game of Information.

The newest game for winter evenings takes the form of an information party, and is begun by passing to each boy a card and to the girls small pieces of paper, which should be numbered from one up to the number of girls in the game. The boys then write a number on their cards, and those who discover the same number on their card and paper are partners for the game.

Each couple must think of a question, sensible or ridiculous, historical or in regard to the weather, to be written on cards, after which the cards are to be gathered together, and the leader reads each in turn, giving a few moments for the partners to consider the subject and write the answer, which should be read aloud in turn.

This is where the fun of the game begins, as many of the answers are exceedingly queer.

Those having a correct answer mark their card 10; a wrong answer 0; and if the answer is anywhere near right it is counted. When all are added, prizes may be distributed as in progressive games for the best and the poorest record.

This is an amusing game because of the misinformation it elicits. A great many people will be surprised at their own ignorance in regard to such questions as to the number of States and Territories, the location of cities in Europe, the names of well-known rulers, and so forth.

Of course it is not fair to ask for exact dates in history, but outside of that, there is plenty of chance to trip somebody who thinks he "knows it all."—*Golden Days.*

"Miss Jennie and Me."

One evening a man, tall and spare, surrounded by a country atmosphere, cautiously approached the desk at Willard's Hotel, Washington, and hesitatingly said that he wanted a room. Mr. Harris placed the register before him and handed him a pen.

"What's thet for?" inquired the would-be guest.

"Sign your name, please," was the reply.

"I've got a lady with me. It's my wife—we've just got married," was the faltering remark of the visitor.

"Then write both your names on the register," was the advice given.

An inspection a moment later revealed the following entry:

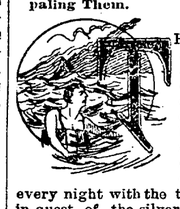
"Miss Jennie & me."

It may be love that makes the world go round, but you can't make the old maid believe it.

THE SPEARING OF FISH.

METHODS OF PURSUING THIS PISCATORIAL SPORT.

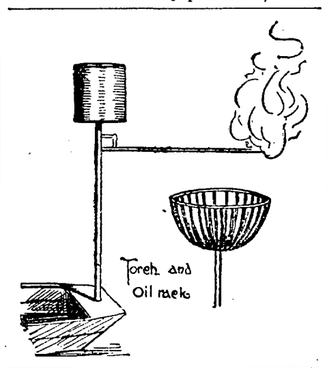
The Kerosene Torch Has Superseded the Old-Fashioned Pine Knots and Wire Rack Habits of Different Kinds of Fish and the Difficulty in Successfully Impaling Them.



THE SPEAR WAS at one time regarded as an honorable and effective implement of war, but now it is only used by barbarians and sportsmen. Our inland rivers and coast creeks are lit up every night with the torches of fishermen in quest of the silver eel or the pickerel. Fish spears have long been laid away, for spearing fish during the spawning season is a crime that should call down all the thunders of the piscatorial Jove. Yet, such fish slayers do exist.

Visitors along the bays of our coast and inland streams may now see, when they are walking abroad in the calm evenings, light-like enlarged will-o'-the-wisps floating from point to point among the shallows. They investigate them, to find the mystery resolve itself into a boat with two men, one to pole the boat and one to spear the fish. The light proceeds from an upright about three feet high, from which projects an arm of about the same length, the end of which is loosely wrapped around with tow or cotton waste. On the top of the upright is a two-quart can fitted with a faucet and holding kerosene, which flows fast or slow as desired along the arm, which is hollow, and saturates the bundle of tow, and this being lighted attracts the fish and shows them plainly to the spearer.

In the old days an open-work cresset of iron was filled with dry pine-knots, which



the boys collected from the woods. The fault of this was that it could only be used in the bow of the boat, and so as to cast the strongest light in an awkward place. The dense smoke also came straight back over the boat, much to the discomfiture of the sportsmen. Then the lamp with a reflector was tried. This was dark at the back and was fixed on a pivot allowing to be thrown from side to side, but even with this the strongest light fell too far ahead, so the upright and arm came in use, and is more generally used than any other.

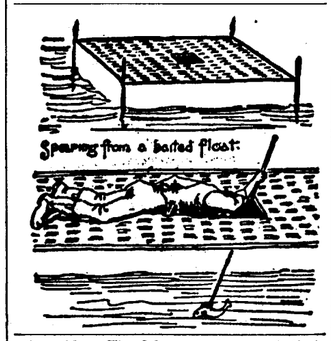
The duties of the man with the pole are not easy, and but few people can pole a boat to suit an old spearer. He must not strike the bottom hard with his pole, for sound is much increased under water, and the mere concussion of the pole on a rock bottom will scare fish twenty yards away. Then he must pole the boat just so, neither too fast nor too slow, and in a direction to keep the smoke from crossing the boat. When a fish is struck the boat must be staid and held still, or a sudden lifting of the spear will enable the fish to get away. In using the spear considerable skill is required, as will soon be found out by the repeated misses scored at first trying.

One must allow for refraction in making a strike. A perfectly straight stick held upright in a depth of three feet of water will appear to be bent at an angle of 20 degrees, and this angle will decrease when the water becomes shallow, and increase as it deepens. Consequently the first thing to learn is to judge the depth at which



the fish lies; at the depth of three feet strike fully a foot behind him if he is coming toward you, and a trifle more if going from you. The best way is to try first at fish going against the stream, as in striking with the current the slightest thing varies the accuracy and nothing more so than grasping the spear more firmly at one time than another. These few hints should enable any one soon to become fairly proficient.

Some years ago quite a sensation was created in Spain owing to the fact that most of the rivers where fish had been carefully preserved for years had been almost cleared of their occupants by poachers at night. A peasant and a boy would leave the village after dark. One would carry a rude, reed-woven basket on his back, like a haversack, and a small torch in his hand, which was surrounded by a piece of bright tin held in place by wires and capable of being slid downward as the torch burned; the other, free from all incumbrances, carried the spear. Thus equipped they waded knee-deep through the shallows, avoiding the deepest pools and the extreme shallows. A likely hole was found and both stood still. Then the man with the basket pitched a stone down stream, just on the



other side. The fish rushed out of their hiding-places into the circle of light, and were fascinated by it until the spear secured more than one of their number.

The rivers of Belgium and the famous dykes of Holland are thickly populated with lampreys. We use them as bait for black bass, and in this country they seldom grow to any size, but the Belgians consider them a great delicacy and export them to England in large quantities for table purposes.

In the spring months they are speared in great quantities in a rather novel manner. The rivers there are crossed by a succession of small dams or weirs, over which the water comes tumbling only a few inches in depth. The spearers have a lantern strapped on the crown of their head by an arrangement of wire, and a basket strapped at their backs. This basket has a top shaped like our eel pots, with a hole through which the fish can be dropped, but can not crawl out again. He takes his station at the foot of the dam or where the light from his lantern falls on the water above. The lampreys at night hold on to the stones with their mouths like our suckers, and when they see the light they let go their hold and drift lazily, tail first, to the dam and over it, as they slip down the incline they hang to the first projection, and quick as a flash the spear strikes them and they are transferred to the basket.

Visitors crossing the bridges see these lights scattered over the river, blending with the lights on shore, rendering it difficult to define the houses and the river; they think it the lamp of some vessel lying at anchor or at a wharf, and go home to bed never dreaming of the strange industry going on just under their noses.

FADS OF NEW YORK WOMEN.

The Pampered Daughters of Wealth—What They Do to Kill Time.

[SPECIAL NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.]



THREE or four weeks ago I wrote of the time and money spent by some well-known ladies in making collections of certain toilets or household things. Mrs. Jesse Grant has just brought to her home a dozen candlesticks. She had plenty already. The lady is candlestick struck. She has been filling her cabinets ever since she married, and her husband rarely returns from a journey without bringing her another one. All nations, art schools, potteries, and kilns, are represented in the modern, while her antiques are quite like a museum collection in number, rarity, and value. A peep at her chinas is like a glimpse of the certain Broadway house where Dresden figures, French studies, and floral effects in porcelain rival Nature in her gayest mood. A virtuoso would forget his contentment looking at the dragons, vestal virgins, harlequins, reptiles, sea monsters, dolphins, warriors, fishmongers, and fabled deities, modeled in bronze, wrought iron, brass, silver, and ormolo. The quaint bits of color and the lovely forms of laid work and under-glazing would make a suppliant of an independent artist. Aside from their artistic value, many of the candlesticks are priceless as souvenirs, coming as they did from immortals, living and dead.

Mrs. Wilber F. Storey, until recently the owner of the Chicago *Times*, and who is as much at home in the Windsor Hotel as she is in her Michigan avenue house in the Lake City, is a slave to her handkerchiefs. When her husband was alive he used to have them made to order, not by the dozen, but by the hundred. Most men will admit that pretty underwear is the most witching part of a woman's trousseau, but Mr. Storey put the handkerchief at the head of everything, and paid the bills gleefully. There was one French firm that used to fill his order, and the delicate squares were sent home in an oaken box big enough to hide a family of children in. One specialty of this house was a bobinette handkerchief made with a two-inch ruffle of the same web, and finished with bands and bows of ribbon. Usually it required fifteen a day to supply the lady, and she kept a maid who did nothing but wash them, pull them dry, and baste in the ribbons. There were mulls and sheer linens; batiste and fine lawns lavishly trimmed and stitched flat, and point lace in a hundred different varieties; but the gem was and still is the bobinette. Nothing like it was ever handled by many women. As a supplement Mrs. Storey wears attar of roses that costs sixty dollars an ounce, one drop of which is a veritable benediction to the senses.

Mrs. William Livingstone has a weakness for window draperies of applique lace, with her monogram picked out of the delicate web in batiste lines.

Mrs. Major General Schuyler Hamilton, who on the day of her marriage to the distinguished soldier was presented with the famous pearls of the Hamilton family, has an inordinate love for the jewels, which she is more fond of playing with than wearing.

The actresses go into fads for advertising purposes, just as they sign literary contributions which most of them are incapable of writing. Lillian Russell is an adept, and yet I can hardly leave her out of this letter, for she has a really remarkable collection of silver-bound toilet articles. She is mad on the subject of brushes, and I really believe there are three dozen alone in her outfit. She has nail brushes, jewel brushes, brow brushes, hair brushes, and manicure brushes, all woven with imported bristles and backed with silver—sterling, every inch of it, and superbly carved or hammered. These things are spread over her dressing and toilet tables, backs up, and if you didn't see the French bed with its silken canopy and hangings in her chamber, the polished wardrobes of her dressing-room, and the porcelain tub and swinging health-lift of her bath-room, you might fancy yourself in the shop of a dealer in exclusive novelties. These brushes, with the hand mirrors, jewel and powder boxes, are distributed over the tables of three rooms, and against the white drapery they suggest a mosaic of pearl and silver. To the sight they are admirable. To the chambermaid, who has to shine them up every Monday morning, they are appalling.

JENNIE DEAN.

The Minister's Ruse.

The collection box in a certain Scotch church was found empty. The minister thereupon joined Tam, the kirk officer, in his homeward walk after service, and lamented to him that he would have to do a thing he did not like, which was "just to raise the deevil, and he'll come to the man that took that money, either in a wind that'll no leave him leaf nor sheaf, or wi' a rope to hang him over his own door." The kirk officer made no reply. The next night the minister sent a man over to Tam's barn to hang a rope with a noose at the end of it on the door. Tam came down to thresh; but, seeing the noose and his own shadow on the wall, he rushed back to bed and remained there till daylight. When he returned the rope was gone. He was shortly afterward seen proceeding to the kirk; and when the box was opened next Sabbath every missing penny was found inside.

A TATTOOED PEOPLE.

MISSION WORK AMONG THE BUDDHISTS OF SIAM.

A Country Where the Young Adonises Imperil Their Lives to Make Themselves Fair in Women's Eyes—Curious Habits of the People.



HERE RECENTLY arrived in San Francisco from Siam a party of missionaries, men and women, connected with the Presbyterian mission at Lao, in northern Siam. As this mission has been established in the province of Lao for a number of years, and is the only distinctively American organization in the country, a sketch of the scene of operation and the work being done will prove exceptional interest, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

The boundary line between Lao and Siam passes irregularly along the eighteenth parallel of north latitude and the greater part of the Lao states lies between the ninety-ninth and 101st meridians of east longitude, reckoned from Greenwich. There are six Lao states tributary to Siam—namely, Lakon, Lampon, Cheng-Mai,



STARTING ON A JOURNEY.

Muang-Nan, Hluang Prabang, and Muang Prau. All are independent of each other and the rulers are autocratic. The offices of chiefs in the several states are held for life, but are not hereditary and are electorial under the will of the people with the consent of the King of Siam. The tribute paid to the latter by each chief is chiefly in the form of gold and silver betel boxes, vases, necklaces, etc., with representations of trees in gold and silver. Taxes are collected by the chiefs from farmers and others, and it is sufficient to say that the office of tax-collector is strictly "in politics," that is to say, it is a convenient source of private gain. It is a poor tax collector that can not leave his office a wealthy man.

The Laosians have a characteristic salutation when a wealthy or a aristocratic person passes along. It involves going down on elbows and knees and raising the hands to the face, almost in the attitude of prayer—a posture abject enough to recall the worst features of court civilization in Europe. The Laosians are unfamiliar with the practice of shaking hands and the usual greeting is a grunt. Under pressure they have been induced to follow the conventional practice, but in this case they extend the left or right hand indifferently. The Lao country between Raneng and the border of the Ngiou states, along the twentieth parallel of latitude, is the principal source of the elephant supply in Siam, and it may be said of the entire country of Lao that it is essentially the land of Buddhist temples and elephants. The latter are the only animals which can get through the dense jungle without difficulty.

Tattooing is practiced in western Lao to a considerable extent. As in civilized countries, so called, women pinch in their waists and shiver in insufficient attire to



ELEPHANTS AT REST.

please their youthful admirers of the sterner sex, so in Lao the young Lotharios and Adonises run the risk of the death penalty to make themselves fair in women's eyes, for the statistics of tattooing show a steady mortality of 2 per cent, with a much larger ratio of blood-poisoning and inflammation tardily recovered from.

The prevailing religion in the Lao States is Buddhism. The Laosian theory of the universe is a peculiar one, and sets gravitation at defiance. The center of the world is Mount Zinnalo, which is half under water and half above. The former portion is a solid rock with three root-like rocks protruding from the water into the air below. Round this mountain is coiled a large fish (furnishing a remarkable analogy to the emblem of early Christian sepulchers). This fish can embrace and move the mountain. When it sleeps the earth is quiet; when it moves it produces earthquakes. Mount Zinnalo is full of caves, which below water are inhabited by dragons called "Naks," and above by angels called "Thewedas." Above the earth and around the great mountain is the firmament, with

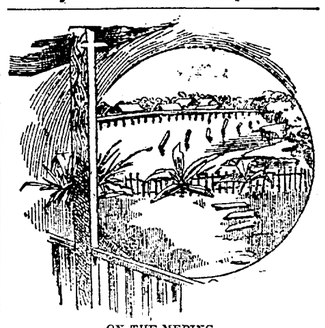


SCENE AT CHEFG-MAI.

the sun, moon, and stars. Above the water is the inhabited earth, and on one side of the four sides of Mount Zinnalo are seven hills, rising in graduations, which are the first ascents the departed has to make. If he is wanting in "merit" he can not get to the top; but, having reached the summit, he comes to the different chambers in heaven. In these also are degrees, and a system of government. Above all is the outer darkness or "Nirvana," well known as the annihilation state of non-existence, or everlasting rest of the Buddhist faith.

The American mission at Cheng-mai is under the charge of Dr. Cheek. This gentleman enjoys a high reputation among the natives as a physician, however reluctant they may have shown themselves to accept a change of faith. It appears that the mission was established about twenty-two years ago, its object being not so much to proselytize or evangelize the natives as to improve their general tone and elevate their minds by instructing them in useful industries. The success of the mission, from an evangelistic point of view, was at first very poor the number of living converts in 1884 being less than 100. The Catholic church has long had a fairly successful mission in Siam.

Dr. Cheek has saved the lives of hundreds by his medical and surgical skill.



ON THE MEPING.

He has also established a boat yard at Chengmai, where he employs large numbers of men and enables slaves to be emancipated themselves according to the customs of the country by making boats for their masters. American tools are fast superseding the primitive implements of the natives in the work of boat construction.

There are no newspapers in the Lao type, but the Rev. Mr. Peoples expects to have a font of Lao type prepared in this country, and great results are anticipated from its use. Mr and Mrs. Peoples have spent seven years in Lao and will return in about a year's time. Mr. Peoples worked chiefly at Lakhon, an important Lao town.

There is now quite a large party of ladies in the Lao mission, and the prospects are much more encouraging than a few years ago. At Cheng-mai there is a commodious school room where the girls are taught the ordinary subjects of study besides receiving practical instruction in needlework, household duties, etc., with lessons in music and singing as a recreation. The ladies' board of the society in New York sends out regular remittances for the purpose of redeeming Lao girls from slavery and sending them to school.

The elephant plays such a prominent part in Laosian life that special legislation is invoked in its favor. The stealing of an elephant or buffalo is a capital offense. The buffalo is the chief domestic animal, but is not used as a beast of burden.

The population of the Lao district proper is about 3,000,000; in all Siam there are about 10,000,000 of inhabitants.

Cheng-mai is the most powerful of the Lao states. When it was founded 600



MISSION PARTY.

years ago Muang Fang was the principal city. After being several times conquered and sacked by the Burmese and Ngious respectively, it remained deserted until about seventy years ago, when several princes came over from Lakhon, founded the present dynasty, and raised Cheng-mai to its present importance.

The Cheng-mai market is held every morning from 8 to 11 o'clock. The women do all the selling. The natives are decidedly partial to strong drink, and "samshoo" is the prevailing tipple. The climate of Lao is distinctly tropical, but not unhealthy, except in the rainy season. Dysentery and fever are the principal factors in the bills of mortality.

In this connection it is proper to mention that spiritualism is a popular craze in Lao. There are regular spirit doctors and mediums, who not only "charm away disease," but are consulted whenever any difficulty occurs in public or private affairs,

She Had Not Entirely Forgotten.

Mr. Billus sat in his comfortable armchair, with his feet comfortably resting on another chair. Mr. Billus was enjoying himself. He had dined, and he defied fate to do its worst, even as another great man is said by historians to have done under like circumstances long before the period of Billus.

"Maria," he observed, "this is the anniversary of our wedding, isn't it?"

"It is, John."

"Twenty-three years, Maria," said Mr. Billus, reflectively, as he took the poker and stirred the fire in the grate, "is a thundering long—h'm! h'm!—long time for some married folks, isn't it?"

"It is, John."

"And yet it doesn't seem—h'm! h'm—as if it were thirty years since I first met you at the Jasper County fair, does it?"

"It isn't thirty years," replied Mrs. Billus, rather shortly. "It is only twenty-six."

"I mean twenty-six years of course, Maria. Speaking of that fair," continued Mr. Billus, "I wonder if you remember that big artichoke in the agricultural hall."

"No, I don't remember any big artichoke."

"Have you forgotten that long ear of corn sent in by old Absalom Wykoff?"

"I have no recollection of it."

"Don't you remember the big beet that Uncle Jakey Dubois had on exhibition?"

"No."

"Maria," said Mr. Billus, impatiently, "where's your memory? Don't you recollect the great big pumpkin that weighed 176 pounds that Cal Hepperly was showing everybody that came to the fair?"

"It seems to me I do remember a big pumpkin."

"I thought so. Your memory is a mighty poor one, Maria, but you could not forget that big pumpkin. Do you have any idea" persisted Mr. Billus, with growing recollections of sundry pies his good mother had made shortly after that fair, "whatever became of that pumpkin, Maria?"

"I think I have, John."

"You have, hey," he retorted in surprise. "If it is all you can do to remember the biggest pumpkin at that fair how do you happen to know whatever become of it, madam?"

"I married that pumpkin, John."

The fire burned feebly in the grate, the canary bird slumbered peacefully in its cage, and amid a silence so profound that the shadows could be plainly heard dancing on the wall Mr. and Mrs. Billus sat in their cheerful little parlor and dreamed the happy hours of their wedding anniversary away.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.

FACTS CONCERNING A VERY PECULIAR PEOPLE.

The Inhabitants of the Navigator Islands in Peace and War—The Men Are All Tattooed—Males Mature at Fifteen and Girls at Eleven Years of Age.



THE Samoa or Navigators Islands are situated some four thousand miles in a southwesterly direction from San Francisco. The regular monthly steamers that ply between San Francisco and Australia pass the Islands but do not stop. They "slow up" enough for the transfer of mail for officials or missionaries to a small boat and continue on their course. There is practically no trade with the islands, and merchantmen rarely visit them.

The missionaries in the Samoan Islands are not permitted to teach the natives the English language. There are schools in which the people are taught, but they are conducted in the Samoan tongue, a limpid language which has been called "The Italian of the Pacific."

When the Samoans are not dancing they are swimming, and when not in the water they are dancing. The wonder is how they find time for work. All of their dances are accompanied by songs, and every conspicuous event is commemorated with a song and a dance. Their singing is entirely different from the discordant yells of most savages. The basso, baritone, and air are carried with precision, and the time is perfect. Some of their dances are a revelation. The "fu-su," or fighting dance, is illustrative of their fistic skill. The Samoans are accomplished boxers, and in this dance assume almost the same attitudes seen in the prize ring. Ages ago they discovered the "knock-out" blow, which they deliver with precision and power. The "tollola," or presentation dance, used when the village takes offerings to the chief, is rich in melodious singing, and the "satke," or stick dance, is a marvel of precision. In this dance, whether there be a dozen natives or 500, every alternate one has either two short sticks or one long one. Time is kept by beating the long sticks with the short one. In the "siva," or war dance, they sit in a row like a lot of tailors



A SAMOAN GIRL.



KING MALIETOA.

and go through a series of extraordinary calisthenics.

Some of the Samoans have fiery-red hair. Their hair is naturally long and wavy, but devoid of kinks. By bleaching it with lime, they obtain the brilliant red they all admire. They are all "double-jointed," and they are able to, and naturally do, move their arms, fingers, and limbs into positions no white can imitate. In color the Samoans are a fair duplicate of the mulatto, but there is a sub-tint to their skin which frees it of any "muddy" effect."

The men are all tattooed from the waist to the knees. This tattoo consists of a solid background of blue, enlivened with a smaller design in terra cotta. In that sunny land the boys mature at 15, but they are not men until they are tattooed. The operation requires weeks for its completion, and is the one great expense in their lives. The girls are married at from 11 to 15, an unmarried one of 16 being considered an old maid.



All values are computed by mats. The value of a mat is determined not by its size or beauty but by its age, an old ragged affair, full of holes, often being almost priceless.

The religion of the Samoans is little more than a mythology. At birth every child is given a god. When one sleeps the god is away; when one awakens the god has returned to him. Hospitality is part of their religion. Every village has its "Fale-tale," or guest-house, set apart for visitors. The people, with songs and dances, bring their offerings, and while he is with them all they have is at the command of the stranger within their gates.

Autumn Poetry.

His darling—George, dear, how sad and solemn are the thoughts connected with the close of the year. The beautiful summer is dead. The boughs of the trees, stripped of their foliage bend and sway in the chill autum breezes that sough through their—their——

"Whiskers?" suggested George himself.

"No; branches, dearest. And listen to the melancholy chirping of the toadstools——"

"Those are not toadstools; they are crickets, dear."

"Oh, is that so? I knew it was something to sit on."—*Judge.*

A TRAGEDY IN HIGH LIFE.

BY A. C. GRISSOM.



PERCY was hanging on the front gate at the home of his only love, softly whistling to her to come forth and chin him a spell.

Percy was very happy, for he had just given his rival, Jamison Tough, the cold shake around the corner, and he was fondly anticipating the sweetness of the coming chat with his darling Belinda.

He did not know that Jamison Tough was approaching stealthily on the opposite side of the street, clasping a suspicious-looking something in his right hand, and wearing on his ghoulish face, as a sort of mask, a savage scowl.

Now Belinda was very swell, and would never have come forth to the gate to meet Percy, but Percy was boycotted by Belinda's pa, and their meetings were therefore clandestine.

As Percy whistled, the door of the mansion softly opened and Belinda came tripping out.

Percy was in raptures.

The ferocious Jamison Tough, on the opposite side of the street, was stirred to madness. With a horrible imprecation he raised his arm, aimed at Percy's head——

Percy heard a loud report, and Belinda staggered, covered her face with her hands, and shrieked. "I am shot! I am shot!"

Jamison Tough, after his deed, disappeared in the darkness.

Percy would have run to the aid of his only love, but her papa suddenly arrived on the scene and he was forced to hastily decamp. He was in an agony to know the extent of her injury and who was the dastard who had perpetrated the crime.

The solution of the mystery was not reached by him until a few days afterward, when Belinda's little brother suffered himself to be bribed.

Belinda had received the bad egg intended for Percy.

On Business.

The Governor of Georgia had just dismissed a delegation of Prohibitionists, when a card bearing the name "Judge J. T. W. Madison" was handed him. The chief executive was very tired, having been harassed with dry speeches, and would have sent down an excuse, but the high-sounding name on the card bespoke a visitor of importance; so, wearily yielding, he told the porter to show the gentleman up. A few moments later one of the most deeply colored gentlemen in the State stepped into the room.

"Dis yere de gubner?"

"Yes. What do you want?"

"I's called on bizness, sah. I's er jedge down——"

"You are a judge?"

"Yes. Justice o' de Peace down in de swamp district."

"Well, state your business with me as quickly as you can."

"I'll do it, sah. Caze dat's what I come yere fur. Lemme see, now. Oh, yas. Some time ago, sah, I had er man named Sam Bly 'rested an' tried for stealin' co'n. I tried him myse'f and fined him four hundred dollars an' six munts in jail. Dis wuz all satisfactory, 'specially ter me, but de blame lawyer he tuck er 'peal ter de circus con't. Now, sah, my bizness wid you is dis yere: Ef you's got any 'fluence wid de jedge o' dat circus con't, I wush you'd drap him a few lines an' tell him ter send dat case back ter me. Now, is you got much 'fluence wid dat judge?"

"You old scoundrel, get out of here or I will have you thrown out.'

"Jest wait er minit, sah; jest wait er minit. I know dat nigger stole dat co'n, an' I know dat he wants ter take er 'peal just so he ken skape de justice dat is atter him. Dar's anuder thing: Dat nigger is er mighty p'litical bother down dar an' de folks wants ter git rid o' him till atter de leckshun—knows da does, er da wouldn't er promised me er hunnud dollars ter send him up. Now, it's er gubnor's duty ter do whut de folks wants him ter do an'—hol' on, hol' on, I'll go. Neber seed sich times ez dese comin' ober folks. Hol' on, fur I'se dun gone."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Hints for Amateur Sportsmen.

An excellent treatment for a bullet wound is to wash the wound clean and cover with clean muslin saturated with a solution of carbolic acid or alcohol. The great object is to keep the wound clean and protected from the air. Do not foolishly probe for the bullet. It can be better extracted after the healing of the wound.

To extract fish hooks from your flesh or clothing cut the leader free and push the hook on through, depressing the upper end so as to bring the point out as near as possible to where it went in. Don't try to pull the hook back over the barb.

Thirst can be abated by the eating of acid fruits or plants. The chewing of twigs, barks or leaves of trees and shrubs will also afford temporary relief. Snow and ice aggravate the thirst by chilling and closing the salivary glands.

Learn to shoot without closing your eyes when you pull the trigger. Beginners will find it hard to do this, but it must be done.

In sighting either shotgun or rifle the left eye should be closed, except in the case of left-handed persons; then the right eye should be closed. Some men keep both eyes open, but the majority of shooters and all the crack shots close the left eye.

An extra pair of socks are handy on a one-day out trip. Then, with your shoes nicely dried at my lady host's fire you will be in comfort for the next morning on your way home.

Avoid sleeping in close rooms. Keep the apartment well ventilated. Let in fresh air, but keep out the draught.

When out shooting carry a small square of shamois skin saturated with pure oil. Then you are prepared to well-grease your gun in case of a rainstorm.—*Nature.*

Didn't Want to Be an Angel.

"I say, Jones, what's the matter with you? You're as uneasy as a fish out of water; can't sit still a minute."

"Oh, it's smoking that makes me so nervous."

"Well, why don't you quit it, then?"

"The fact is I've given up all my other bad habits and I don't want to be an angel."

"Well, why don't you risk it, anyway?"—*National Weekly.*

NATURE is upheld by antagonism. Passions, resistance, danger, are educators. We acquire the strength we have overcome.

JEFF DAVIS.

There are thousands upon thousands of people in this country who have asked why Jeff. Davis was never tried for treason. A satisfactory answer has probably never been given until recently, upon the appearance of Hon. Hugh McCulloch's interesting book entitled "Men and Measures of Half a Century." Mr. McCulloch, it will be remembered, is an Indianian, and served partial terms as Secretary of the Treasury under the administrations of Presidents Lincoln, Johnson, and Arthur. In this interesting book Mr. McCulloch says:

"The question, 'what shall be done with the Confederate leaders?' was referred to but not discussed at Mr. Lincoln's last meeting with his cabinet. Mr. Lincoln merely remarked in his humorous manner, 'I am a good deal like the Irishman who had joined the temperance society but thought that he might take a drink now and then if he drank unbeknown to himself. A good many people think all the big Confederates ought to be arrested and tried as traitors. Perhaps they ought to be, but I should be right glad if they would get out of the country unbeknown to me." This question came up in the case of Jefferson Davis soon after Mr. Johnson became President. Mr. Davis had been captured while attempting to escape after the fall of Richmond, and was a prisoner in close confinement in Fortress Monroe. Some action must be taken in his case. What should it be? He had been the President of the Confederacy, and therefore was the most conspicuous of the enemies of the Government. By a large part of the people of the North he was regarded as the arch-traitor, upon whose head vengeance should be visited. Should he be liberated in the face of the strong feeling against him, or should he be arraigned for treason, and if arraigned, should he be tried by a military commission or a United States court? These were interesting and important questions, requiring the most careful consideration both in legal and political bearing.

"The legal question, Has Mr. Davis been guilty of such acts of treason that he can be successfully prosecuted? was submitted to the Attorney General, who, after a thorough examination of it and consultation with some of the ablest lawyers in the country, came to the conclusion that Mr. Davis could not be convicted of treason by any competent and independent tribunal and that therefore he ought not to be tried. The conclusion was undoubtedly correct. It was a revolution which had been attempted by the Southern States—a general uprising of the people of the South against the government. It was war in which they had been engaged—war of such proportions that belligerent rights had been accorded them by foreign nations. The same rights had been acknowledged by the government in exchanges of the prisoners and other acts. They could not therefore, be charged with treason, nor could one of their number be singled out and legally convicted of the crime. Aside from these considerations it was clear that whatever treasonable acts Mr. Davis might have been guilty of, were committed in the Southern States, where, under the constitution, the trial must take place and where conviction would be impossible. The President (Andrew Johnson) was chagrined by the decision, which was forced upon him by the opinions of the Attorney General and other eminent lawyers. It was in direct opposition to his committals in the vindictive speeches which he made at the commencement of his administration; but he saw the correctness of it and from that time he pushed his generosity to those whom he had denounced as traitors to an extreme. Mr. Davis was only one of many thousands who were engaged in war against the government. His position was made the most conspicuous, but he was no more guilty than many others against whom no proceedings were contemplated. There was no evidence that he was responsible for the horrors of Andersonville, or the general bad treatment to which Union soldiers were subjected in Southern prisons. He was, however, kept in confinement until the spring of 1867, when he was brought before the United States Court at Richmond on the charge of treason, and admitted to bail. He was not tried, although he expressed a desire to be, nor was he among those who asked to be pardoned. * * * He was kept in prison for two years before he was arraigned and released on bail, and strangely enough Horace Greeley and Gerrit Smith, the distinguished abolitionists, were among the signers of his bond."

Mr. McCulloch gives an interesting account of his visit to Fortress Monroe, where the ex-Confederate President was held confined. Mr. McCulloch went to Fortress Monroe at the instance of President Johnson, to ascertain whether or not the treatment of Davis was true. "He was," said the President, "the head devil among the traitors and he ought to be hung; but he should have a fair trail, and not be brutally treated while a prisoner."

Of his visit to Fortress Monroe, Mr. McCulloch says:

"On my arrival at the fortress Mr. Davis was walking upon the ramparts accompanied by a couple of soldiers. I was glad to notice that his gait was erect, his step elastic, and when he came up where I was standing that he had the appearance of one who was suffering in health by imprisonment. I spent an hour or two in conversation. 'I was,' he said, 'in the first two or three months of my imprisonment, treated barbarously, but now I am permitted to have a daily walk, and my present quarters, as you perceive, are such as a prisoner charged with high treason ought not to complain of.' A cot, a small pine table and two cane-bottomed chairs. The cot and chairs were hard and of the plainest and cheapest kind, but the room was clean and well-lighted.

" 'I was,' he said, 'when brought to the fortress, not only strictly confined in a casemate, which is little better than a dungeon, but I was heavily ironed. As I had been a submissive prisoner, and was in a strong fortress, I thought that chains were unnecessary and that I ought not to be subjected to them. I resisted being shackled, but resistance was in vain. I was thrown violently on the floor and heavily fettered. This was not all. The casemate in which I was confined was kept constantly and brilliantly lighted, and I was never relieved of the presence of a couple of soldiers. My eyes were weak and sensitive. I suffered keenly from the light, and you can judge how my sufferings were aggravated by my not being permitted for months to have one moment by myself.' "

"THE man who laughs" is a most important factor in the world, not often appreciated at his worth. Good, genuine, honest, mirth-provoking laughter does more to clear the cobwebs out of the sky than a thousand discreet formalisms.—*Ladies' Messenger.*

Better Than Killing the Murderers.

It may now be asked what form of punishment should be substituted for the death penalty. It is not necessary to my purpose in writing this article that I should touch that subject at all. This article is written mainly for the purpose of protesting against the crime of capital punishment, and not for the purpose of explaining what can or should be substituted for it. It will not, however, be out of place to say that the most natural substitute for the death penalty, under our form of government, would be imprisonment for a term sufficiently long to demonstrate that the offender might be safely allowed to go free. It is just as vicious, of course, to imprison a man for revenge, as to hang him for revenge. There is therefore, no sound reason why a murderer should be punished at all. It is right that he should be apprehended and confined until it is determined whether he is of such a nature or disposition as to be likely to commit more murders. But if this view of the case is too nearly in accordance with humane considerations to suit this cruel and bloodthirsty age, then the obvious mode of punishment to substitute for judicial killing is imprisonment at hard labor for life. This is far too cruel a punishment to visit upon anyone for any crime done under the impulse of passion, but among a people who so frequently say: "Hanging is too good for him," and who are so given to lynchings, it is as much of a modification of our present practice as we could expect to get.

It has been observed that the most of the murders occur among the poor people, and upon the top floors of tenement houses; that is to say, among the poorest of the poor. The connection between poverty and the crime of murder, like the connection between poverty and all other crime, is demonstrably close. If we could cure the social disease of poverty, the seeds of crime would be destroyed. The people rarely think of this. They think it is our business to punish crime; but it is our best business to prevent it. Our present organization of society manufactures criminals faster than we can possibly take care of them. Poverty degrades men; it robs them of leisure, which is absolutely necessary for the development of mind, and the domination of passion; it keeps the people hungry and fierce; it imbrutes them; it makes Ishmaels of them—their hand is against society as the hand of society is against them. Plant a generation of paupers, and you will reap a crop of criminals.—*H. O. Pentecost, in the Arena.*

Looking on the Bright Side.

Uncle Billy Dawson, who lived in the house where Mr. Crounse was reared a kind-hearted man, who never lost a to hold out hope to the despairing chance or sympathy to the suffering. He was always ready with the proof that however hard a neighbor's lot was, it might have been many fold worse; and his ingenuity at finding a recompensing gain for every loss that one might suffer was a matter of local wonderment.

One day somebody told Uncle Billy that his neighbor, Thomas Darrow, had fallen under the cars and lost a leg.

Uncle Billy stood in silence several minutes, looking at the ground. Then, raising his eyes, he said:

"Well, I'm awful sorry for poor Tom, but there's some consolation in the thought that a pair o' socks 'll last him twice as long as they ust to, and to a man as poor as he is that's a good deal."

The next day Uncle Billy called on the injured man, and to his surprise learned that Tom had lost both legs. A little disconcerted, Uncle Billy stood by the bed in solemn consideration. Presently, however, his face brightened, and he said:

"Well, Tom, if you had to lose one leg it's a mighty good job that you lost two."

"Oh, Uncle Billy," said Tom, "how can you say such a thing?"

" 'Cause it's true, Tom, true as Gospil. You see if you'd only lost one leg you'd be thinkin' about it and worritin' about it all the time, but now you see, the loss of each one 'll serve to keep your mind off'n the loss of the other. It's a great blessin' you lost 'em both, 'stead o' only one."

Does this serve to clear up the Boulango-smallpox paragraph?—*Washington Post.*

All His Own Fault.

It was agreed by everybody in the car that she was the handsomest woman they ever saw, says the New York *Sun*, and the man in the seat with her probably noticed the sly glances and heard some of the whispered exclamations. He became restless and uneasy, and by and by he got up and walked back to where a couple of drummers sat and said:

"Boys, she's my wife."

"Yes!" responded one.

"I allow that she's homely 'nuff to scare a hungry bear out of a hog-pen, but it's all my fault."

"Indeed!"

"And I'll tell you the story, because there is a great moral lesson in it. We was engaged to be married. I took her into Syracuse to a Fourth of July. There she met Bill Prime, an old beau of hers, and to make me jealous, as some gals will, you know, she agreed to ride home with him. It hit me hard, as you may believe, and so I went out to the stable and drove tacks into Bill's harness. When they came to start out the horse ran away. Bill jumped out and didn't get a scratch, but Mary staid till the buggy struck a bridge and was all smashed up. She lost twelve teeth, had her nose broken, her mouth torn out at the corner, an eye cocked up, her nose turned in, her tongue bit half in two, and the color of her hair changed to the brindle you now see before you."

"I see the moral lesson."

"Not yit you don't. That came in when I tried to give her the shake and crawl out of the marriage. Her old dad put on the screws and I had to come to time or lose my farm, and so I walked chalk. The great moral lesson is, never get mad at your best gal. If you do get mad, don't make a fule of yourself. That's all, boys, and I hope the warning will sink deep into your hearts."

Weatherwise.

Solon, Sr.—Why does my tobacconist always take his wooden statue of Pocahontas into the house at night?

Solon, Jr.—I suppose because if he didn't he'd find his Indian summers else. Now tell me, please, why does he house that wooden Highlander?

Solon, Sr.—Doubtless, my son, because he doth not desire to have a Scotch mist in the morning.

BIRDS CARRY THEIR YOUNG.

How a Woodcock Parent Removes Her Brood.

One of the most interesting traits about the woodcock is the fact of its occasionally conveying its young through the air, which is done by only one or two other birds. This is no recent discovery. The fact was known as early as the middle of last century, though Gilbert White rightly surmised that those observers, were mistaken who fancied the young were conveyed either by or in the bill. It is just as erroneous, however, to substitute the claws, as some have done.

The truth is that, when the parent bird wishes to convey her young one from a place of danger to one of safety, the tiny thing is gently pressed between the feet and against the breast, the aid of the bill being resorted to only when the burden has been hastily taken up. In this way the whole of the brood is sometimes removed from one part of a wood to another when the birds have been much disturbed. On this subject there is an interesting note in "Lays of the Deer Forest," by the brothers Stuart: "One morning, sitting on a gray stone, I saw a dark eye which was fixed upon mine from the bed of leaves before me, when suddenly the little brown head of a young woodcock, peeped out from the feathers of the old one's breast, uttering that plaintive cry for which language has no sign. There were two more young woodcocks, and to relieve the anxiety of the madre, I left her. Near the place where I found her there was a soft green stripe, such as woodcocks love. I have no doubt that the family would be there next day; and as I passed near I turned aside to see what they were doing. Upon the dry bank half way down the brae, I almost stumbled over a bird, which rose at my feet; and as it darted through the trees I saw that it had something in its claws, and at the same time I heard the plaintive cry of young woodcocks just under my feet. I looked down—there were two; and I thought a hawk had carried off the third, and perhaps killed the mother. This, however, I found, on following the bird, was the old woodcock, which, being flushed again suddenly, after a low flight of only a few yards, dropped what it was carrying—her own young woodcock." This trait may be confirmed by any one who will look out the bird in its haunts, and is all the more interesting as it seems to be quite an acquired one. The bird is in no way adapted to transport its young through the air.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

A Grand Duke's Escapade.

A writer in the Paris *Figaro* gives numerous details regarding the private life of several princes, among which the following story of Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, is particularly piquant:

The Grand Duke, who is an Admiral in the Russian navy and has a great influence over his brother, the Czar, at one time created as great consternation in the imperial house of Russia as that of which the Archduke John has recently been the cause of in the Austrian Court, but by another method—an affair of the heart.

The young Empress Marie, his mother, had with her as a maid of honor, the daughter of the poet, Joukowski, in whom she took an especial interest. One evening when the young girl was alone with her sovereign, she fell in tears at her feet and confessed that she was loved by the Grand Duke Alexis, that she shared his passion and begged her to consent to their union.

Imagine the Empress' surprise. The imperial answer was the immediate escort of the maid of honor to the other side of the frontier to the home of her relatives in a foreign country and an order to the Grand Duke to rejoin the Russian fleet in the Baltic.

But the august masters of Russia did not realize with whom they were dealing. The Grand Duke escaped from his vessel, joined the maid of honor in her exile, took her away without ceremony, and, carrying her to America, there married her secretly. I pass over the disgraces, the vicissitudes, the phases of all sorts that followed this exploit. Royal loves are like fires of straw—the are as quickly extinguished as kindled. The day came, when the Grand Duke, under the influence of his mother, completely submitted to Emperor Alexander II., and re-entered the fold.

The secrecy of this union and the conditions under which it had been contracted made it null in law. Time dried the tears of the heroine, and she married a Saxon gentleman, Baron Cpohrman, and lived in retirement in Germany. Their only child enjoys a large income, and bears the title of Marquis de Segiana, conferred upon him by an obliging chancellor.

No Candles for Them.

When some one was talking about Irish wit, said he: "I knew a couple of Irishmen once who went on a long tour for pleasure. They carried small knapsacks containing changes of clothing, and they footed the whole route they had decided on taking. Wherever night found them or inclination ruled they stopped. They would put up in an inn or tavern, have a carouse and pass the night. This was in the old country, gentlemen, and about the time that gas was introduced. In those days when a man retired to his room he was handed a candle in a candlestick which also held an extinguisher and some matches.

One night they struck a hotel where there was gas. They had never seen such an illumination before.

" 'Dedad, Pat,' says Mike, 'that's a darling light!'

" 'Faith an' it is,' says Pat, and the pair stood looking at it like a couple of moon-gazers.

"In the morning a great idea seized Pat. He wrenched off the gas fixtures from the wall of the bedroom and hid it under his coat. That night they struck another hotel. When the time for retiring came, each was handed a candlestick with the usual equipments. Pat looked at the hotel proprietor and at the candlesticks and then hauling out of his pocket the gas fixture he had unscrewed, he flourished it before the astonished Boniface and said:

" 'To blazes with your candles. Don't you see we have the gas?' "

A Girl's Guess.

She was a girl with big, round blue eyes and yellow curls. She stood before her grizzled sea captain of an uncle with a deep, thoughtful air that charmed him.

"What are you thinking about, my dear?" he inquired.

"It just occurred to me that you must use a great many ciphers in your work," she said.

"Why?" he inquired.

"They would be so necessary in naughtical reckoning."

ODD, QUEER, AND CURIOUS.

SNAILS sometimes sleep for four years at a time.

THERE is a breed of dogs in Russia that cannot bark.

IN a handful of clover, plucked in his yard, Edward Koehler, of Bethlehem, Penn., found fifty four-leaf stalks.

A ROMANTIC story comes from Kalosca, in Hungary. A young pupil entered a seminary to prepare for the priesthood, and lived exactly the same life as the young men on the premises. The Cardinal's suspicions were aroused, and it transpired that the pupil was a lady, who said she desired to become a priest.

SALLIE MCALLISTER, of Springfield, Ky., a colored girl of 19, is believed to be the largest woman in the world. She is five feet two inches in height, measures seven feet three inches round the waist, and three feet six and one-fourth inches round the arm above the elbow. She weighs 632 pounds. She enjoys excellent health, and makes her living at the wash-tub.

A RED squirrel is the companion and pet of Mr. C. R. DeWolf, a traveling theatrical agent. The quadruped lodges in his owner's overcoat pocket, and goes with him in all his travels. He frequently comes out for a ramble, when he sportively crawls over his master's shoulders and legs, and varies the performance by following him through the streets like a dog, and engaging in the drollest antics.

MR. SLOSSON, the famous billiard player, claims to be able to foretell a storm eight hours before its arrival by the sound of the ivory globes. He declares when the barometer is falling, they do not give that clear, ringing click which sounds so musical to the ear of the player, nor do they rebound with the same elasticity. With a rising barometer, the balls resume their wonted elasticity and clear click.

RECENTLY two Jackson County (Ga.) men were working in front of a circular saw, when one of them reached over to remove a chip from behind it. The saw caught his sleeve, and dragged him over the shafting. Round and round he went, until his fellow workman could run and stop the machinery. When he was taken out not a scratch or bruise was found upon his body, but the saw had torn every thread of clothing off him.

THE carrier pigeon has just been turned to a curious use in Russia. It is to convey negatives of photographs taken in a balloon. The first experiment was made from the cupola of the Cathedral of Isaac, in St. Petersburg and the subject photographed was the Winter Palace. The plates were packed in envelopes impenetrable to the light, and then tied to the feet of the pigeons, who safely and quickly carried them to the station at Volkovo.

THE Right Hon. Arthur Kavanagh, once Conservative M. P. for Carlow, was the most remarkable man in a physical sense that ever sat in the House of Commons. He had neither arms nor legs. He was regularly carried to his seat in the House. He was allowed to address the House sitting, and to vote without going into the lobby. In spite of his physical defects he took an active part in the business of the House. He spoke frequently on Irish questions, and sat on many select committees.

The Bird Market at Lucknow.

Some birds are used medicinally, and it is well known what strange ideas native doctors have of the virtue of bird flesh. Both the flesh and the brains of the common sparrow, especially the cock sparrow, are in great repute for certain diseases; so a cageful of these familiar chatterers is never missing in the market. Certain species are used in making love potions, and are administered by rejected suitors to the objects of their adoration. On the other hand, the blood or the flesh of an owl is supposed to make a person insane who drinks or eats it. On this account men who are devoured by jealousy of a rival or hatred of an enemy come furtively to the market, and, purchasing an owl, in silence carry it home secretly and prepare a decoction which an accomplice will put into the food or drink of the object of their malignant designs.

The list of uses for bird flesh is not exhausted yet. Eating a crow is supposed to prolong life by keeping the hair black and preventing it from turning gray. The common roller, often called a bluejay, has certain rites performed over it, and is then set free after one feather has been plucked from it. This feather is then worn as an amulet, and is supposed to have great potency in averting the evil eye. Another purpose for which birds are purchased every morning is to be set free again. This is done by Hindus as a work of merit, and by Mohammedans, after certain rites have been performed, as an atonement in imitation of the Jewish scapegoat. It is essential that a bird used for this purpose should be strong enough to fly away, but that does not induce the cruel dealers to feed the birds or to refrain from dislocating their wings or breaking their legs. They put down everything to good or bad luck, and leave the customer to choose a strong bird if he can find one, and to go away if he cannot.

The merit obtained by setting a bird free is not attributed to the Deity, but is supposed to come in a large measure from the bird itself or from its attendant spirit, and hence birds of good or bad omen, and especially kites or crows, are in much demand, and are regularly caught to be sold for this purpose.—*Pioneer.*

His Home Was Gone.

A West Side attorney, noted for his absentmindedness, as well as for his business shrewdness, is in the habit of leaving the management of his house entirely to his wife, in whose ability he has the utmost confidence, says the *Evening Wisconsin.* He furnishes her the wherewithal to run things, and never inquires nor cares about what she does so long as his comfort is provided for. One evening, not long ago, he was seen standing on the corner of Grand avenue and West Water streets, looking disconsolate and greatly troubled.

"Hello, Blank," said an acquaintance, "what's the matter?"

"Dash it," he responded, "I'm in a deuced bad box, and I don't know what to do. My wife moved to-day. She told me this morning she was going to move and where she was going to move to, but I'll be blowed if I remember where it was. I think it was somewhere in the Thirteenth Ward. Where do you think my wife would be apt to move to?"

The friend could not help him, and how and where he found her his domicile history sayeth not.

HE who knows only his own side of the case, knows little of that.

Catching Old Crusty.

There lived in the town of B—— an old and apparently friendless man known to many persons as "Old Crusty," and the name seemed to fit him well, and to describe his bearing toward his neighbors. It was rumored that he was a miser, and this did not add to the little respect people seemed to have for him. He lived in one or two rooms of an old house in the outskirts of the town, while he rented the rest of the house to any one so poor as to be forced to occupy such undesirable rooms.

His tenants one winter were a poor widow and her five children. The two oldest, one a boy of 12 years named Walter, the other, Bryce, a year younger,—two sturdy little fellows,—did what they could to assist their mother, which was not enough to keep them from being very poor.

They moved into the house with a marked distrust of Old Crusty. They had heard much against him, and their impression of the old man when they saw him confirmed what they had heard.

He was in his own rooms most of the time, however, and manifested some desire to be friendly when he met the boys, but they would have none of him.

"I despise a miser," said Bryce, stoutly, "and I don't want anything to do with one."

Soon after they moved into the house the widow scraped enough money together to buy half a ton of coal at once. The coal was put into the shed side by side with Old Crusty's coal, only a board partition separating the two bins.

"You don't s'pose he would take any of our coal, do you?" asked Walter of his mother.

"No," she replied. "I never suspect persons of doing wrong things until I have cause."

"Don't you think our coal goes pretty fast?" asked Bryce one cold day a week or two later.

"Yes," replied his mother, "but it has been so very cold we have had to use a great deal of it."

"It's my honest opinion that Old Crusty helps himself to a hodful of our coal once in a while," said Bryce to Walter a day or two later.

"I shouldn't wonder. Misers will do anything rather than spend money. What makes you think he takes our coal?"

"Well, he's out there so often, and nearly every night I hear him there after dark shovelling coal. He knows very well that we could see him in the daytime, because there's a window right in front of our bin."

The result of their confidence was that the boys decided to watch Old Crusty. The very next night, just before they went to bed, they heard their landlord leave his room and go out. Then they heard also his coal hod strike against the wall as he walked along.

"He's after more of our coal. I'm sure of it!" whispered Walter to Bryce. Their mother had just gone to bed, and the boys slipped out unobserved. It was a clear, moonlight night, they could distinctly see Old Crusty through the cracks in the building. They watched him steadily until he left the coal-shed.

When they came into the house their mother called out, "Where have you been, boys?"

"Oh, just out to the coal-shed, replied Walter, in a strangely subdued tone.

"What were you doing out there at this time of the night?"

"Oh, we were—well, we were watching Old Crusty," said Walter, who always told the simple truth.

"What was he doing?"

"Well, he—he—the fact is, mother, he was shovelling coal from his bin into ours, that's what he was doing—the generous old fellow! I don't see what makes people tell such yarns about him! After this I'm not going to believe all I hear."

Stange Game of Indian Faro.

Four big Yuma Indians, who arrived here on Tuesday, created a lively sensation at a downtown hotel yesterday. The cause of it was the game of Indian faro, or totoyebuk, which they were playing. It is the most exciting of all Indian games. It was played by the contestants squatting opposite to one another in a kneeling position, the money wagered being under a handkerchief on the lap of a disinterested party. Equal numbers of black and white sticks were then given out, each player getting one of each. A short string was then fastened to each, connecting it to the wrist, while the sticks themselves were under a cloth and could not be seen. When they were tied the Yumas folded their hands, concealing the sticks. Then those on one side untied in the strange, wild chant, Oh-oh-kah-ah-rah! repeated over and over, and ending in a derisive ha-ha! Their opponents then cried out, Saoah-hasaoah-ha, bowing low their heads. The guessing commenced as to which the colored sticks were tied, there being meantime a great clapping of hands and shouting. The sticks were shown, and when the guess was correctly made the winner received, besides the particular stick, one from a pile of seven or eight. When the guesser erred he had to give a stick back. This was continued for over two hours, when one side won all the sticks and all the money, some $5.50 all told. Great interest was taken in the game by many spectators. It is said to have been the first Indian faro ever played here.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

How Big an Orang-Outang Is.

The North Borneo orang-outang would seem to be a good deal bigger than the Sarawak one, of which Wallace says that of a good many shot by him the largest stood four feet two inches only. Hornaday's largest was four feet four inches. In North Borneo the smallest full-grown male I have measured was four feet four inches; four feet six inches seems to be a common size. A Mr. Adams shot one on the Suanlamba said to be four feet eight inches, and the one Mr. Dunlap shot near the club stood as much as four feet ten inches, the largest on record. Mr. Albert shot one on the Kinabatangan lately which measured from tip to tip of its fingers eighty-six inches across its outspread arms.—*North Borneo Herald.*

From the Heart.

The manager of a matrimonial agency is responsible for the statement that when he proposes a candidate for the hands of his lady patrons the young girls invariably ask:

"What's he like?"

The widows inquire:

"What are his business prospects?"

While the old maids breathlessly ejaculate:

"Great heavens! quick! Where is he?"—*Judge.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

ENTERTAINING DISSERTATION ON SERIOUS SUBJECTS.

A Pleasant, Interesting, and Instructive Lesson and Where It May Be Found—A Learned and Concise Review of the Same.

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 29—QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Lesson 1. 2 Samuel 5: 1-12.
Subject: The Tribes United Under David.
Memory Verses 1-3.
Golden Text: "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Ps. 133: 1.

Lesson 2. 2 Samuel 6: 1-12.
Subject: The Ark Brought to Zion.
Memory Verses 11, 12.
Golden Text: "The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob." Ps. 87: 2.

Lesson 3. 2 Samuel 7: 18-29.
Subject: David's Thanksgiving Psalm.
Memory Verses 28, 29.
Golden Text: "In everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." 1 Thess. 5: 18.

Lesson 4. Psalm 32: 1-11.
Subject: Sin, Forgiveness, and Peace.
Memory Verses 1, 2.
Golden Text: "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Rom. 5: 1.

Lesson 5. 2 Samuel 15: 1-12.
Subject: David's Rebellious Son.
Memory Verses 4-6.
Golden Text: "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Ex. 20: 12.

Lesson 6. 2 Samuel 18: 18-33.
Subject: David's Grief for Absalom.
Memory Verses 32, 33.
Golden Text: "A foolish son is a grief to his father, and bitterness to her that bare him." Prov. 17: 25.

Lesson 7. 2 Samuel 23: 1-7.
Subject: David's Last Words.
Memory Verses 3, 4.
Golden Text: "He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure." 2 Samuel 23: 5.

Lesson 8. 1 Kings 3: 5-15.
Subject: Solomon's Wise Choice.
Memory Verses 12, 13.
Golden Text: "Wisdom is better than rubies." Prov. 8: 11.

Lesson 9. 1 Kings 8: 54-63.
Subject: The Temple Dedicated.
Memory Verses 62, 63.
Golden Text: "The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him." Hab. 2: 20.

Lesson 10. 1 Kings 10: 1-13.
Subject: Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.
Memory Verses 6-8.
Golden Text: "She came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and behold, a greater than Solomon is here. Matt. 12: 42.

Lesson 11. 1 Kings 11: 4-13.
Subject: Solomon's Fall.
Memory Verses 9-11.
Golden Text: "Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." 1 Cor. 10: 12.

Lesson 12. 1 Kings 11: 26-43.
Subject: Close of Solomon's Reign.
Memory Verses 42, 43.
Golden Text: "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man." Eccles. 12: 13.

INTRODUCTORY.

We have again come to the quarterly review, this time to bid good-by for awhile to the Old Testament, pages as a basis of study. We take up now the New Testament again, and are to continue its perusal in our Sunday-school classes for a long time to come. By the decision of the International Committee, acceptable, no doubt to us all, we are to spend the entire year, instead of six months, as formerly, upon one book,—that book the gospel of Luke. If we have used our opportunities aright in these days and weeks with Samuel, Saul, David, and Solomon, we shall be all the readier to take up the later record, and read of that blessed One toward whom all kingly and priestly, as well as prophetic, eyes were turned, the desire of the ages.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.
Proverbs 23: 29-35.

29. "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? ("Complaining," Revision.) Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes?

30. They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine.

31. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his ("its," Revision) color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright ("goeth down smoothly," Revision).

32. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

33. Thine eyes shall behold strange women ("things," Revision), and thine heart shall utter perverse things.

34. Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth on the top of a mast.

35. They have stricken me, thou shalt say, and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not: when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again.

MISSIONARY LESSON.
Psalm 110: 1-7.

1. "The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool.

2. "The Lord shall send the rod of thy strength out of Zion; rule thou in the midst of thine enemies.

3. "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauty of holiness from the womb of the morning; thou hast the dew of thy youth.

4. "The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent. Thou art a priest forever after the order of Melchizedek.

5. "The Lord at thy right hand shall strike through kings in the day of his wrath.

6. "He shall judge among the heathen, he shall fill the places with the dead bodies; he shall wound the head over many countries.

7. "He shall drink of the brook in the way; therefore shall he lift up his head."

LESSON PARAGRAPH.

Hebrews, first chapter, is the best commentary on this. You might suppose, to see one take his seat, that his work was done; but in Scripture imagery it is but just begun. When the Master wished to call the disciples for instruction and ministration he sat. So the apostle in the Hebrews represents him as sitting down at the right hand of the Father as our better spokesman to guide his church in the conquest of the world; "henceforth expecting, till his enemies be made his foot-stool."

God has chosen the church as the instrument for the glorifying of his son and the extension of his kingdom. It is "out of Zion" that his scepter is to extend. And this makes us very clear as to our duty. We are not to withdraw from the world in a separate and select community; how then could it be said of Christ, "rule thou in the midst of thine enemies?" When Christ said, "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that those shouldst keep them from the evil," there was a positive as well as a negative significance to the prayer. Just in proportion as the church pushes its righteous principle into all the ways of life, may the kingdom be said to come for this world.

"The Lord hath sworn," that is our hope. In that oath and covenant is wrapped our own redemption and the salvation of the uttermost parts of the earth. Africa is there as well as America. As surely as Christ has a crown that will not be taken from him, so sure is the ultimate establishment of holiness and righteousness throughout the earth. It is unfortunate that the translators did not bring out this distinction of the Hebrew between Jehovah and Lord. The latter word occurs but twice, once in the first verse and again in the fifth. It is Jehovah who hath sworn. It is the Lord at his right hand who executes the oaths. Nothing hinders him in his course. Yea, the very cup of affliction and suffering that is sent like a stream across his path, being quaffed, is made to exalt him the more. And in the token of that uplifted Head the church goes forward to certain victory.

Next Lesson: "The Forerunner Announced."—Luke 1: 5-17.

NO FEWER than nineteen species of microbes in one kind of cheese—and that in a fresh state—have been found by Prof. Adametz, of the School of Cheese-Manufacture at Sornthal in Switzerland. Every gramme of the cheese contained from 90,000 to 140,000 bacteria, which increased to more than 800,000 in 70 days. In a soft cheese 34 days old the number was calculated to be 1,200,000 to the gramme, and 2,000,000 in a specimen 45 days old. This was the interior, while on the rim there were from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 for every gramme. It was proven that the arrest of these organisms prevents the maturing of the cheese.

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BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wal St., N. Y.

WANTED.

WANTED—A situation as a stationary engineer. Twelve years experience and best of reference. Address, "J," Sentinel office. 24-12t

WANTED—A good nurse girl at 99 East Wayne street. Apply at once. 26-tf

WANTED—Energetic Accident insurance solicitors Call or address Geo. Lord, manager, Provident Fund society, Windsor hotel, Fort Wayne, Ind. 3-tf

DWELLINGS—Rents collected and repair of dwellings promptly attended to by SCHRADER & WILSON, Agency, 20-1m 46 Harrison street.

WANTED—Two hustlers to canvass and collect for the Prudential Insurance company. Liberal inducements. References required. Apply to Chas. Sauer, superintendent, room 20, Pixley's block. 9-1m

PERSONS wishing to buy, sell or exchange property of any kind, or desiring to loan or borrow money, will find it to their interest to call on or address me.
J. F. CURTICE, Real Estate and Loan Broker, Rooms 1 and 2, Pixley & Long Building, Fort Wayne, Indiana.
Reference—Hamilton National bank. 20-2m

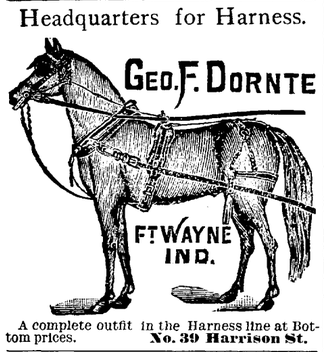
FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—A house at No. 164 Harrison street. Both water works and gas. Enquire of Ryan Bros., No. 19 W. Washington street 3-1m

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—A good paying millinery store with goods and fixtures, located at 324 Lafayette street. Inquire at corner Calhoun and Railroad streets, C. Liebenguth. 23-eodtf

Headquarters for Harness.



A complete outfit in the Harness line at Bottom prices. **No. 39 Harrison St.**

JENSON & SARGENT,

North Side Livery.

We are prepared to furnish first-class Rigs, single or double teams, by day or hour, at 25 to 50 per cent. cheaper than others. Hacks and Double Carriages, for weddings and funerals, for $3.00. Barn open day and night.

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DRIVE WELLS.
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When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
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Fort Wayne Sentinel.

E. A. K. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, DEC. 27, 1889.

THE days are growing longer.

TO-MORROW is the last Sunday of 1889.

THERE are only three more days in this year.

THE year is closing with a small number of deaths in this city.

IOWA was admitted into the union forty-four years ago to-day.

MANY of our business houses are preparing for their annual inventories.

THE winter season is here, but it has come robed in the garments of spring.

THE race war has quieted down at Jessup, Ga., and no further trouble is feared.

THE senatorial fight in Ohio will be settled January 13th when the legislature meets.

THE miserably muddy condition of some of the city streets would make it difficult for the fire department to reach a blaze, if located off of Calhoun or Wayne streets.

EXPLORER STANLEY'S salary while he was hunting for Emin Pasha was equal to that of the president of the United States, and he did not have to bother with office-seekers, either.

IT has just been decided that the eight-hour law, which was placed on the statute books twenty-one years ago, is applicable to the departments of the Philadelphia city government.

IT is said that we buy $52,000,000 of Brazilian products a year and sell to the inhabitants of that country less than $9,000,000. Protected manufacturers can not make prices low enough.

GENERAL BOULANGER denies the report that he has been engaged to deliver a course of lectures in the United States. He says he never thought of going on a lecturing tour in this country.

THE stove men are losing their appetites. They are a peculiar class of beings. Cold weather is a necessity to them. If cold weather hangs off they get feverish. They clamor for a change. They want ice and plenty of it.

GENERAL REUBEN DAVIS, a cousin of Hon. Jefferson Davis, says the latter was worth very near $200,000 when the war began, and nothing at its close. He thinks Richmond is the place for his burial, if the confederate states unite in the asking.

THE Americans in London will dine Stanley. The explorer will receive a silk American flag bearing the names of the localities he has named and also a piece of gold plate valued at 100 guineas, upon which will be engraved a map of his last route across Africa.

ALL the tramps in and around Boston were given a Christmas dinner by Mr. George Parker, who had for thirty-four years been "on the turf." The parable of the prodigal son and a temperance address were read after the dinner and 330 of the diners walked up and signed the pledge for a year.

THE streets of this city, with the exception of two or three paved ones in the business portion, are in a miserably muddy condition and give rise to the regular winter talk of street improvements, etc. It would be a grand thing, no doubt, to have asphalt or good paving stone on every street within the city limits, but these improvements cost money and means greatly increased taxation, and it may be that the people are not prepared to incur this extra expense at the present time. Everybody wants good streets, but the cost and ability to pay ought to be considered before anything decisive is done.

A WHOLE family was swept into eternity at Wilmette, in the west, Christmas eve. Husband, young wife and little child were riding across the railroad tracks. One train obscured another, which was dashing along the rails at a rate of forty miles an hour. In the minds or hearts of the trio in the buggy was Christmas joy. A flash of the headlight, a screech of the whistle and a clang of the bell, the despairing cry of the mother as she clasps her babe to her breast, an agonizing look in the man's face as he cuts the quivering horse's flank with his whip, and the whir of the death angel's wings as he passed by. All three went together.

TWENTY years ago diamonds were at three times their present value. The discovery of the South African mines brought down the price, but amalgamation in the last twelve months has put it up above 100 per cent. The rough estimate is that during the last few years the output of diamonds has been 4,000,000 carets per annum, and that these, cut into 1,600,000 carets, have sold for £4,000,000. It costs 10 shillings per caret to cut diamonds. The South African mines being now amalgamated, the output is reduced to one-half, i. e., 2,000,000 carets, but the merchants estimate that this will still produce £4,000,000, because they regard this as a fixed amount which, no matter what the price of diamonds may be, will be spent on them.

THE coming session of congress will be a busy one. The margin of the political parties is too narrow for either one to branch out into much talk; and therefore both parties will try to accomplish as much work as possible. All the committees have blocked out their work and many of them are organized and ready for the campaign. The congressmen who have remained in Washington during the recess have been busy preparing the committee work and have accomplished a good deal for so few in number. Perhaps the first work to be done will be the reduction of the tobacco tax or the abolishment of it. The reduction of the tax on alcohol used in the arts, perhaps, will not be so easily accomplished, because of sentiment in the matter.

THE M'GINTY SUPERSTITION.

If M'Ginty Is In the Sea Let Him Stay There.

Popular crazes, remarks an exchange, are rarely tempered with any noticeable discretion or good judgment, but the prevailing one is so superior to any alloy of these qualities as to be somewhat remarkable. We refer to the superstition which has gained a universal, and, let us hope, a fleeting sway, that to make any remark which introduces the Hibernian name of McGinty, is uproariously funny.

McGinty has eclipsed the obnoxious Tom Collins of a dozen years ago, in ubiquity and irrelevance. The original variety song which gave him fame may be humorous, although the taste for wit of the audiences which first approved of it is not to be implicitly relied on. But if any one can discover the element of humor in the catches such as to wish it would rain "in order to wash the dust off McGinty," or to do as a crowd at a magic lantern performance the other day is reported to have done, simply resort to a shout for "McGinty, McGinty," he deserves a medal for his talent at perceiving what does not exist. So when an esteemed New York contemporary took the trouble to send a reporter around to interview all the actual McGintys of the metropolis, it requires a keen sense of humor to perceive the humor of it.

If McGinty really is at the bottom of the sea, a great many people will be able to improve their characters for wit, by letting him rest there.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Wilson's Minstrels at the Temple—Last Days of Pompeii, Etc.

On Monday evening next George Wilson and his host of fun furnishers will make merry at the Masonic Temple. This company have just closed a most successful engagement at Pope's theater in St. Louis, and if the press of that city is to be relied upon, Mr. Wilson has this season the best aggregation he ever brought to Fort Wayne. The program is full of innovations and not an old friction will be seen from start to finis. The new Derby day, first part, the big spectacular kirmess dance, Ramza and Arnos new act, Hi Tombrard and the burlesque gaiety skirt dancers are among the most prominent features. The vocalists are also said to be a feature this season and the rendition of "Crowned by the Tempest," from Ermipie, by the superb vocal choir has made quite a hit wherever the company have appeared.

John Fay Palmer's "The Last Days of Pompeii," will be presented at the Masonic Temple New Year's day. This will bring before the audience in grand realistic tableaux a realization of Bulwer's beautiful story. Among the tableaus are "The Voluptious Feast of Bacchus," "The Weird Cave of Vesuvius," "The Beautiful Port of Pompeii," "The Poetic Garden of Isis." There will also be beautiful songs, among which are "The Blind Flower Girl's Song," "The Wind and the Beam." This promises to be a very interesting entertainment for lovers of the drama.

The trio of fun-makers, Wills, Henshaw and Tenbroeck, are billed for a return date at the Temple January 2. These artists will be remembered from their former visit in this city and the reputation they made at that time will serve as a medium to pack the Temple Thursday next.

The sweet singer, Karl Gardner, in Fatherland, a Tyrolean drama, entertains pleasantly—his singing being one of the features of the production. Mr. Gardner sings dialect songs, and his impersonation of a Tyrolean peasant are natural and interesting. In the play several stirring incidents are introduced, which are made the most of by him.

Be sure and call for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, if you are troubled with a bad cough or cold.

Mr. L. B. Kiefer, of Lancaster, Pa., wrote us.—Having a sprained leg of almost thirty days standing, and after trying half a dozen advertised preparations in the market without satisfactory results, I tried Salvation Oil, and in less than three days my leg was all right again. There's nothing like it.

Nickel Plate holiday excursions. Inquire of nearest agent. 11-18t

If you want to know what unspeakable anguish is, step on a stutterer's corn.—Ex.

Laxador cures *Liver Complaint, Bilious Affections and Costiveness.* At druggists. Price 25 cts.

Dr BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

CURES COUGHS & COLDS FOR 25 C

SALVATION OIL
(Price only 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.)
Relieves quickly Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Bruises, Lumbago, Sprains, Headache, Toothache, Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Sores, Backache, &c.

CHEW LANGE'S PLUG, The Great Tobacco Antidote!—Price 10 Cts. At all druggists.

COMMON COUNCIL.

Whereas, In view of the horrible condition of our streets during the past several months and believing that the condition of the same has been not only a loss to our business men alone, but a great loss to the city in general and a blotch upon the city. In view of these facts it is therefore

Resolved, That the street committee be and is hereby instructed to report to this council the best and most feasible plan to place the following streets in good condition in early spring: Washington street, east and west; Lewis and Wayne streets, east; Hanna and Lafayette streets, north and south, and Broadway, Maumee road, DeWald, Berry, west Jefferson and south Calhoun streets.

JOHN C. KENSILL,

Referred to the committee on streets.

Resolved, That the police commissioners be and they are hereby instructed to place a police patrol alarm box on the southwest corner of Jefferson and Calhoun streets, as recommended in the report of the fire commissioners.

H. F. HILGEMANN.

Adopted.

Whereas, The sewer in the alley between Creighton avenue and Tabor street, commencing at Warsaw street, thence running west to the first alley sewer east of Lafayette street, has no sand pit and therefore has become clogged and needs flushing, therefore be it

Resolved, That the street commissioner be and he is hereby instructed to have the alley sewer between Creighton avenue and Tabor street flushed.

P. J. SCHEID.

Referred to committee on sewers.

Resolved, That the committee on parks have the fence repaired on the south side of McCulloch park, next to the old cemetery grounds.

L. P. HUSER.

Adopted.

Resolved, That the police commissioners be instructed to have mud-fenders attached to the patrol wagon, to prevent the splashing of mud over the seats of the wagon, the cost of the same not to exceed $20. And also have the patrol wagon varnished.

W. D. MEYER.

Adopted.

Resolved that Daniel Hickman, owner lot of 194, Archer's addition, be granted the right to construct a wooded sewer in the alley between Sherman street and Oakland street, abutting on the above described lot.

LOUIS HAZZARD.

Referred to the committtee on sewers.

Resolved, That the street commissioner be and is hereby instructed to fill up a bad and dangerous hole at the corner of Calhoun and DeWald streets with such material that will make it safe for travel.

P. J. SCHEID.

Referred to committee on streets.

Whereas, Suttenfield street, between Lafayette street and Hanna street, has several large pools of water and no way to drain the same, therefore, be it

Resolved, That the city civil engineer be and he is hereby instructed to examine said street and report to this council what improvement is necessary to get rid of this nuisance.

PETER J. SCHEID.

Adopted.

Resolved, That the committee of public grounds and buildings be instructed to sell the old flagging which has been removed from the old city prison.

M. CODY.

Adopted.

Resolved, That the committee on markets be and is hereby instructed to have the market space repaired.

JOHN C. KENSILL.

Adopted.

Resolved, That the street commissioner be and he is hereby instructed to notify the owner of the building No. 62 East Wayne street to put the sidewalk down to grade in front of said building, if the notice is not complied with, report to the council.

FRED SCHMUECKLE,

Referred to committee on streets and civil engineer.

Resolved, That the committee on street light be and are hereby instructed to notify the electric light company to furnish a light at the corner of Harrison and Lewis streets that will comply with terms of contract with the city.

H. A. READ,

Referred to committee on street lights,

Whereas, The six-inch water pipe has been taken up on Broadway, from Washington street to Wall street, and ten-inch pipe laid instead, therefore, said six-inch pipe is stock on hand and should be used somewhere else, and

Whereas, The property owners on Broadway, south of DeWald street, have petitioned and agreed therein to become consumers at once if pipes are laid on the street front of their residences, therefore, be it

Resolved, That the water works trustees be and are hereby instructed to lay part of the six-inch pipe on Broadway, between DeWald street and Creighton avenue, and be it further

Resolved, That the balance of said six-inch pipe be laid on Creighton avenue, between Lafayette and Hanna streets.

P. J. SCHEID,

Referred to committee on water works and trustees of water works.

Whereas, the committee on streets and alleys have on the 10th of December, 1889, reported in favor of vacating the alley running from Lewis to Madison street and between lots 232, 233, 257 and 258 Hanna's addition to the city of Fort Wayne. Therefore be it

Resolved that the city clerk be and he is hereby ordered to notify the city commissioners to meet at the council chambers of the city of Fort Wayne on the 13th day of January, 1890, at 10 o'clock a. m., and from there proceed in a body and examine by actual view the property sought to be vacated, and shall also view and examine the real estate in the vicinity thereof to be benefitted or injured by such proposed improvement and report according to law.

W. D. MEYER.

Which resolution was on motion adopted by the following vote:

Ayes 18, viz: Councilmen Bandt, Bruns, Cody, Cran, Ely, Gordon, Halber, Hazzard, Hilbrecht, Huser, Hilgeman, Kensil, Meyer, Ofenloch, Read, Scheid, Smith and Vordermark. Nays, none.

PROPOSALS.

The following proposals for a cobble-stone pavement on Dock street, from Barr street to Clinton street, were referred to the committee on streets:

Jos. Derheimer bids:

For—	
Cobble stone pavement	$ 74
Grading	22
Sandpits	25 00
12-inch pipe	50

George Jaap bids:

For—	
Cobble stone pavement	$ 67
Grading	20
Sand pits	22 00
12-inch pipe	50

On motion the common council then adjourned.

MAKE NO MISTAKE.—If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion and preparation, curative power superior to any other article of the kind before the people. For all afflictions arising from impure blood or low state of the system it is unequalled. Be sure to get Hood's.

The newspapers at Constantinople have been forbidden to allude in any way to the revolution in Brazil.

To-night and To-morrow Night,
And each day and night during this week you can get at all druggists Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, acknowledged to be the most successful remedy ever sold for the cure of Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma and Consumption. Get a bottle to-day and keep it always in the house, so you can check your cold at once. Price, 50c and $1. Sample bottles free.

In the Dead river region up in Maine the snow is from ten to twenty inches deep.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases."
Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

Whittier cannot now write longer than half an hour at a time.

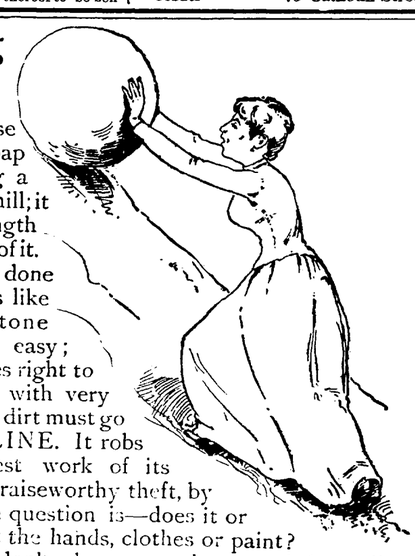
The most obstinate cases of catarrh are cured by the use of Ely's Cream Balm, the only agreeable remedy. It is not a liquid or snuff, is easily applied into the nostrils. For cold in the head it is magical. It gives relief at once. Price 50 cents.

A Lady in South Carolina Writes:
My labor was shorter and less painful than on two former occasions; physicians astonished; I thank you for "Mother's Friend." It is worth its weight in gold. Address The Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by all druggists.

Wabash Holiday Excursion.
Low rates will be offered by the Wabash railroad on account of the holidays. Tickets on sale December 24, 25, and 31, and January 1, good to return up to and including January 3. dec16-tf

Tourists' Rates to Points South.
Commencing November 1, 1889, and continuing until April 30, 1890. The "Muncie Route" will sell round trip tickets to southern winter resorts, good to return until May 31, 1890. Tickets also on sale to California points. For tickets and full particulars, call on or address W. H. FISHER,
Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent,
oc31tf 73 Calhoun Street.

Washing Clothes



or cleaning house with ordinary soap is like rolling a heavy stone up hill; it takes main strength and a good deal of it. The same work done with Pearline is like rolling the stone down hill—it's easy; quick; true; goes right to the mark; and with very little labor. All dirt must go before PEARLINE. It robs woman's hardest work of its drudgery—(a praiseworthy theft, by the way). The question is—does it or does it not hurt the hands, clothes or paint? We tell you it don't—but we are interested (as well as you)—so ask your friends who use it; you'll find most of them do; the annual consumption is equal to about three packages a year for every family in the land. But better yet—get a package (it costs but a few pennies, and every grocer keeps it), and try it for yourself—your gain will be larger than ours.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline," IT'S FALSE—they are not, and besides are dangerous. 299 JAMES PYLE, New York

Conley's String Band



Music furnished for Balls, Lodges, Clubs and private parties on short notice. 131 WALLACE ST., FT. WAYNE, Ind.
J. CONLEY, Caller.

DR. T. J. DILLS,

NO. 49 WEST BERRY STREET,

DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR

Office Hours: 9 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 4 p. m.

WAU-KEE'S LAUNDRY,

No. 8 W. Wayne St

Shirts	10
Collars	2
Cuffs, per pair	4
Drawers	6
Undershirts	6
Night shirts	7
Socks, per pair	5
Handkerchiefs	2
Neckties	3

Big reduction from above prices for Starching and Ironing only.

THE BEST MEATS IN THE CITY

GOTTLIEB HALLER

South Side Meat Market, carries nothing but the choicest meats. Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Sausage at

No. 366 CALHOUN STREET.

D HANNA STREET (WESSEL BLOCK.)

S. BREIDENSTEIN.

Real Estate & Loans

26 Court Street.

Watch his bulletin for some special bargain

Baby one Solid Rash

Ugly, painful blotched, malicious. No rest by day, no peace by night. Doctors and all remedies failed. Tried Cuticura. Effect marvellous. Saved his life.

Cured by Cuticura.

Our oldest child, now six years of age, when an infant six months old was attacked with a virulent, malignant skin disease. All ordinary remedies failing, we called our family physician, who attempted to cure it; but it spread with almost incredible rapidity, until the lower portion of the little fellow's person, from the middle of his back down to his knees, was one solid rash, ugly, painful, blotched and malicious. We had no rest at night, no peace by day. Finally, we were advised to try the Cuticura Remedies. The effect was simply marvelous. In three or four weeks a complete cure was wrought, leaving the little fellow's person as white and healthy as though he had never been attacked in my opinion, your valuable remedies saved his life, and to-day he is a strong, healthy child, perfectly well, no repetition of the disease having ever occurred. GEO. B. SMITH.
Att'y at Law and Ex-Pros. Att'y, Ashland, O.

Boy Covered with Scabs.

My boy, aged nine years, has been troubled all his life with a very bad humor, which appeared all over his body in small red blotches, with a dry white scab on them. Last year he was worse than ever, being covered with scabs from the top of his head to his feet, and continually growing worse, although he had been treated by two physicians. As a last resort, I determined to try the Cuticura Remedies, and am happy to say they did all that I could wish. Using them according to directions, the humor rapidly disappeared, leaving the skin fair and smooth, and performing a thorough cure. The Cuticura Remedies are all you claim for them. They are worth their weight in gold.
GEORGE F. LEAVITT, No. Andover, Mass.

Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood Purifier and purest and best of Humor Remedies, internally, and Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, speedily, permanently, and economically cure in early life itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, scrofulous, and hereditary humors with loss of hair, thus avoiding years of torture and disfiguration. Parents, remember this: cures in childhood are permanent.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases." 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

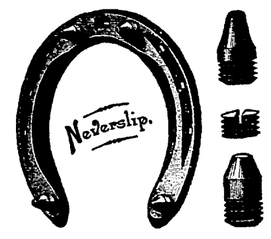
BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by Cuticura Soap. Absolutely pure.

HOW MY SIDE ACHES!



Aching Sides and Back, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains, Rheumatic, Sciatic, Neuralgic, Sharp, and Shooting Pains, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. 25 cts.

HERE IT IS!



The famous neverslip horse shoe with patent removable, steel centered, self sharping calks, has gained the day and can be found in our city.

Some of the main advantages which have commended it to popular favor, may be summarized, as follows:

1. It never slips in any direction.
2. The horse soon learns this fact, and consequently, whether pulling or trotting, will always do his best.
3. It saves the horse from sprains and bruises which constantly result from insecure footing.
4. It avoids the injury to the horse's feet caused by a too frequent resetting of the shoes.
5. It greatly lessens the danger of injury from calking.
6. It saves the time, both of the horse and owner, as the insertion of new and sharp Calks is the work of only a few minutes.
7. Its use facilitates all kinds of business. Livery keepers, and all whose horses are in constant requisition, are enabled by the use of this shoe to meet their engagements promptly, however slippery the traveling may be.

Owing to the great demand for this shoe, Geary & Perrey, the horse shoers, successors to Ersig & Geary, secured the agency for Fort Wayne, and are prepared to supply all sizes of calks and wrenches, &c., to persons desirous of useing them.

The reputation of Geary & Perrey, as horse shoers, is second to none in the city, and their endorsement of the shoe, guarantees satisfaction. Call on them for further information at

NO. 5 HARRISON STREET.

A. FOSTER,

THE FASHIONABLE

Merchant Tailor!

Is now receiving his LARGE and WELL SELECTED STOCK of

FALL GOODS

Which are the Nobbiest ever brought to this city. He intends making

Suits in the Latest Styles

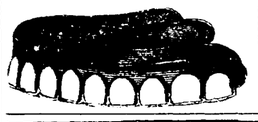
—AND AT—

Very Low Prices this Fall

and those wishing to get the worth of their money should call and examine his stock at his parlors,

NO. 15 W. WAYNE ST.

E. F. SITES, DENTIST,
No. 74 Calhoun St., Fort Wayne, Ind

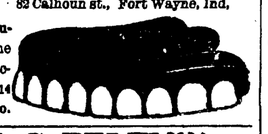


Opposite the Aveline House, over the Model Drug Store.

BROU'S INJECTION

An Infallible Remedy for the Cure of all Contagious Diseases of the Urinary Organs; guaranteed not to produce Stricture; no sickening doses; and no inconvenience or loss of time. Recommended by physicians and sold by druggists everywhere. J. Ferré, (successor to Brou), Pharmacien, Paris.

H. C. SITES, DENTIST, NILL'S BLOCK
82 Calhoun st., Fort Wayne, Ind,



I still occupy same rooms occupied 14 years ago.

J. C. PELTIER,

Undertaker & Embalmer

17 WEST WAYNE ST.,

Telephone No. 251 . . . Fort Wayne, Ind

CHOP FEED

And All Kinds of Feed Very Cheap

—AT THE—

Mayflower Mills,

20 W. COLUMBIA ST.

TELEPHONE NO. 63

L. JAXTHEIMER,

MERCHANT

TAILOR!

—CARRIES A—

FULL LINE

Of Foreign and Domestic Goods, Suitings, FALL

OVERCOATINGS,

Trouserings. All work WARRANTED

83 Calhoun Street.

G. H. Morrill & Co.,

Manufacturers of

Printing, Lithographic Inks, and Varnishes.

119 5th AVENUE,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Chas. M. Moore, M'g'r.

PAUL E. WOLF.

Steam Carpet Beating.

Carpets taken up, Cleaned and Relaid.

Upholstered Furniture and Mattresses of All Kinds Repaired and Remodeled.

All Work Warranted and Charges Reasonable.

PAUL E. WOLF,
No. 33 AND 35 CLINTON STREET.

WATER WORKS.

Bath Tubs, Pumps, Rubber Hose, etc.

—AT—

C. W. BRUNS & CO., PLUMBERS,

166 Calhoun Street,

Opposite the Cathedral, Fort Wayne, Ind

SPECIAL ATTENTION
GIVEN TO
Natural Gas Fittings.

A. F. GESSLER,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

FRESH, SALT

—AND—

SMOKED - MEATS,

60 East Main Street.

He has just placed new machinery in his establishment and is now prepared to make the finest Saussages in the market. Dressed Poultry and Home-made Lard for sale. 24-1yr.

A. HATTERSLEY & SON.

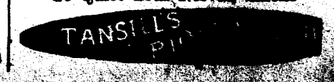
PLUMBERS,

Steam and Gas Fitters,

48 East Main St.

FORT WAYNE, ... IND

To Quiet Your Nerves, Smoke



His Heart Stopped.



Commencing its work some months before we are born, the heart keeps up its movement of at least seventy times per minute, or nearly nineteen million beats a year. Think of it. Enough to wear out the stoutest piece of machinery. And yet it is like any other puppet. It is influenced by two strings (nerves) that the brain pulls — the one or the other as the movements are faster or slower.

Fear, anger, excitement, love, passion, over-strain, weakness, exhaustion, debility, disease, medicines, or poisons by acting on the brain influence the heart, and the little pump works faster or slower as the case may be. This is why there are so many weak and diseased hearts, so many sudden deaths, that palpitation is so frequent, and cold hands and feet so common. The brain exercises like control over the stomach, liver, and kidneys. Who is there that from sudden fright or overmastering anger has not felt immediately a loss of appetite, pain in the bowels, and, perhaps, a desire to urinate?

Study these facts, for facts they are, and you will then understand why that great remedy, ROGERS' ROYAL NERVINE, acting primarily on the brain and nerves to strengthen and heal them, has saved so many lives, has averted thousands of cases of heart and kidney disease that would have been fatal otherwise. It is the most remarkable medical discovery of modern times. — *Boston Globe.*



DIETER'S
CROWN
BAKING
POWDER

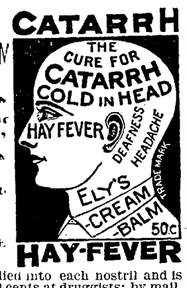
Recommended by the highest medical and chemical authorities, who testify to its absolute purity, wholesomeness and wonderful strength. Every can guaranteed to do the work of any other baking powder costing twice as much. Every can guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded.

1 lb. Can, 20c.; ½ lb., 10c.; ¼ lb., 5c.

If your dealer does not keep Crown, do not let him persuade you to buy some other he claims to be just as good, but ask him to oblige you by getting

DIETER'S CROWN BAKING POWDER.

ELY'S
CREAM BALM
Cleanses the Nasal Passages
Allays Pain and Inflammation,
Heals the Sores
Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.
TRY the CURE.



CATARRH
HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered 60 cents. dec2-eodly
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

Many Witnesses.

100,000 witnesses testify to the virtues of Dr. Tutt's Pills. Wherever Chills and Fever, Bilious Diseases or Liver Affections prevail, they have proven a great blessing. Readers, a single trial will convince you that this is no catch-penny medicine. Twenty years test has established their merits all over the world.

Gains Fifteen Pounds.

"I have been using Tutt's Pills for Dyspepsia, and find them the best remedy I ever tried. Up to that time everything I ate disagreed with me. I can now digest any kind of food; never have a headache, and have gained fifteen pounds of solid flesh."
W. C. SCHULTZE, Columbia, S. C.

Tutt's Liver Pills
GIVE STRENGTH AND HARD MUSCLE

LOOSE'S EXTRACT
RED
CLOVER BLOSSOM
THE GREAT Blood Purifier.



PURE AND EFFICACIOUS.
TRADE MARK
IT CURES
Cancers, Humors, Sores, Ulcers, Swellings, Tumors, Abscesses, Blood Poisoning, Salt Rheum, Catarrh, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, and all Blood and Skin Diseases.
PRICE, $1 per Pint Bottle, or 6 Bottles for $5.
1 lb. can Solid Extract $2.50.
J. M. LOOSE RED CLOVER CO.,
Detroit, Mich.
For sale by Dreier Bros.,

—FOR YOUR—
Hay, Straw, Oats,
Corn, Mill Feed
And Poultry Supplies,
—GO TO—
W. E. MINER'S,
45 EAST COLUMBIA ST.,
(opp. fire) TELEPHONE 265.

PERILS OF RAILROADING.

Carelessness on the Part of Brakemen Causes Many Accidents—The Day's Local Budget.

Superintendent Guckert, of the Philadelphia division of the Pennsylvania road, in an interview with a reporter of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, said that three-fourth of all the accidents to brakemen and switchmen were caused by the carelessness of the men. He said:

"To the veteran brakeman there is a fascination about making reckless couplings which an inexperienced sane man would never think of attempting. The very mention of a brakeman diving between freight cars while they are in motion is enough to freeze one's blood, but the feat is performed, not only daily, but hourly, by these wizards of the brake wheel and coupling pin.

"Their apparent utter disregard of the simplest rules of safety leads the uninitiated to overlook the fact that a skillful railroad brakeman is all eyes, hands and feet. He is also a marvelously quick thinker, and acts with the inception of thought.

"There is probably no better point of vantage in the state for witnessing the acrobatic feats of railroad brakemen than the Pennsylvania railroad yards at Fortieth street. A score of tracks, with innumerable switches, stretch in all directions, and all the switching from the main-line tracks to those of the New York division is done at this point. Three hundred and sixty-five days in the year the accident list of the Pennsylvania railroad contains the name of one or more victims.

"The daily accidents to brakemen are of such frequent occurrence that the Pennsylvania Railroad company have special reports made of them, and the superintendents of the various divisions render a faithful accounting of the casualties to brakemen within their precinct during every twenty-four hours. The blank is filled out with the name of the injured man, and the circumstances of the accident. These reports are filed among the company's archives."

BUSY CENTER FLASHES.

Next Tuesday will be the last working day in the year.

Master Mechanic G. L. Potter has returned from Crestline, O.

Passenger Agent R. G. Thompson, of the Wabash, is at Camden, Ind.

Superintendent Stevens, formerly of this city, is climbing up in railroad life.

W. C. Kerr, of the Nickel Plate train dispatcher's office, is sick with influenza.

Division Freight Agent J. M. Osborne, of the Wabash, was in the city yesterday.

Traveling Passenger Agent D. L. Smith, of the Pennsylvania, left on a trip of the road last evening.

Will Bates, the railroad reporter of the *Gazette*, has returned from a visit to his old home at Winchester, Ind.

W. L. Bowlus, commercial agent of the Wabash at Cleveland, Ohio, was in the city to-day en route to St. Louis.

The tracks for hauling heavy castings from the moulding rooms to the boiler departments at the Bass shops have been finished and are now being used.

Charles Traver, traveling passenger agent of the Chicago and Northwestern railroad, is in the city to-day, the guest of Passenger Agent Ross, of the Pennsylvania.

Chief Train Dispatcher Dave Caldwell, of the Nickel Plate, was presented by his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Caldwell, with a life-sized picture of himself on Christmas day.

President W. O. Hughart, of the Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad company, in accordance with his well established custom, sent about 100 pails of candy to Sunday schools in the northern part of Michigan.

President Hughart, of the Grand Rapids and Indiana, received several boxes of fine oranges from his plantation in Florida Christmas. He leaves next Thursday, accompanied by his family, to spend the winter there, as is his custom.

In a freight wreck on the Pennsylvania railroad near Altoona, Pa., yesterday sixteen cars were demolished, four engines wrecked and Fireman Charles English injured so that he died. The wreck was caused by one of the trains parting on the mountain.

General Freight Agent Paul Morton, of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, has resigned his position and will leave the service of the company February 1. Morton's successor will be Thomas Miller, at present general freight agent of the Burlington and Missouri River railroad at Omaha.

The *Engineering News* places the railway construction of this year in the United States and territories at 5,000 miles. This is the smallest construction recorded in any one year since 1885, when the total increase was but 3,588 miles. The bulk of this year's construction has been done in the south.

H. P. Barney, a brakeman on the Pittsburg road, living near the new yards in this city, was badly injured at Nevada, Ohio, yesterday morning. While engaged in coupling cars he fell under the wheels and his right foot was badly crushed. He was brought to this city and taken to the St. Joseph hospital in the patrol wagon.

Road Foreman of Engines A. H. Polhamus, of the Pennsylvania road, has removed his office to the pleasant rooms located in the east side of the Pittsburg passenger depot building. Chief Clerk Philley was in charge of the office this morning when our scribe entered and seemed as happy as could be. The new quarters give them more room and are more pleasant and convenient in every way. The rooms are also used as the offices of Traveling Passenger Agent D. L. Smith and Dr. Kells, of the Pennsylvania Relief association.

Wm. Dartwell, who is a clerk in Master Car Builder Graham's offices at the Pittsburg shops, is a native of England. He came from that country about six months ago and was one of the passengers on board a steamer, which on this trip made the fastest time in crossing the ocean on record. The trip from Liverpool to New York was made in five days and two hours.

It is stated that Elijah Smith, president of the White Water Valley road, and D. J. Mackey, of the Evansville lines, are working together to extend the White Water Valley road independently into Cincinnati. When completed it will give Mackey an entrance into Cincinnati for the road he is building eastward, and which is to work over part of the White Water Valley road in getting into Richmond. At the same time it would give the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville, operating the White Water Valley, a line of its own into Cincinnati.

The following section of the state law has been declared constitutional by the Indiana supreme court: "Whoever is found in any public place in a state of intoxication shall be fined in any amount not exceeding five dollars; upon a second conviction for such offense he shall be fined not more than one hundred dollars, may be imprisoned in the county jail not more than thirty days or less than five days, and disfranchised and rendered incapable of holding any office or trust for any determined period."

A gentleman from the Indiana gas belt, who lately visited the sterile hills of North Carolina, found that the existence of natural gas was unknown to many of the people of that region. Some of the more ignorant would not believe his statements about gas and cut him off by saying: "You don't expect us to believe that."

Pain and dread attend the use of most catarrh remedies. Liquids and snuffs are unpleasant as well as dangerous. Ely's Cream Balm is safe, pleasant, easily applied into the nostrels, and a sure cure. It cleanses the nasal passages and heals the inflamed membrane, giving relief at once. Price 50c.

SUICIDE as a risk to life decreases rapidly after the thirty-fifth year, and the very old take their own lives as rarely as the very young. Under ten and over seventy years of age suicide is extremely rare, and takes an insignificant place in the statistical tables

Interested People.

Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam for Coughs and Colds does, is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle free, that they may try it before purchasing. The large bottles are 50c and $1. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

Unsuccessful Plot.

ZANESVILLE, Ohio, Dec. 27.—This morning a plot was discovered of ten prisoners in jail to murder the jailor and escape with outside assistance. It was frustrated.

Bradfield's Female Regulator

Should be used by the young woman, she who suffers from any disorder peculiar to her sex, and at change of life is a powerful tonic; benefits all who use it. Write the Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by all druggists.

Ask for Baker's Famous Headache Specific. It never fails to give relief. Sold and guaranteed by Thieme & Gross.

HALF RATES FOR THE HOLIDAYS

The "Muncie Route" Will Make One Fare For the Round Trip.

Tickets good going December 24th, 25th and 31st, 1889, and January 1st, 1890; good returning until January 3d, 1890; also one fare for the round trip to Cincinnati and reduced rates to Indianapolis and Louisville.

W. H. FISHER,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

It is not the brave man who feels no fear—it is the liar.—Puck.

Nickel Plate Excursion.

If you contemplate a trip during the holidays you should consult the cheap excursion rates on the Nickel Plate; sale commences Monday, Dec. 23, and continues each day to and including Jan. 1, 1890. All tickets good to return to and including Saturday, Jan. 4, 1890. 21-9t

Cheap holiday rates via Nickel Plate. Inquire of nearest agent. 11-18t

If you do not receive your SENTINEL regularly, please notify us immediately, either in person or by postal card, that we may remedy the fault.

ONLY A POSTAL CARD

With your name and address, mailed to the Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga., is necessary to obtain an interesting treatise on the blood and the diseases incident to it.

SSS

Skin Eruption Cured.

One of my customers, a highly respected and influential citizen, but who is now absent from the city, has used Swift's Specific with excellent result. He says it cured him of a skin eruption that he had been tormented with for thirty years, and had resisted the curative qualities of many other medicines.
Rosser Cates, Druggist, Falls City, Neb.

Attorney H. Z. Zimmerman, of Albion, had a very exciting experience with a lunatic in his office a few days ago. The crazy man insisted that Zimmerman had gained "control" over his mind and that the only chance of escape was to shoot him. Zimmerman skillfully avoided a controversy and postponed a "settlement" for a day or two, and persuaded his demented visitor to go home. Shortly after leaving the office, the unfortunate man was arrested and two revolvers were found upon him.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh by expelling impurity from the blood, which is the cause of the complaint. Give it a trial.

Wind Storm.

PITTSFIELD, Mass., Dec. 27.—The wind is sweeping over Berkshire county at an awful rate. Telegraph and telephone wires are down in all directions. The roof of the new shoe shop at Dalton was blown off and all the trees in that vicinity were blown down. The mercury is falling.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

California Excursions.

The Wabash railroad is now prepared to sell for the coming season round trip tourist tickets to all principal Pacific coast points, giving a wide choice of routes both going and returning, and an extreme return limit of six months. Stop-overs granted at pleasure, west of the Missouri river. Parties contemplating a journey to sunny California—with a view of spending the winter there—will do well to call at the Wabash ticket office and learn the many advantages offered by the great through car route.

For rates, routes, time, accommodations and conditions call upon or address
R. G. THOMPSON,
Passenger and Ticket Agent,
18-tf Fort Wayne, Ind.

Florida has new-crop watermelons ready for the market.

The True Elixir Of Life Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, builds up weak and debilitated systems, gives strength to weakened nerves, overcomes that tired feeling, tones the digestive organs, invigorates and regulates the kidneys and liver, expels disease and gives vigorous health. Young people say: "It is the best medicine we ever took." Old people say: "It makes us feel young again."

Health is Wealth!



Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by Thieme & Gross, Druggists, Sole Agents, 94 Calhoun street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

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PLUMBER,
Steam and Gas Fitter,
101 Calhoun Street,
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We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers," 862 W. Madison St., Chicago. Free trial package sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of a 3 cent stamp. Sold by Thieme & Gross, Druggists, 94 Calhoun street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

J. S. McCURDY,
D·E·N·T·I·S·T
OFFICE—Room 15, over First National Bank. tues&sat6m

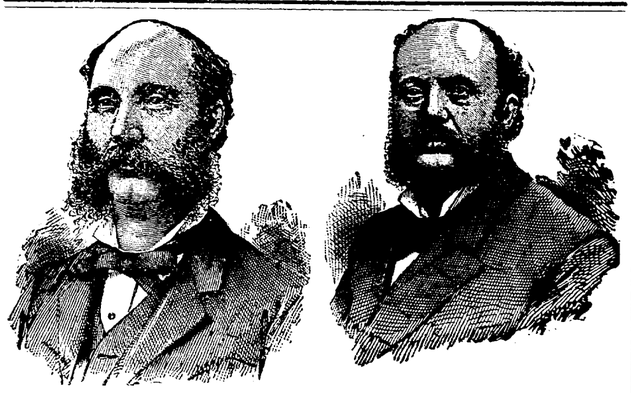
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Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

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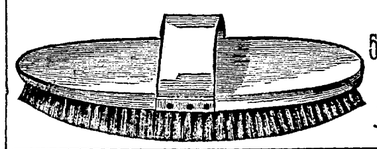
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The ALI GRAPH
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General Agents for Indiana, Indianapolis, Ind.
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The Forum.

A MONTHLY REVIEW OF LIVING SUBJECTS

By the Foremost Writers in the World.



JOHN G. CARLISLE.

THE FORUM has won the highest place reached by any periodical; for it publishes articles by more authoritative writers and by more workers along instructive lines of activity than any other publication. It contains eleven studies of great subjects every month. It is impartial, giving hearings alike to each side. It is financially independent, and it belongs to no sect or party or "interest." It is never sensational, but it aims always to be instructive.

I consider THE FORUM as furnishing the most intelligent and sympathetic audience that a thoughtful writer can find to address in any land.—*Prof. ALEXANDER WINCHELL, of the University of Michigan.*

THE FORUM continues to hold its place as the foremost of our magazines, for the variety, the value, and the weight of its contributions.—*THE NEW YORK TIMES.*

Announcements of forthcoming articles can seldom be made long in advance, for THE FORUM'S discussions are always of problems of present concern. Every such problem that the year 1890 will bring forward will be discussed, whether in politics, or religion, or social science, or practical affairs. The January number will contain a reply by ex-Speaker J. G. CARLISLE to Senator Cullom's recent article on "How the Tariff Affects the Farmer."

THE FORUM PUBLISHING COMPANY,
253 Fifth Avenue, New York.

50 Cents a Number. $5.00 a Year. Subscriptions received at this office.

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

From Pennsylvania Station.

Pennsylvania Lines.

Trains run by Central Time.

Leave and Arrive at Fort Wayne, by the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railway, as follows.

GOING EAST.	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
No. 20, Mail Express.....	1 20 p m	1 40 p m
No. 8, d, East Line.....	7 40 p m	8 06 p m
No. 2, d, Penn'a Limited..	8 53 p m	9 00 p m
No. 4, d, Atlantic Ex.....	5 10 a m	5 30 a m
No. 58, Chicago Accom....	10 50 p m	.....
No. 62, Plymouth Accom..	8 55 a m	.....
No. 10, Crestline Accom..	.....	7 00 a m
No. 60, Chicago Express..	†1 55 a m	.....

GOING WEST:	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
No. 3, d, Pacific Express..	1 35 a m	1 45 a m
No. 5, d, Penn'a Limited..	5 38 a m	5 45 a m
No. 1, Fast Line.....	11 30 a m	11 40 a m
No. 9, d, Western Ex.....	5 10 p m	5 15 p m
No. 11, Crestline Accom..	6 45 p m	.....
No. 61, Plymouth Accom.	.....	4 00 p m
No. 59, Chicago Accom....	.....	6 30 a m

†Daily except Monday; all other trains daily except Sunday.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R. R.

GOING EAST		GOING WEST
Lv 2 00 p m	Express	Lv 2 00 p m
Lv 6 10 a m	Accommodation	Lv 6 45 a m

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.
[Fort Wayne Division.]

FROM NORTH		GOING NORTH
10 30 a m—A.	Cincinnati Ex.....—Lv	
	Detroit Ex	" 4 40 p m
3 40 p m	"—Detroit Fx	"11 50 a m
6 20 p m	"—Way Freight.....	" 6 40 a m

All trains daily except Sunday.

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FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE AND WHITE WATER RAILROADS.

The direct line to and from Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and Fort Wayne.

Through car service between Fort Wayne and Indianapolis. Solid trains between Fort Wayne and Cincinnati.

Central Standard Time.

TIME CARD. Dec. 1, 1889.	No. 5. Daily.	No. 1. Ex-S'dy.	No. 3. Daily.
Fort Wayne..lv	6:00 a. m.	10:25 a. m.	6:05 p. m.
Indianapolis.ar	10:30 a. m.	3:50 p. m.	10:50 p. m.
Cincinnati...ar	——	5:30 p. m.	——
Louisville....ar	——	7:00 p. m.	——
RETURNING:	Daily.	Ex-S'dy.	Daily.
Louisville....lv	——	7:30 a. m.	——
Cincinnati....lv	——	7:30 a. m.	——
Indianapolis.lv	7:00 a. m.	11:10 a. m.	3:05 p. m.
Fort Wayne.ar	11:35 a. m.	3:45 p. m.	7:40 p. m.

ONE FARE FOR ROUND TRIP

Between all stations from Fort Wayne to Muncie on Sundays. Two Sunday trains each way. Trains leave from North Side depot. Rates to Cincinnati and points South less than via. any other line.

WABASH RAILWAY.
MARCH 31, 1889.

GOING WEST.	Depar
Pacific Express, daily	5 00 a. m.
Kansas City ex, daily ex'pt Sunday	1 45 p. m.
Vestibule Limited and Mail.....	8 17 p. m.
Lafayette accom	3 30 p. m.

GOING EAST.	Depart
Vestibule limited daily.....	5 05 a m
Cannon Ba except Sunday.....	1 30
Limited Expr. daily	6 25
Lafayette accon. rives 11 a m.	

INDIANA LIS TIME CARD.

Lv Ft Wayne	Ar Indianapolis
5 00 a m.....	10 30 a m
1 45 p m.....	6 20 p m
Lv Indianapolis	Ar Ft Wayne
7 15 a m.....	1 20 p m
1 10 p m.....	6 10 p m
7 00 p m.....	5 00 a m

Through Buffalo Palace sleeping cars and new tree chair cars on the Pacific and Limited express. Free chair cars, dining car and New York and Boston sleeping car on Vestibule Limited express.

Kansas City express and Cannon Ball has new reclining chair cars for Kansas City free.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.
Time Table for Fort Wayne, in Effect Nov. 10, '89

GOING NORTH.	
*For Grand Rapids and North.....	Lv 8 50 a m
" "	" 8 06 a m
For Grand Rapids.....	" 2 40 p m
From Richmond.....	Ar 6 10 p m
GOING SOUTH.	
For Richmond and Cincinnati.....	Lv 5 45 a m
" "	" 1 00 p m
" "	" 12 10 a m
From Grand Rapids.....	Ar 6 30 p m

*Daily between Cin. and Grand Rapids. All other trains daily except Sunday.

AMUSEMENTS.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

MONDAY, December 30th.

Return of the Favorites. The Sumpremely Great and Unrivalled

GEO. WILSON!

MAMMOTH

MINSTRELS!

An Exclusive Exposition of Pre-Eminent Stars Never Before Seen Conjointly.

MR. GEO. WILSON,
LEW BENEDICT,
JOHN T. KEEGAN,
HI TOM WARD,
RAMSEY & ARNO,
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THE SWEDISH DANCE.
With 23 Participants.
FROM THE KIRMESSE.
The $30,000 Introductory
DERBY - DAY - IN - ENGLAND!
(Duly Copyrighted by Geo. Wilson.)
Prices as usual. Seats at Box Office.

THE MIRACLE AT CANA.

TALMAGE ON THE TRANSFORMATION OF WATER INTO WINE.

An Eloquent Sermon Preached on Biblical Ground—Christ Loves the Housekeeper—He Comes in the Hour of Extremity—He Wants Us to Be Happy.

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached at Cana, in the far East, Sunday, Dec. 22, on "A Marriage Feast," taking for his text John 11, 10: "Thou hast kept the good wine until now." He said:

Standing not far off from the demolished town of what was once called Cana of Galilee, I bethink myself of our Lord's first manhood miracle, which has been the astonishment of the ages. My visit last week to that place makes vivid in my mind that beautiful occurrence in Christ's ministry. My text brings us to a wedding in that village. It is a wedding in common life, two plain people having pledged each other, hand and heart, and their friends having come in for congratulation. The joy is not the less because there is no pretension. In each other they find all the future they want. The daisy in the cup on the table may mean as much as a score of artistic garlands fresh from the hothouse. When a daughter goes off from home with nothing but a plain father's blessing and a plain mother's love, she is missed as much as though she were a princess. It seems hard, after the parents have sheltered her for eighteen years, that in a few short months her affections should have been carried off by another; but mother remembers how it was in her own case when she was young, and so she braces up until the wedding has passed, and the banqueters are gone, and she has a good cry all alone.

Well, we are to-day at the wedding in Cana of Galilee. Jesus and his mother have been invited. It is evident that there are more people there than were expected: Either some people have come who were not invited, or more invitations have been sent out than it was supposed would be accepted. Of course there is not enough supply of wine. You know that there is nothing more embarrassing to a housekeeper than a scant supply. Jesus sees the embarrassment, and he comes up immediately to relieve it. He sees standing six water pots. He orders the servants to fill them with water, and immediately it is wine—real wine. Taste of it, and see for yourselves; no logwood in it, no strychnine in it, but first rate wine. I will not now be diverted to the question so often discussed in my own country, whether it is right to drink wine. I am describing the scene as it was. When God makes wine He makes the very best wine; and one hundred and thirty gallons of it standing around in these water pots—wine so good that the ruler of the feast tastes it and says: "Why, this is really better than anything we have had! Thou hast kept the good wine until now." Beautiful miracle! A prize was offered to the person who should write the best essay about the miracle in Cana. Long manuscripts were presented in the competition, but a poet won the prize by just this one line descriptive of the miracle:

The unconscious water saw its God, and blushed.

We learn from this miracle, in the first place, that Christ has sympathy with housekeepers. You might have thought that Jesus would have said: "I cannot be bothered with this household deficiency of wine. It is not for me, Lord of Heaven, of earth, to become caterer to this feast. I have vaster things than this to attend to." Not so said Jesus. The wine gave out, and Jesus, by miraculous power, came to the rescue. Does there ever come a scant supply in your household? Have you to make a very close calculation? Is it hard work for you to carry on things decently and respectably? If so, don't sit down and cry. Don't go out and fret; but go to Him who stood in the house in Cana of Galilee. Pray in the parlor! Pray in the kitchen! Let there be no room in all your house unconsecrated by the voice of prayer. If you have a microscope, put under it one drop of water, and see the insects floating about; and when you see that God makes them, and cares for them, and feeds them, come to the conclusion that He will take care of you and feed you, oh, ye of little faith!

A boy asked if he might sweep the snow from the steps of a house. The lady of the household said: "Yes; you seem very poor." He says: "I am very poor." She says: "Don't you sometimes get discouraged, and feel that God is going to let you starve?" The lad looked up in the woman's face and said: "Do you think God will let me starve when I trust Him, and do the best I can?" Enough theology for older people! Trust in God and do the best you can. Amidst all the worriments of housekeeping, go to Him; He will help you control your temper, and supervise your domestics, and entertain your guests, and manage your home economies. There are hundreds of women weak, and nervous, and exhausted with the cares of housekeeping. I commend you to the Lord Jesus Christ as the best adviser and the most efficient aid—the Lord Jesus who performed His first miracle to relieve a housekeeper.

I learn also from this miracle that Christ does things in abundance. I think a small supply of wine would have made up for the deficiency. I think certainly they must have had enough for half of the guests. One gallon of wine will do; certainly five gallons will be enough; certainly ten. But Jesus goes on, and He gives them thirty gallons, and forty gallons, and fifty gallons, and seventy gallons, and one hundred gallons, and one hundred and thirty gallons of the very best wine. It is just like Him, doing everything on the largest and most generous scale. Does Christ, our Creator, go forth to make leaves? He makes them by the whole forest full; notched like the fern, or silvered like the aspen, or broad like the palm; thickets in the tropics, Oregon forests. Does He go forth to make flowers? He makes plenty of them; they flame from the hedge, they hang from the top of the grape vine in blossoms, they roll in the blue wave of the violets, they toss their white surf into the spiræa—enough for every child's hand a flower, enough to make for every brow a chaplet, enough with beauty to cover up the ghastliness of all the graves. Does He go forth to create water? He pours it out, not by the cupful, but by a river full, a lake full, an ocean full, pouring it out until all the earth has enough to drink, and enough with which to wash.

Does Jesus, our Lord, provide redemption? It is not a little salvation for this one, a little for that, and a little for the other; but enough for all—"Whosoever will, let him come." Each man an ocean full for himself. Promises for the young, promises for the old, promises for the lowly, promises for the blind, for the halt, for the outcast, for the abandoned. "Pardon for all, comfort for all, mercy for all, Heaven for all; not merely a cupful of Gospel supply, but one hundred and thirty gallons. Ay, the tears of godly repentance are all gathered up into God's bottle, and some day, standing before the throne, we will lift our cup of delight and ask that it be filled with the wine of Heaven; and Jesus, from that bottle of tears, will [illegible] to pour in the cup, and we will [illegible]: "Stop, Jesus, we do not want to drink our own tears!" and Jesus will [illegible] "Know ye not that the tears of [illegible]

I remark further, Jesus does not shadow the joys of others with His own griefs. He might have sat down in that wedding and said: "I have so much trouble, so much poverty, so much persecution, and the cross is coming; I shall not rejoice and the gloom of my face and of my sorrows shall be cast over all this group." So said not Jesus. He said to himself: "Here are two persons starting out in married life. Let it be a joyful occasion. I will hide my own griefs. I will kindle their joys." There are many not so wise as that. I know a household where there are many little children, where for two years the musical instrument had been kept shut because there had been trouble in the house. Alas for the folly! Parents saying: "We will have no Christmas tree this coming holiday because there has been trouble in the house. Hush that laughing up stairs! How can there be any joy where there has been so much trouble?" And so they make everything consistently doleful, and send their sons and daughters to ruin with the gloom they throw around them.

Oh, my dear friends, do you not know those children will have trouble enough of their own after a while? Be glad they cannot appreciate all yours. Keep back the cup of bitterness from your daughter's lips. When your head is down in the grass of the tomb, poverty may come to her, betrayal to her, bereavement to her. Keep back the sorrows as long as you can. Do you not know that son may, after a while, have his heart broken? Stand between him and all harm. You may not fight his battles long; fight them while you may. Throw not the chill of your own despondency over his soul; rather be like Jesus, who came to the wedding hiding His own grief and kindling the joys of others. So I have seen the sun, on a dark day, struggling amidst clouds, black, ragged, and portentous, but after a while the sun, with golden pry, heaved back the blackness; and the sun laughed to the lake, and the lake laughed to the sun, and from horizon to horizon, under the saffron sky, the water was all turned into wine.

I learn from this miracle that Christ is not impatient with the luxuries of life. It was not necessary that they should have that wine. Hundreds of people have been married without any wine. We do not read that any of the other provisions fell short. When Christ made the wine it was not a necessity, but a positive luxury. I do not believe that He wants us to eat hard bread and sleep on hard matresses, unless we like them best. I think, if circumstances will allow, we have a right to the luxuries of dress, the luxuries of diet, and the luxuries of residence. There is no more religion in an old coat than in a new one. We can serve God drawn by golden plated harness as certainly as when we go a-foot. Jesus Christ will dwell with us under a fine ceiling as well as under a thatched roof; and when you get wine made out of water, drink as much as you can.

What is the difference between a Chinese mud hovel and an American home? What is the difference between the rough bear skins of the Russian boor and the outfit of an American gentleman? No difference, except that which the Gospel of Christ, directly or indirectly, has caused. When Christ shall have vanquished all the world, I suppose every house will be a mansion, and every horse an arch-necked courser, and every carriage a glittering vehicle, and every man a king, and every woman a queen, and the whole earth a paradise; the glories of the natural world harmonizing with the glories of the material world, until the very bells of the horses shall jingle the praises of the Lord.

I learn, further, from this miracle, that Christ has no impatience with festal joy, otherwise He would not have accepted the invitation to that wedding. He certainly would not have done that which increased the hilarity. There may have been many in that room who were happy, but there was not one of them that did so much for the joy of the wedding party as Christ Himself. He was the chief of the banqueters. When the wine gave out, He supplied it; and so, I take it, He will not deny us the joys that are positively festal.

I think the children of God have more right to laugh than any other people, and to clap their hands as loudly. There is not a single joy denied them that is given to any other people. Christianity does not clip the wings of the soul. Religion does not frost the flowers. What is Christianity? I take it to be simply a proclamation from the throne of God of emancipation for all the enslaved; and if a man accepts the terms of that proclamation, and becomes free, has he not a right to be merry? Suppose a father has an elegant mansion and large grounds. To whom will he give the first privilege of these grounds? Will he say: "My children, you must not walk through these paths, or sit down under these trees, or pluck this fruit. These are for outsiders. They may walk in them." No father would say anything like that. He would say: "The first privileges in all the grounds, and all of my house, shall be for my own children." And yet men try to make us believe that God's children are on the limits, and the chief refreshments and enjoyments of life are for outsiders, and not for his own children. It is stark atheism. There is no innocent beverage too rich for God's child to drink; there is no robe too costly for him to wear; there is no hilarity too great for him to indulge in, and no house too splendid for him to live in. He has a right to the joys of earth; he shall have a right to the joys of Heaven. Though tribulation, and trial, and hardship may come unto him, let him rejoice. "Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous, and again I say, rejoice."

I remark again that Christ comes to us in the hour of our extremity. He knew the wine was giving out before there was any embarrassment or mortification. Why did He not perform the miracle sooner? Why wait until it was all gone, and no help could come from any source, and then come in and perform the miracle. This is Christ's way; and when He did come in, at the hour of extremity, He made first rate wine, so that they cried out: "Thou hast kept the good wine until now." Jesus in the hour of extremity! He seems to prefer that hour.

In a Christian home in Poland great poverty had come, and on the week day the man was obliged to move out of the house with his whole family. That night he knelt with his family and prayed to God. While they were kneeling in prayer there was a tap on the window pane. They opened the window, and there was a raven that the family had fed and trained, and it had in its bill a ring all set with precious stones, which was found out to be a ring belonging to the royal family. It was taken up to the King's residence, and for the honesty of the man in bringing it back he had a house given to him, and a garden and a farm. Who was it that sent the raven tapping on the window? The same God that sent the raven to feed Elijah by the brook Cherith. Christ in the hour of extremity!

You mourned over your sins. You could not find the way out. You sat down and said: "God will not be merciful. He has cast me off;" but in that, the darkest hour of your history, light broke from the throne, and Jesus said: "O wanderer, come home. I have seen all thy sorrows. In this, the hour of thy extremity, I offer thee pardon and everlasting life!"

Trouble came. You were almost torn to pieces by that trouble. You braced yourself up against it. You said: "I will be a stoic, and will not care; but be-gone, and then Jesus came. "In the fourth watch of the night," the Bible says, "Jesus came walking on the sea." Why did he not come in the first watch? or in the second watch? or in the third watch? I do not know. He came in the fourth, and gave deliverance to His disciples. Jesus in the last extremity!

I wonder if it will be so in our very last extremity. We shall fall suddenly sick, and doctors will come, but in vain. We will try the anodynes and the stimulants and the bathings, but all in vain. Something will say: "You must go." No one will hold us back, but the hands of eternity stretched out to pull us on. What then? Jesus will come to us, and as we say, "Lord Jesus, I am afraid of that water; I cannot wade through to the other side," He will say, "Take hold of my arm;" and we will take hold of His arm, and then He will put His foot in the surf of the wave, taking us on down deeper, deeper, deeper, and our soul will cry: "All thy waves and billows have gone over me." They cover the feet, come to the knee, pass the girdle and come to the head, and our soul cries out: "Lord Jesus Christ, I cannot hold thine arm any longer." Then Jesus will turn around, throw both His arms about us, and set us on the beach, far beyond the tossing of the billows. Jesus in the last extremity.

That wedding scene is gone now. The wedding ring has been lost, the tankards have been broken, the house is down; but Jesus invites us to a grander wedding. You know the Bible says that the church is the Lamb's wife, and the Lord will after awhile come to fetch her home. There will be gleaming of torches in the sky, and the trumpets of God will ravish the air with their music; and Jesus will stretch out His hand, and the church, robed in white, will put aside her veil, and look up into the face of her Lord the King, and the bridegroom will say to the bride: "Thou hast been faithful through all these years! The mansion is ready! Come home! Thou art fair, my love!" and then He shall put upon her brow the crown of dominion, and the table will be spread, and it will reach across the skies, and the mighty ones of Heaven will come in, garlanded with beauty and striking their cymbals; and the bridegroom and bride will stand at the head of the table, and the banqueters looking up, will wonder and admire it and say: "That is Jesus the bridegroom? But the scar on his brow is covered with the coronet, and the stab in his side is covered with a robe!" and "That is the bride! The weariness of her earthly woe lost in the flush of this wedding triumph!"

There will be wine enough at that wedding; not coming up from the poisoned vats of earth, but the vineyards of God will press their ripest clusters, and the cups and the tankards will blush to the brim with the heavenly vintage, and then all the banqueters will drink standing. Esther having come up from the bacchanalian revelry of Ahasuerus, where a thousand lords feasted, will be there. And the Queen of Sheba, from the banquet of Solomon, will be there. And the mother of Jesus, from the wedding in Cana, will be there. And they all will agree that the earthly feasting was poor compared with that. Then, lifting their chalices in that holy light, they shall cry to the Lord of the feast: "Thou hast kept the good wine until now."

Origin of the Word "Bumper."

A correspondent who seemed to be very much elated at having "caught Webster in an error," calls our attention to that lexicographer's etymology of the word "bumper" as used in the sentence "a bumper of wine." The correspondent informs us that the word did not come from "Bumbard," as Webster has it, but "had its origin with the Catholics, who usually drank the Pope's health every day after dinner in a full glass, with the expression in French—au bon pere (to the good father); hence the term 'a bumper.'" Yes; we may have seen the story before. It is one of the many faked up yarns told by Henry James Loaring in his book of "Common sayings," which is as full of inaccuracies (we had almost said deliberate inaccuracies) as his other book about the antiquity and derivation of signs. The fact is, we find no comparison that our correspondent has used the exact words of Loaring, so he doubtless relies on this testimony to make his case against Webster. All we have to say of Mr. Loaring is that he knows some French, and whenever he comes upon an English expression which sounds somewhat like a French one he invents a story to prove that the French expression is the parent of the English one, and relies on the popular ignorance of etymology to make his invention stand. Webster makes a good case in favor of his etymology of the word, and we beg our correspondent to look into the literature of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, where, if he looks deep enough, he will find that Shakespeare's use of "bumbard" (a large mug or can), was well authorized; and he will probably not hold that "bumbard" came from "bon pere."—*Washington Post.*

Rouge et Noir.

"Miss De Rigeur gave a pink tea last evening. I was there."

"Everything at a pink tea should have been couleur de rose, but you somehow don't look as if you enjoyed it very much."

"Well, the fact is I took the opportunity of proposing to Miss De Rigeur—"

"And—"

"And she gave me a black eye."

Bargains in Crape and No Deaths.

Mr. Younglove—Why, my dear, what makes you look so miserable! Is there any bad news in the paper?

Mrs. Younglove—N-no, not exactly bad news; but oh, George, don't you know of any of our relatives who are in poor health? I never saw such bargains in crape in all my born days.—*Chicago America.*

The Kind-Hearted Cop.

Policeman—Here, now, move on.

Stranger (who has lost his way trying to get back to his hotel)—I'm no tramp.

Policeman—What are ye then?

Stranger—I am a country editor——

Policeman—I see, I see. Poor fellow! Here's a dime.—*New York Weekly.*

No Amusement to Her.

Mrs. Houlihan: "Phwat do ye t'ink about this debate, 'How to kape a husband at home,' Mrs. Rourke?"

Mrs. Rourke (the wash lady): "Sorra a bit do Oi care about it at all, at all. Sure it's mesilf has to kape Rourke, at home and out av dures, all the toime, bad luck to him!"—*Puck.*

It is one of the strangest things in life that not one of those sweet-tempered, soft-voiced, gentle-hearted and velvet-handed women we see about us daily ever reaches the distinction of being a mother-in-law.—*Binghampton Leader.*

Put to Flight by Shop Girls.

Sharp tongues have the knowing shopgirls of New York and the knowledge how to use them, says the *Herald* of that city. Woe betide the unlucky man who falls afoul of them. They can make life more miserable to him than a carbuncle between his shoulder-blades.

A lot of these girls who work on the East side, were riding up-town on a crowded Third avenue elevated train the other night. An old man in one of the cross seats was trying to read an evening paper. A self-important, flashily dressed, silk-hatted youth stood between him and the light and held a paper spread out just so the old man couldn't see. The youth paid no attention when asked twice to move. Then the old man got mad, and, reaching up, jerked at the young man's paper and tore it from top to bottom. The young man turned and aimed a vicious blow at the old man's head. A by-stander caught his arm, while the carful of people hissed.

Then the shop-girls, who had seen the whole thing, turned their vials of wrath on that young man, and how they did make him suffer! First they all shrieked "Shame!" in chorus at him for striking at an old man, then they began to pull him to pieces. They began at his hat, and minutely dissected his wearing apparel, making savage sarcasms. They ridiculed to each other his collar, his necktie, the fit of his clothes, the size of his feet, the shape of his nose, the expanse of his mouth, and the color in his face, which grew fast from pink to scarlet, and then purple, under the tongue-lashing he was getting. They edged their remarks with ready wit, and at every sally the passengers roared. The castigation began at Ninth street. When the train reached Twenty-third street the young man's face was about ready to burst into flame and he could stand no more of it. He incontinently fled for the door.

Then everybody applauded, but the girls only looked in a satisfied way at each other for a moment and calmly resumed their conversation about the altitude unattainable of accordion plaits.

Human Nature.

"That's a fine dog of yours," said a man at the postoffice to another man who had a fine hunting dog at his heels.

"Yes, he's a pure strain and well trained. To heel, Roger.

The dog fell into position with brisk alacrity.

"I'd like to buy a dog like that," said the first speaker, "but the trouble is when you find such a dog his owner will never part with him."

"You can have Roger for $50," said the dog owner. "I paid $75 for him when he was two months old."

"Isn't he a little sunken in the back for a thoroughbred?" asked the other anxiously.

"Not a bit. That is one evidence of pure blood."

"Now that I notice him I see that his legs are a trifle crooked, and he is longer than the real Gordon setter. I must have a true proportion in a dog that I buy."

"That's right," said the owner coolly. "You couldn't buy my dog if you were Vanderbilt. Why, there isn't a hair on him that I would sell if I could get $500 for it. You needn't depreciate him another point. He isn't for sale and never will be—good day," and the man and dog disappeared together.

Something for the New Year.

The world renowned success of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and their continued popularity for over a third of a century as a stomachic, is scarcely more wonderful than the welcome that greets the annual appearance of Hostetter's Almanac. This valuable medical treatise is published by The Hostetter Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., under their own immediate supervision, employing 60 hands in that department. They are running about 11 months in the year on this work, and the issue of same for 1890 will not be less than ten millions, printed in the English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian, and Spanish languages. Refer to a copy of it for valuable and interesting reading concerning health, and numerous testimonials as to the efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, amusement, varied information, astronomical calculations and chronological items, etc., which can be depended on for correctness. The Almanac for 1890 can be obtained free of cost from druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the country.

An Unmerited Rebuke.

"Hello," said a traveling man to his companion, as they paused in front of a bill-board, "there's a walking match in town."

The lady who happened to be passing just then was rather angular. With wrath in her eye she said:

"Young man, I've no doubt that you forget a good deal of what was taught you in your youth about manners, when you go on commenting on people's personal appearance that way. I may not be very stout, but for you to make remarks about being a walking-match is, to say the least, worse than impolite."

On the Stage.

"Don't you think," said a youth, after working his vocal chords with intense vigor beside the hotel piano, "that I ought to go on the stage?"

"Yes," replied Miss Pepperton, who doesn't like him very well, anyhow; "I certainly do. There is one that leaves for the station just an hour and a half from now."—*Washington Capital.*

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

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E. H. VAN HOESEN, Cashier, Toledo National Bank, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Wasted Humor.

"I say," remarked the man who writes "Flashes of Fun" to the sporting editor, "did the old Romans ever have prize fights?"

"Hum—no, I think not."

"Never?"

"Not that I know of. They might have, but none of the sporting records took any notice of it."

"All right," said the funny man, dejectedly, as he crumpled up a piece of paper and dropped it on the floor. "There goes an ancient joke about Roman punch."

THROAT DISEASES commence with a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give immediate relief. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cts.

Won Her Bet.

Between the acts.

Miss Tiny (an agile coryphee)—I will bet a bottle of champaign that I can kick higher than that chandelier.

Jack—I'll take the bet.

Miss Tiny—You've lost. That chandelier can't kick at all.

(Bet paid.)—*Pittsburgh Bulletin.*

No stranger should visit the city without smoking "Tansill's Punch" 5c. Cigar.

Entitled to the Best.

All are entitled to the best that their money will buy, so every family should have, at once, a bottle of the best family remedy, Syrup of Figs, to cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists.

The Wrong Place.

Applicant (at the Golden Gate)—May I enter.

St. Peter—What was your business below?

Applicant—I was a newspaper writer, sir.

St. Peter—And what is your name?

Applicant—Er—er—well, really, I don't like to give my name. I always wrote over a nom de plume, you know.

St. Peter—Ah, yes, I see. You are in the wrong place. The next gate, further down. But, I say, just leave that nom de plume with me. If there is anything I hate, it is the smell of burning feathers.—*American Commercial Traveler.*

A Cure of Catarrh

In the head, as well as of all bronchial, throat, and lung diseases, if taken in time, is effected by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, or money paid for it will be prompty returned.

A MORE pleasant physic
You never will find
Than Pierce's small "Pellets,"
The Purgative kind.

A Desperate Resolve.

Cholly—Well, the gov'nor cast me off to-day. Said b'jove he wasn't going to support me any longer, don't you know?

Gussie—What are you going to do now, my deah boy?

Cholly—I hardly know. Maybe I'll have to twamp. Or perhaps I may become one of those hawid prize-fighters, don't you know? Got any good thigawettes?—*Terre Haute Express.*

Entirely Helpless to Health.

The above statement made by Mrs. S. H. Ford, wife of Gen. Ford, can be vouched for by nearly the entire population of Corunna, Mich., her home for years. She was for two years a terrible sufferer from rheumatism, being confined to her bed most of the time, her feet and limbs being so badly swollen she could scarcely move. She was induced to try a bottle of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup. It helped her, and two additional bottles entirely cured her. To-day she is a well woman.

First ask your druggist; should he not keep it, we will send on receipt of price, $1 per bottle or six for $5.

RHEUMATIC SYRUP CO.
Jackson, Mich.

A SCIENTIST says that a very strong solution of salt applied boiling hot will preserve wood. This is important to those whose wood pile has to be protected by a spring gun.

The Homeliest Man in This Town,

As well as the handsomest, and others, are invited to call on any druggist and get *free* a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits, and is guaranteed to relieve and cure all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis, and Consumption. Large Bottles, 50 cents and $1.

IF a burnt child dreads the fire, why does a person who has been singed by Cupid's torch so often have a lingering regard for the old flame?

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of *Sick Headache*, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

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Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass, and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

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ALL that *we* can say as to the merits of Dobbins' Electric Soap pales into *nothingness* before the story it will tell you *itself*, of its own *perfect* quality, if you will give it *one* trial. Don't take imitation.

WILD oats are often sown with rye.—*Boston Post.*

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

CINCINNATI pork men believe the pen mightier than the sword.—*St. Paul Herald.*

In the Winter

Rheumatism is most prevalent because exposure to the cold and wet drives the blood from the surface of the body, and causes congestion of the liver and kidneys. These organs are thus unable to perform their functions of eliminating the impurities and lactic acid, which are taken up by the blood and deposited in the joints and tissues, resulting in the pains and aches we call rheumatism. Hood's Sarsaparilla has had great success in curing this disease, both chronic and inflammatory. Acting promptly on the blood, it neutralizes the lactic acid, expels all impurities, and restores the liver and kidneys to natural action.

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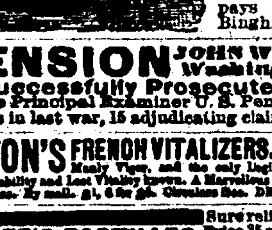
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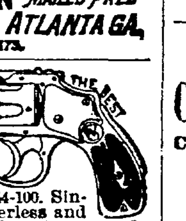
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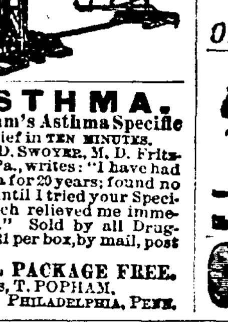
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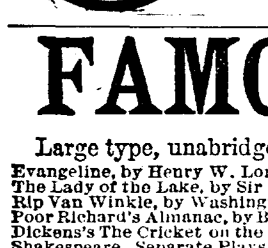
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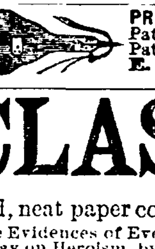
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DETECTIVES [illegible]

IN THE VINEYARD.

What Some of the Workers Therein Are Doing and Saying.

WHOLESOME READING FOR ALL.

Face Your Troubles—The Avaricious Man's Prison—Gems of Thought.

Face Your Troubles.

"I had plowed around a rock in one of my fields for five years," said a farmer, "and I had broken a mowing machine knife against it, besides losing the use of the ground in which it lay, all because I thought that it was such a large rock that it would be too much time and trouble to remove it. But today when I began to plow for corn, I thought that by and by I might break my cultivator against that rock, so I took a crow-bar, intending to poke around and find out its size once for all. And it was one of the surprises of my life to find that it was a little more than two feet long. It was standing on its edge, and so light that I could lift it into the wagon without help."

"The first time you really faced your trouble you conquered it," I replied aloud, but continued to enlarge upon the subject all to myself, for I do believe that before we pray, or, better, while we pray, we should look our troubles square in the face.

Imagine the farmer plowing around that rock for five years, praying all the the while, "O Lord, remove that rock!" when he didn't know whether it was a big rock or a little flat stone.

We shiver and shake and shrink, and sometimes do not dare to pray about a trouble because it makes it seem so real, not even knowing what we wish the Lord to do about it, when, if we would face the trouble and call it by its name, one-half of its terror would be gone.

The trouble that lies down with us at night and confronts us on first waking in the morning is not the trouble that we have faced, but the trouble whose proportions we do not know.

The Avaricious Man's Prison.

No man can go on accumulating, laying up, adding dollar to dollar, acre to acre, never giving, seldom spending, without incarcerating himself at last in a prison-house.

By and by he finds that above him, around him, beneath him is nothing but money, money, money. We have all read of the miser locked into his own cellar with his gold. The heavy trap-door falls while he is counting his money, the ponderous spring lock clicks, and he is a prisoner with his precious box of money. He has it all. He can plunge his arms up to his elbows in coin, but he has nothing more, and he is the poorest man in the universe of God. He is shut in from the light of day; no friendly ear will hear his cry, no friendly voice will answer his call, no friendly hand will help him out, and with all his thousands he is a poorer man than the beggar on the street above him, whose only posessions are free air, the generous sunlight, and the crust of bread in his hand. So every man who hoards and does not spend, who piles up and never gives away, is slowly incarcerating himself in a similar dungeon. The trap door does not fall suddenly, the spring lock does not close with a snap in his case, but nevertheless, by the slow accumulation of years, and the slow growth of habit, he is enclosed as tightly as the miser in his cellar, and his only companionship is the wealth which at last must become worthless and useless to him.—*Golden Rule.*

Gems of Thought.

Life is the test of faith.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Your salvation is His business; His service your business.—*Fuller.*

Nothing is so strong as gentleness, nothing so gentle as real strength.

As you learn, teach; as you get, give; as you receive, distribute.—*Spurgeon.*

One is never more on trial than in the moment of excessive good fortune.—*Lew Wallace.*

Wit should be used as a shield for defense, rather than a sword to wound others.—*Fuller.*

I have never found a thorough, pervading, enduring morality but in those who feared God.—*Jacobi.*

Nothing is more pitiful than a life spent in thinking of nothing but self; yes, even in thinking of nothing but one's own soul.—*Farrar.*

The absence of any kind of anxiety for the spread of the truth, implies spiritual paralysis, if it does not imply actual spiritual death.—*Canon Liddon.*

Do right, and God's recompense to you will be the power of doing more right; give, and God's reward to you will be the spirit of giving more; love, and God will pay you with the capacity of more love, for love is Heaven, and is God within you.—*F. W. Robertson.*

FINGERS AND FORKS.

Less than three hundred years ago the fingers were still used to perform the office now assigned to forks, in the highest and most refined circles of society. At about this time, in fact, was the turning point when forks began to be used at table as they are now. When we reflect how nice were the ideas of that refined age on all matters of outer decency and behavior, and how strict was the etiquette of the courts, we may well wonder that the fork was so late in coming into use as a table furnishing. The ladies of the middle ages and the Renaissance were not less proud of a delicate, well-kept hand than those of our own days, and [illegible] from the plat- [illegible] and in them bore it to their mouths. The fact is all the more remarkable, because the form of the fork was familiar enough, and its application to other uses was not uncommon.

WHY THE COMPASS POINTS NORTH.

The compass-needle points north because practically the earth is a magnet, not differing essentially in its magnetic properties from a bar of magnetized steel, says *American Notes and Queries.*

It has two poles of greatest intensity, and, like most large steel magnets, there are several supplemental poles of lesser intensity. Just as the pole of one bar magnet attracts the end of another, so the magnet poles of the earth behave toward poles of the compass-needle, unlike poles attracting, and like poles repelling each other.

But it is not correct to say that the needle always points north; as a matter of fact there are but few localities on the earth where it does so, and even those are constantly changing.

An irregular line drawn from the mouth of the Orinoco River through the east coast of Hayti, Charleston, S. C., and Detroit, Mich., represents very nearly the line in which there is no variation at the present time.

In all places east of this line the north end of the needle swings slightly to the westward; in all places west of it to the eastward. At the mouth of the Columbia River the variation of the compass is abort 22 degrees east; in Alaska it is from 40 to 60 degrees east; midway between New York and Liverpool it is about 35 degrees west.

Of course there is a reason for this variation, and the explanation is that the needle does not point to the North Pole, as so many people suppose, but to the magnetic pole, which is something entirely different.

The magnetic north pole is at present on or near the northwestern shore of Boothia Peninsula, in the northern part of North America. Its position is constantly changing, and in the last six hundred years it has moved about half the distance round the geographical pole.

During the period of three hundred years, in which observations have been carefully made at the Magnetic observatory in Paris, the variations have changed from 11 degrees 20 minutes east of north to 22 degrees and 10 minutes west.

In the United States the rate of the change in variation differs much in different parts of the country. In Washington State it changes at the rate of about 7 minutes a year; in Arizona and New Mexico it is stationary; in the New England States it is from 1 to 3 minutes per year.

A WOMAN MARRIES A WOMAN.

An extraordinary story, first published by a Vienna newspaper and then generally disbelieved, has since been confirmed in every particular, says a dispatch from Vienna to the London *Standard.* "A young man calling himself Count Sander Vay, who pretended to have fallen out with his family in Hungary, married last August a teacher at Klagenfurt, aged 27, daughter of an Inspector of Woods and Forests there. The marriage took place on a lonely farm in Hungary, a certain Father Imre officiating at the wedding ceremony.

"The newly-married couple lived together for some time, and afterward visited the girl's parents in Klagenfurt, where the father-in-law was constantly fleeced by the alleged Count. Quarrels arose, and ultimately it turned out that the young Count's tales of himself were all inventions. The persons he referred to were imaginary, and the Inspector was convinced he was a swindler. Something still stranger, and indeed unparalleled, soon came to light. Ere long it was found that the so-called Count was in reality a woman of 36, the Countess Sarolta Vay, daughter of the late Colonel of Hunveds, Count Ladislaus Vay, one of whose daughters, named Sarolta, had been educated as a boy.

"All her life she had worn male attire, and recently had appeared in the uniform of the Honveds. She published a collection of poems under the name Sandor, and associated with young men, who were not in the secret, in manly amusements. From Pesth, where eccentricities of that sort are hardly a rarity, she disappeared about a year ago, after which she was not again heard of till her arrest, on the demand of her nominal father-in-law, at Klagenfurt, It is probable that Father Imre was not a priest, and that the girl, in going through the form of marriage, only executed another eccentricity in order to procure money, of which she was in great need."

HE TOOK THE MONEY.

New Clerk (anxious to show his sagacity)—This silver dollar you just took in is counterfeit.

Proprietor (nervously)—I was waiting on the minister's wife."

"But you don't take counterfeit money from women just because they happen to be ministers' wives, do you?"

"No, of course not."

"Didn't you see this was counterfeit?"

"Consarn it! Young man, if you must know, that's the dollar I dropped into the contribution box last Sunday."—*New York Weekly.*

A PATHETIC SCENE.

"Ah," said the gray-eyed wayfarer at the railroad lunch counter, "this is the old place. I recognized yonder landmark at once."

"What landmark?" inquired the cashier considerately.

"Forty years ago when I traveled over this road," continued the stranger in a choaked voice, "I carved my initials and date on yonder piece of apple pie. I see you have it still. Excuse an old man's tears."—*Albany Argus.*

A LIFE'S happiness is easily flung away, and hardly found again when you have started with it.

WOMAN'S PROGRESS

Gossip About Matters in Which the Dear Creatures Take an Interest.

SEASONED WITH A LITTLE WIT.

A Column or Two of Tittle-Tattle Anent Matronly Mothers, Modish Maidens, and Merry Misses.

A Hollow in the Back.

If you have a hollow place in your back just below the waist-line (most women have) fasten a very small pad of curled hair on the yoke of the skirt. With skirts thus arranged there is nothing to interfere with the perfect fit of the dress waist. Some dress-makers insist upon this arrangement of skirts before they will fit your gowns.—*New York Press.*

Latest Styles in Fans.

Fans usually match the gown in color and are in great variety.

The most beautiful, and naturally the most costly, are those made of ostrich and marabout feathers combined, with sticks of pearl, amber or shell. Nothing has yet been devised more graceful and elegant, especially when in the color of the gown. There is nothing in Paris more attractive than the show windows of a certain manufacturer of fans on one of the bulevards. There is an arrangement of steps on which to exhibit these dainty wares covered with delicate lace over satin the color of the fans to be exhibited; one day they are all pale green, another pale blue, another mauve, and another red, and gold, and black. There are feather fans of every possible description, lace fans, lisse fans with open work pearl sticks, all hand painted, as are the spaces between them, and fans made of net and ribbons. Fans made in the shape of leaves, of flowers and of butterflys all vie with each other for popularity. As an additional indication of the progress of good taste the medium is the popular size.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Why Women Lose Their Hair.

"How common it is to see a woman under 30 with only a tiny twist of hair behind her head," remarked a fashionable hair-dresser to a *Mail and Express* reporter. "I venture to say, however," the speaker went on, "that if you ask her she will say that when she was a girl she had a splendid head of hair. Now what is the reason for this? The woman has lost no other of her physical charms, but her hair has well-nigh disappeared.

"I think that I can solve the problem. On retiring at night, she goes to sleep without releasing her hair, or giving it the vigorous combing and brushing which is absolutely necessary to its healthy vitality. Hundreds of careless women do that. Then, too, she is not careful as to the kind of hairpins she uses. Metal hairpins should be used as little as possible, for rubber or gutta-percha pins are preferable, although they may seem more clumsy; but if metal pins are chosen they should be straight and smooth.

What is the best tonic for the hair? In my experience, I have found that a good, brisk and regular brushing is the best tonic. If the hair is coming out rapidly, let this treatment begin at once. Every morning unbraid the hair, and brush it in its natural hanging position with a stiff, white bristle brush—never a wire one. First brush one-half of the hair. Then change the brush to the other hand and treat the remaining half in the same fashion. The same operation should be repeated in the evening.

"Begin with about fifty strokes on each side and gradually increase the treatment, until not less than two hundred strokes are given each morning and evening. It will soon become a habit, and before long the hair will cease to come out."

Pretty Finger Nails.

"Your nails always look nice," I overheard one damsel remark to another not long ago, says a correspondent. "Do you go to a manicure every day?"

"Oh, no, I have never been to one, for it is the easiest thing in the world to take care of one's own nails—just a little care every day."

"Well, I've tried and tried, and I can't make mine look even decent. Tell me what you do."

Here I listened for the prescription, which in sum and substance was as follows:

"In order to keep the skin back from the nail I use a nail brush freely—using it on the nails particularly. Then, in drying my hands, I work the towel from the point of the nail back toward the finger. I cut my nails often, and don't let them get too long. By cutting the nails in such a way that the corners do not adhere to the skin, hangnails can be avoided and the shape of the nails changed. Where the nails are thin and inclined to break, frequent oiling is necessary, and the nails should never be polished, except when some oily substance is used besides the powder. This keeps the nails more pliable, and no matter how thin they are, if properly treated they are no more liable to break than thicker ones. Another thing that is bad for the nails is polishing them too roughly. They should be lightly touched and not rubbed until they become heated. This is one cause of white spots coming on the nail and marring its beauty. A little attention every day will make any hand look nice."

To this conversation which I overheard let me add a word or two about the hands. To make them white they should be occasionally rubbed with lemon juice and water. The hands should never be allowed to remain long soiled with anything that will stain them. But unless there is some reason for it, it is better not to wash the hands too often. They should be dried with a soft towel.

Only an Indian Woman.

Here is an account of the brave deed of an Oneida Indian woman, whose courage seems only equaled by her pride of race:

Driving into the fields one day where her husband and others were at work, she encountered a log lying across the road in such a way that she could not pass. As there was no one near to help her, and the log was beyond her strength to move, she proceeded to cut it in two with an ax she had in the wagon.

To her surprise she found she had disturbed a mother bear and her family of cubs. The bear, more alarmed than angry, took to the woods, and the woman walked in search of the men and their fire-arms. Finding them, she conducted the relief party quickly back to the log, to find that the bear had also returned.

When all were stationed ready for action she again used her ax on the log and the bear made her second appearance, this time angry and vengeful. The man who stood ready for just this emergency missed his aim, dropped the gun, and with all his other masculine companions took to his heels. Left alone with the infuriated beast, with only an ax for defense, the Indian woman coolly waited until the bear came near enough, and, letting the ax fall with all her might upon its head, killed it with that one stroke.

The same weapon applied to three of the little orphans effectively prevented their ever realizing their loss, and the other she kindly adopted and carried home with her.

Reaching her home she found her husband, son and others assembled there, anxiously speculating as to what could have been the result of the encounter they had failed to see ended. Standing before them, with the cub in her arms, she scornfully surveyed them from head to foot and exclaimed: "Cowards, you have no Indian blood in your veins.—*Philapelphia Press.*

THE RETORT DISCOURTEOUS.

A young barrister was once smartly set down by a judge who readily grasped the points of even a complicated case and who could not endure that time should be wasted. The novice poured forth argument after argument into the unwilling ears of the Judge, who tried in vain to put an end to him. In this instance he was overmatched, The enemy had always some fresh point to open out, and, of course, it must be listened to before it could be refuted. At length he mentioned one which the chief said he would at once refuse to hear discussed—it ought to have been taken in the court below.

"But, my Lord, I did take it in the court below and the Judge stopped me!"

The chief revived. He looked forward over his desk and said earnestly to his persecutor: "Do you really mean to say, sir, that he stopped you?"

"Yes, my Lord—he really stopped me!"

"Did he?" said the chief. "You would much oblige me by telling me how he did it; the process may be useful to me in the future."

An old lady from the country had been brought into the court as a witness, and a sharp little lawyer had her in hand, and was trying his best to upset the old lady in a legal way, and, at the same time, air his knowledge before the crowd of spectators in the room. But the old lady, from the start, seemed to have the best of it. She was much his superior at Yankee wit and repartee. This at last nettled the little disciple of Blackstone, and he exclaimed, angrily:

"Madam, you have brass enough in your face to make a large-sized kettle."

"Quite likely," said the old lady, while her eyes blazed with wrath, "and it comforts me somewhat to know that you have sap enough in your head to fill it."

THE ANGELUS BIRD.

When traveling in forests of Guiana and Paraguay, it is not uncommon to meet with a bird whose music greatly resembles that of an Angelus bell when heard from a distance. The Spanish call this singular bird a bellringer, though it may be still more appropriately designated as the Angelus bird, for, like the Angelus bell, it is heard three times a day, morning, noon and night. Its song which defies all description, succeeding one another every two or three minutes, so clearly and in such a resonant manner, that the listener, if a stranger, imagines himself to be near a chapel or convent. But it turns out that the forest is the chapel, and the bell a bird.

The beauty of the Angelus bird is equal to his talent; he is as large as a jay, and as white as snow, besides being graceful in form and swift in motion. But the most curious ornament of the Angelus bird is the tuft of black, arched feathers on its beautiful head; it is of comical shape and about four inches in length.

MUST HAVE BEEN SOME LOCAL ROAD.

"Well, sir," said the railroad superintendent to a forlorn-looking man who had gained admittance to his presence, "what do you want?"

"I would like a situation on your road."

"No place for you I think."

"But there is. I want to be interpreter."

"Interperter?"

"Yes, sir. To tell the passengers what the brakeman says when he calls out the names of the stations."

The superintendent studied a few minutes and then told the man to call later.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A Choice Selection of Interesting Items.

THE Ottomacs of South America eat one pound of clay every day.

BALZAC lived to be fifty, and wrote twenty-seven books. Night work and strong coffee killed him.

ONE of the witnesses who recently testified at Salt Lake regarding the oaths of the Endowment House, has since had one valuable horse killed and another shot at, but not fatally injured, by his Mormon neighbors.

COL. JOHN C. BOONE, grandson of the pioneer, Daniel Boone, is living friendless and needy near Sulphur Springs, Ark., and a movement for his relief has been started in Missouri, Arkansas and Kentucky.

ONE of Wilkesbarre's policemen dreamed that he was in a fight, and his pistol refusing to explode he was unable to defend himself. When he awoke he was so impressed that he tried his pistol, and found, as in his dream, the weapon would not go off.

"IF you have a flower for me," says Mrs. Lew Wallace to one of her friends, "give it to me now while I can enjoy it, rather than lay a whole wreath on my coffin lid." That has been the sad cry of many a lonely heart, which, when it could be thrilled no more with pleasure, or hurt with pain, had flowers enough and to spare.

A MAN named Rye, who lives near Bellaire, Ohio, has a fancy for naming his daughters after the big rivers. Three of his girls are called Missouri, Ohio and Mississippi. Recently a baby daughter was added to the household, and the father, forgetting the double significance of the word, determined to have her christened Monongahela Rye.

ONE of the most surprising features of the modern business world is the extensive use of cotton seed, formerly considered worthless. Over 800,000 tons of these seeds are now pressed for their oil, from thirty-six to forty pounds being obtained from each ton. The consumption of cotton seed oil is increasing, both in this country and in Europe, and new uses for the oil are constantly being discovered.

COUNT D'EU expresses the opinion that the primary cause of the Brazilian revolution was—first, the hasty and ill-concealed emancipation of the slaves, which deprived the Imperial cause of the larger portion of its supporters; next, the demoralization of the navy. He considers Da Fonseca a weak-minded man of supple and compliant nature; a person with no defined character.

A YOUNG lady school teacher of Sumter County, Florida, one night last week dreamed that she was whipping one of her scholars, and from reports she certainly had a terrible time of it. She waked up the inmates of the house by screaming: "Won't you be a good boy—won't you study your lessons—won't you quit sticking pins into the scholars?" Her mother, thinking that something must be the matter, rushed into the young lady's room and found her standing up in bed, beating, kicking, and otherwise abusing a pillow.

AN old farmer in Indiana wanted to sell his farm for a fancy price, and after throwing a number of deceased eggs into a sink hole, circulated the report that he had found a fine supply of natural gas. A Chicago man came along and the farmer, eager with the consciousness of guilt, sold the farm for little more than it was worth as agricultural land. The Chicago man dug in the sink hole and has been rewarded by finding the richest gas deposit in the State. When last heard from the honest farmer was butting his head against a tree.

EVEN vegetation seems to acknowledge that this is the age of electricity. There has just been discovered in the forests of India, a strange plant, which possesses astonishing magnetic power. The hand which breaks a leaf from it receives immediately a shock equal to that which is produced by the conductor of an induction coil. At a distance of twenty feet a magnetic needle is affected by it, and it will be quite deranged if brought near. It is shunned by birds and insects; its power is increased during a storm; yet all magnetic force is lost when rain falls, even though the plant be sheltered by an umbrella.

SPEAKING to a reporter of the Boston *Herald* of the book of reminiscences which he hopes to prepare some of these days, Ben Butler says that he has "a personal desire that the true inwardness of the actions of some soi-distant saints, martyrs, heroes and generals, who have figured so romantically in the history of the greatest occurrences in the life of any nation, as peddled out to magazines at so many pennies a line, shall be set right by an impartial statement of the true facts and incidents of their careers." The truth of history is what the world always longs for, and whoever helps to place her in possession of it becomes one of her favorite sons. We gather from the way the General expresses himself that he is convinced that the halos surrounding the heads of the saints, martyrs, heroes, and generals in question are neither so large nor so dazzling as they ought to be.

MR. HERBERT WARD, who was with Stanley at the outset of his expedition, has many interesting stories to tell about that remarkable old gentleman, Tippoo Tib. His real name is Hamid Ben Mohammed, his nom de guerre being a phonetic effort on the part of the natives. Tippoo has a pleasing way of going around in the early morning surprising peaceful villages where ivory is reported to be stored and pegging away with his rifles. The natives used to say that the sound of his gun was like "tip, tip, tip," hence they call him "Tip Tip," which Europeans have rendered into the now famous Tippoo Tib. Tippoo is as wealthy as he is rapacious. Mr. Ward has a photograph which he took of him in front of his hut, surrounded by his braves, who are standing guard by thirty tons of ivory, worth at least $400,000. Tippoo, in presence of his treasures, wears an amiable, almost angelic expression.

IN a suit which has just terminated in the English High Court of Justice, it seems to have been deemed libellous to publish of a lady that she had once, in her days of poverty, been a washerwoman. Such a publication would hardly be pronounced a libel in any court in this country. The occupation of a washerwoman is most useful and respectable, and neither dishonorable nor degrading. To engage in it, for the purpose of earning an honest living, cannot justly subject a woman to reproach, unless the simple toil which poverty imposes is to be regarded as disreputable. The doctrine that it is defamatory to accuse a person of having once engaged in any form of honest labor would never do in the United States. To a great lady, admitted to be worthy of moving in the most brilliant society, it might well be a source of pride rather than of mortification that in time of need she had been able to support herself by the work of her hands.

A STRANGE thing happened to D. B. Chase, of Locust Ridge, Pa. He was driving a single horse along the Sparrowhawk creek at the time. At that point the highway is on the left of the creek and very close to the bank for nearly a mile. The road was muddy, the horse was walking slowly, and Mr. Chase was reading a newspaper, when all at once he heard something scrambling up the bank of the brook on his right. Mr. Chase turned to see what had made the noise, and there stood a large buck. He was panting as though he had been run by a hound, and, without seeming to notice the man, he walked along by the side of the front wheel. As quick as thought, Mr. Chase said, he threw the lines over the buck's antler's. Why he did so he could not tell, but the act stirred the buck up in a twinkling. He backed like a flash, and the next minute horse, wagon and driver were yanked into the creek. Mr. Chase said he didn't get a glimpse of the buck after that. His wagon was broken and everything in it was upset in the shallow stream.

Harder on the Tramp Than Mr. Hoxie.

Paul Morton, the general freight agent of the Burlington road, tells a very good story on the late H. M. Hoxie, who was manager of Jay Gould's Southwestern system during the great strikes. One afternoon a rather tough-looking young man walked into Mr. Hoxie's private office, unannounced. He neglected to remove his plugh hat as he entered, and he cocked it further over his right eye, and took two or three vigorous pulls at the "cannon" he was smoking, before he said: "Is your name Hoxie?" Mr. Hoxie said that such was the fact. "Well," said the fresh young man, as he hit the bullseye in the neighboring cuspidor, "I want a job. Anything from general passenger agent up will do me." Mr. Hoxie's eyebrows indicated mild surprise. "Young man," he said, gently, "that is no way to approach an official for a position. Just take a seat there and watch me." The young man sat down and Mr. Hoxie called his private secretary to the seat at the desk, and then walked out.

A moment later he wrapped at the office door, and the private secretary bade him enter. The fresh young man looked on with wondering eyes. "Is the general manager in, sir?" asked Mr. Hoxie, bowing politely, hat in hand, to the private secretary. "Yes, sir. What can I do for you?" inquired the secretary. "Well, sir," said Mr. Hoxie, deferentially, "I am seeking a position on your road, and I wish to place my application before you. What position it is I do not care; I simply desire a start. Can you do anything for me?" The secretary said he would take his name and bear him in mind. "You might call in again in a week or so, and I may have something for you." "All right, sir," said Hoxie; "I thank you." Then he bowed again and walked out, hat in hand. In a moment he reentered, and the secretary walked back to his own desk. "That," said Mr. Hoxie, "is the proper way to apply for a position. Now see if you can do as well," he added, addressing the fresh young man. The latter went out, and Mr. Hoxie resumed his seat. There was a rap at the door. "Come in," said Mr. Hoxie. The tough young man entered, hat in hand, and bowed low. "Is the general manager in," he asked, politely. "Yes, sir, I am the general manager; what can I do for you?" The young man looked at him sharply, and blurted out: "You can go to ——!" Then he jammed his plug hat on his head, rushed out, and took up his still-smoking "cannon," which had burned a hole in the wainscoting where he had laid it. Mr. Hoxie's eyebrows expressed a surprise which was by no mean mild, while his private secretary, at the typewriter spelled tariff with four f's.—*Chicago Herald.*

Why She Was Anxious.

"What did you want?" queried the sergeant at police headquarters yesterday as a colored woman came in.

"Heard from my ole man yet?" she asked.

"Let's see? Who was he?"

"Named Haygood, an' he run'd off las' summer."

"Oh, I remember. No, we haven't heard anything of him yet."

"Thanks.

"You are very anxious, I presume?"

"Yes, sah, I was afraid you had found him."

"And you don't want him found?"

"Not zactly right away, sah. I was dun mar'd agin two days ago. So you'd jist better keep quiet an' let de ole man stay losted."

NO, CEDRIC, the small boy who has been doing wrong could hardly be called a locksmith because at his father's approach he makes a bolt for the door.

A BIT OF CRIMINAL HISTORY.

The First Counterfeit Greenback Bill Made at Lawrence, Ind.

Sim Coy's new book will bring out the historical fact that the first counterfeit greenback (1862 series) was made at Lawrence, in this county, during that year, by the criminally-famous Johnson family. Many thousands of the bills were placed in circulation, people not dreaming of a counterfeit so early after the first appearance of the bill, and besides the stirring events of the war largely diverted their attention from business matters.

Pete McCartney was the financial backer of the Johnsons, and after the plate had been worked the Johnsons attempted to unload McCartney, but his suspicions being aroused, he stole the plate and caused it to be electrotyped, after which it was returned to its old hiding-place. The electrotype was a marked improvement on the original counterfeit, and McCartney worked off his series in this city, and over $100,000 of the spurious stuff were readily placed in circulation.

Meanwhile the secret service officers, led by Major Woods, had been apprised of the counterfeit, and were laying for the Johnsons and McCartney. Instead of tracking the latter to his rooms, where the printing was going on, McCartney was arrested at the post-office, and in a few days, in company with the Johnsons, who had been found at Lawrence, he was forwarded under strong escort to the military prison at Washington.

While the train was crossing the mountains, although McCartney was handcuffed and shackled at the time, he managed to make his escape, and in two weeks he was back again in this city, secured possession of his electrotype and disappeared. It cost the Government a great many thousands of dollars before the officers again laid hands on him. Meanwhile the Johnsons succeeded in making terms, by which they escaped prosecution by turning over the original plate and giving the officers certain pointers with reference to other offenders. Neither the Johnsons nor the Government knew until long afterward that McCartney had an electrotype, and had stolen a march on his former associates.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

FOUND A HOLE FOR HIM.

A Washington man has recently returned from an extensive tour of Europe. During his absence he wandered from the beaten paths of travel and explored new and undiscovered lands. In one of these side excursions he landed in an obscure German town, and to his surprise met an old friend of whom he had lost track these eight years. After exchanging greetings and taking in the melancholy and dejected air of the exiled one, the traveler asked:

"What are you doing here?"

"I am the American Consul at this confounded place, and have been here for the last eight years."

"How is that? Didn't the Democrats fire you out?"

"They would hardly do that," said the Consul with a sickly smile. "The pay is only $120 a year. Beer and rye bread are cheap, however, and I can live on about that figure."

"But tell me how you came to get here?"

"It was this way. I had a friend who had an intimate friend who knew Secretary Blaine intimately. Through this channel, I made application for a place and was brought in contact with the Secretary. This was in the early days of the Garfield administration. Mr Blaine gave me a cordial grasp of the hand and beamed one of those warming, magnetic smiles on me.

"'Ah, yes, Mr. L——. You are one of the L——'s, of Ohio, are you not? Yes; I knew your father very well, sir, in my younger days. You would like a consulship, perhaps?'

"Visions of gold lace and diplomatic receptions appeared before my eyes. I managed to say that that was in the line of my ambitions. Then Mr. Blaine smiled again.

"'Well, Mr. L——, there are plenty of pegs and not many holes; but I think we will have to find a hole for you.'

"He found a hole and put me in it, signed the commission, and I have been in a hole ever since.—*Washington Post.*

FINING HIMSELF FOR DRUNKENNESS.

An extraordinary scene was presented in Oakland to-day. A few days ago Judge Alexander Laidlaw got drunk and created a scene in a saloon. He was not arrested, but a report of his unseemly conduct was published in the papers. He wore an air of unusual dignity when court opened, and in presence of a large crowd lectured himself for breaking a city ordinance, pledged himself to resign if it occurred again, imposed a fine of $50 and paid it to the baliff.—*New York Tribune.*

HE KNEW THEM.

"You seem to know those two intoxicated fellows over there?"

"Yes; one of them is a strapping fellow. He's a barber."

"Oh!"

"The other is a stop-watch."

"Stop-watch?"

"Yes; he's a discharged policeman."—*Chicago Ledger.*

SUFFICIENT CREDENTIALS.

Careful Parent—Before I can give my consent to your proposed marriage to my daughter, I must know something about your character.

Suitor—Certainly, sir, certainly. Here is my bank book.

Careful Parent (after a glance)—Take her, my son, and be happy.—*New York Weekly.*

THE essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of a greater action is gone like the bloom from a soiled flower.

ROOT & COMPANY

WRAPS AT COST!

From this time forth every wrap remaining in the Cloak Department will be sold at exact cost, not one penny will be added above that. There are lots of Fine Wraps still unsold. You who have been waiting will find this the opportunity.

SEAL, PLUSH, CLOTH

In all the late new shapes of New Markets, Coats and Jackets,

ALL AT COST.

FUR RUGS

At a big reduction and some splendid ones left—the last one will be as good as the first sold. They are going out every day and they who buy now get them at a big reduction.

The Carpet Department

Offers many good bargains and will continue it all through the month of January. We are going to clean up for the spring trade, reduce stock and to do that

Reduce Prices.

BLANKETS!

At a reduction. Comfortables at a reduction.

ORIENTAL RUGS!

A large line consigned to us, to sell at a low price, came yesterday—some beauties among them. Long Hall Rags in this lot.

ROOT & COMPANY.

Capital, $350,000. Surplus, $70,000.

The Old National Bank

OF FORT WAYNE.

STEPHEN B. BOND, President.
OLIVER P. MORGAN, Vice President.
JARED D. BOND, Cashier.
JAMES C. WOODWORTH, Ass't Cashier.

As an addition to its general banking business, this bank has opened a Dollar Deposit Department for the accommodation of patrons desiring to deposit small sums of money. Books will be provided for this class of depositors, bearing the words, "Dollar Deposit Department Old National Bank," 20-2w

J. E. WAUGH, D. D. S.,

Dental Office in Shoaff's Gallery,

21 W. BERRY St,

FURNITURE.

What is better for a Christmas or wedding present than a fine piece of Furniture? We have everything you can think of at our elegant new store, 28 and 30 East Berry street.
THE PAPE FURNITURE CO.

Beauty and Utility.

No more appropriate or usesul Christmas present can be given by a parent to a son or daughter than a Caligraph Type Writer. The time is not far distant when a type writer will be found in every intelligent home. The educational value of a type writer is unquestioned. It assists in learning to spell correctly, and results in a close observation of the construction of sentences, and helps to form the habit of composition. W. E. McDermut is the Fort Wayne agent for the Caligraph, which embraces the latest and best improvements in writing machines. Call and get samples, and see the machine in actual operation. 14-jan1

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

Fancy Cabinets, Blacking Boxes, Foot Rests, Easels, Statuary, cheap at the new store of THE PAPE FURNITURE CO.,
12-tf **28 and 30 E. Berry St.**

Cheap Holiday Rates Via the "Muncie Route."

Lowest ever made
To Cincinnati and return, $4.24;
To Louisville and return, $7.30;
To Indianapolis and return, $4.15.
One fare for round trip to all local points.

Tickets good going December 24, 25 and 31, 1889, and January 1, 1890; good to return until January 3, 1890.

For tickets and rates to other points call on or address

W. H. FISHER, G. P. & T. A.,
21-3t 73 Calhoun street.

Holiday Rates.

The Nickel Plate will sell tickets at reduced rates between all stations commencing Monday, Dec. 23, 1889, to Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1890, good returning on any train to and including January 5, 1890. Inquire of nearest

REALLY REMARKABLE REDUCTIONS.

All lines of Ladies' Shoes which are broken in sizes we have marked down in order to close them out. Come and see them. If we have your size in these lots you can buy them at sacrificing prices. These lots include Ladies' French Kid Shoes in hand-turned and machine sewed, Fine Dongola Kid Shoes, in Opera and Common sense lasts, and of different widths.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS GOODS.

Redlick Bros.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, DEC. 28, 1889.

LOCAL NEWS.

Rev. A. Guttmacher lectured at Ligonier last evening.

The Transfer and Storage company held a meeting last night.

Mr. Theodore H. Haberkorn received the eighth patent on his air-brake today.

The county commissioners will probably have a special meeting early in January.

Mr. and Mrs. Gillsland, of Van Wert, Ohio, are visiting his sister, Mrs. Lawn.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Thompson are at Camden, Ind., visiting at Mrs. Thompson's old home.

Phoenix lodge No. 101, K. of P., will hold an election of officers next Monday evening.

Mr. Frank Falker will not return to Chicago. He says he will always make this city his home.

Miss Amelia Makarius, of Dayton, O., is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. W. Frederick, of LaSalle street.

Hon. R. C. Bell is at home from Muncie and Cincinnati. He reports Mrs. Bell in improved health.

Mr. Jacob Baltes has completed the stone contract on the handsome new Auger block on East Main street.

The holiday season is the dullest of the year for hotels and this year is by no means an exception to the rule.

Mrs. John Haynes and mother, of Bucyrus, are visiting Mrs. Gates and Mrs. Raifsnyder, of south Harrison street.

Mr. W. E. Lewis, formerly of L. O. Hull's store, now a hotel-keeper at Monroeville, was a visitor in the city last evening.

The funeral of Bessie, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Lehman, occurred this afternoon from the residence, 35 Walnut street.

Major Geo. Ewing received a handsome setter dog from the Latonia kennels at Lexington, Ky., yesterday. The canine cannot be touched for $500.

Fort Wayne Grand Lodge of Perfection will keep "open house" at the Masonic Temple on New Years day. All masons will receive a cordial reception.

Rev. Sam Small will deliver his lecture "From Bar Room to Pulpit" at the Academy of Music on New Years night. Admission free. Every person invited to come.

Mr. Klinkel, a resident of the east end, received a painting of himself from his wife, who just completed it for a Christmas gift. He thinks it is a splendid piece of work, and so it is.

A very interesting and entertaining musicale was given by Misses Anderson and Large on Thursday evening, at which Misses Siboni and Kenower contributed to the pleasure of invited guests.

Mr. Geo. Hahn, of Cincinnati, is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hahn. They have also as their guest, Miss Ida Brossard, of Cincinnati, an accomplished young lady and a cousin of Mrs. Hahn.

The funeral of the late Mrs. O. N. Heaton occurred yesterday afternoon, and was largely attended. Rev. S. A. Northrop, of the First Baptist church, officiated. The pall bearers were as follows: Messrs. F. L. Jones, L. Diether, W. J. Vesey, W. P. Breen, B. F. Harper and Wilmer Leonard.

A councilman in expressing his views upon the question of new pavements said he was in favor of more of them. He thought it would be a good policy to accomplish the laying of several pavements, because the muddy condition of our streets has no doubt been a loss of many thousands of dollars to the commercial interests.

Because Mr. Otto Klinkenberg, the druggist, made mistakes while waiting on customers to-day, it is not to be supposed he has the symptoms of approaching influenza. He changed a hundred dollar bill for a SENTINEL reporter and when the mistake was told

Mr. Amasa Kauffman, of this city, is visiting at Lagrange.

Mr. and Mrs. James Lillie, of Kankakee, Ill, are in the city.

Manager R. T. McDonald left for New York City last night.

Capt. Chris Hettler was surprised by the Sængerbund on Christmas evening.

Misses Emma Searles and Cora Nave, of Huntington, are visiting friends in the city.

M. N. Plumadore, professor of the violin at the Conservatory of Music, is at Chicago.

Miss Cora Edwards has returned to this city from Montana. She is attending school here.

Mr. Harry Funk, representing the Fraternal Mystic Circle, is the guest of Dr. E. L. Siver.

A portion of the office force at the electric light works have been working extra hours lately.

The funeral of the young son of Wm. Pappert and wife will take place tomorrow at 1:30 p. m.

Assistant Manager Bernard Rorison, of the electric light works, has gone to Brookville. Ont., on business.

Mr. J. W. Hayden presented his daughter, Grace, as a Christmas gift a valuable lot on South Broadway.

The Tyner well, the twenty-eighth one in the field of the Salimonie company, is expected to develop to-day.

Bessie, the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Wyatt, of 21 Francis street, is down with typhoid fever.

Broadway may have a pavement next season. There is activity among a number favoring such improvement.

Reuben Webb, of Manitou Springs, Col., is in the city. He came to attend the funeral of his sister, Mrs. O. N. Heaton.

Miss Clara Buchwalter was presented with a handsome gold watch and chain on Christmas day. The gift came from her parents.

Misses Lillie and May Fisk have returned from a pleasant trip to Bluffton. While there they were the guests of Mrs. T. B. Empie.

Mrs. Aull and her daughter, Miss Julia, mother and sister of Mrs. W. F. Heath, are expected in this city to-day to visit here a short time.

Mr. Levi Fireovid and family, of Crestline, Ohio, are visiting at the residence of Mr. D. W. Souder, of Spy Run avenue. Mrs. Souder is a sister of Mr. Fireovid.

Among the Fort Wayne people who spent Christmas at Avilla were Messrs. Joe Reinan, Alex and Joseph Schlatter, Frank Kink, Chas. Fitch and wife and Mrs. Lathrop.

Edward Murray, a vagrant, arrested by Marshal Franke, was sent to jail today. Fred Peters, arrested by Officer Daseler, was arraigned on an old charge of intoxication. He paid his fine.

Mr. George Larrimore, of L. O. Hull's establishment, returned from Elkhart yesterday where he spent the past week visiting relatives. His cousin, Miss Nellie Miller, of the latter city, returned with him to remain two weeks.

Leesburg people are recovering from the shock caused by the great fire of last Saturday night. Most of the burnt district will be covered with new buildings, just as soon as the necessary material can be procured and the work done in the coming spring.

An interesting volume on musical matters has just been issued. It is entitled. "The First Hundred Years of Music in America." A biography of Professor W. F. Heath, of this city, who is prominent in musical circles, and a full page portrait of himself are among the contents of the volume.

The money contributions in the several Catholic churches of this city on Christmas day amounted to $1,358.07. The sums are accredited as follows: Cathedral, $769.26; St. Mary's, $366.86. St. Paul's, $111.67; St. Peter's, $110.28. The amount from each church, except St. Mary's, is a trifle less than was given for the same purpose a year ago.

At a regular meeting last evening, at their hall, Fort Wayne encampment, No. 152, I. O. O. F., elected the following officers for the ensuing term: C. P., William Blondot; S. W., E. M. Powers; J. W., Byron J. Johnson; H. P., C. J. Lose; scribe, C. F. Fullmer; per. scribe, D. L. Harding; treasurer, T. J. Rodabaugh; trustees, D. L. Harding, John Shuster, Christian Bruns.

Hon. J. W. Ady, of Newton, Kansas, who will be remembered as an old Wells county boy, formerly a student at the Fort Wayne college, has made a brilliant success of his chosen profession, the law, at his western home. He was recently appointed by the president as United States district attorney and the other evening was made the recipient of a magnificent gold watch and chain, the gift of his many friends at Newton. Many acquaintances in northern Indiana will be glad to learn of Mr. Ady's success.

The marriage of Miss Ione Winton, of North Manchester, to H. E. Hamilton, of Grand Rapids, has proved a cruel farce, the groom already having two wives: one living at Salem, Ohio, and another at Grand Rapids. Hamilton claims he would secure work in this city. Dr. Winton, the bride's father, will make diligent effort to bring Hamilton to justice, and in this he will be assisted by the relatives of the other ladies he has wronged. It is sincerely to be hoped that Hamilton will soon be

A fine black colt strayed into Fletcher's livery stable last night.

Mr. Fred Kline is visiting the family of William Wefel, at Logansport.

A plat of Winch's addition has been filed in the county recorder's office.

Dr. Peter Drayer is said to be the first sufferer from "grippe" at Hartford City.

Mr. T. F. McKee and daughter Vernia are the guests of N. C. Browand, of this city.

Miss Nora Butler, of Waterloo, is in the city a guest of her father, Collector W. O. Butler.

Clarence Swann, of the postoffice, who is off duty by reason of sickness, is a little better to-day.

Rev. W. E. Murray, of Miami county, is visiting friends in this city and vicinity, for a few days.

Mrs. Watt P. Denny has returned from Rome City, where she was the guest of her parents.

Mr. C. E. Baker, of the electric light works, has returned from a visit to his parents at Kendallville.

The case of Eicher vs. the Fort Wayne Water Power company has been continued until Monday.

Miss Susie I. Potter, of Chicago, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Potter, of 30 Sherman street.

Mr. Archie P. Wolford, who has been visiting his parents, has returned to Chicago, where he is employed.

Mr. E. J. Clapp, head baker of Barcus' bakery, has returned from Chicago, where he spent Christmas with his parents.

The new building of the Meyer Brother's Drug company at St. Louis is completed and the firm is preparing to move therein.

Mr. P. L. Currier, of Markle, Ind., left Monday for a brief visit with his daughter, Mrs. S. J. Logan, of Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mr. Mart Rehnan, who has been sick for some weeks, has about reached the crisis of his disease. His condition is very uncertain.

Mr. R. G. Thompson, sr., of Reading, Mich., will spend the holidays with his son, Wabash passenger agent Thompson, of this city.

Miss Grace Virgil, of Bristol, is in the city attending the St. Augustine's academy, where she expects to fit herself for a teacher in that institution.

Richard Weber, son of Mr. B. Weber, proprietor of the Washington House, has taken a position at the drug store of Mr. C. O. Lepper on West Jefferson street.

John D. Bachman and Louisa Braum; Fred W. Kellerman and Elsie Bell; John H. Teaque and Bertha Langer; Edward Vinson and Flora Hansover have been licensed to wed.

The W. K. P. had a social hop at Morton club hall last night. George Jacob's party furnished the music for the merry dancers. The enjoyment was kept up until nearly midnight.

George Wilson, the minstrel, is said to have a most magnificent residence in Binghamton, N. Y., his grounds presenting the appearance of a private park, with statuary, fountains, drives, etc., the whole representing an outlay of over $60,000.

Mr. Harry Keplinger, of the Hamilton bank, and Mr. Frank Keplinger, of the First National bank, will go to Bucyrus, Ohio, to-night, to attend the funeral of their uncle, M. D. Fulton, which will occur to-morrow.

Mr. Charles McKee, of the firm of Charles McKee & Co., who will occupy the corner room of the Schmiiz block for the jewelry business, was in the city yesterday. He let the contract to Liebman & Henry for the furniture of the room. The firm will open up February 1.

Mr. W. B. Smith, of South Calhoun street, met with quite a severe accident Thursday evening. He went into the stable at his home and, while moving around among his horses, was crushed up against the side of the stable and severely injured in the chest. Dr. Porter was called and attended him. Mr. Smith will be confined to the home for several days.

Officer Daseler arrested Fred Black and Henry Lichstin, two more youths who are supposed to be accomplices in the pigeon stealing raids made by a gang of boys in Frenchtown. They were bound over in the sum of $200. Fred Brown, Chas. Menze and young Gibson are also behind the bars, and it is believed the law will make an example of the whole gang.

The annual reunion of company D, eighty-eighth Indiana volunteer infantry was held to-day at Sion S. Bass post hall. The reunion commemorated the twenty-seventh anniversary of the battle of Stone river, at which point was the bloodiest engagement of the company. Captain Scott Swann, M. M. Thompson and Frank Alderman were the committee on arrangements for the meeting. Colonel Briant, of Huntington, was present with quite a number of other comrades from out of the city.

Captain C. Hettler and wife were surprised on Thursday evening by the Sængerbund, whose coming was headed by a serenade. The whole party was invited into the house by the astonished captain. They were soon joined by the St. Mary's church choir, who had called to pay their respects to Mr. and Mrs. Herman H. Hettler, of Chicago. The captain's surprise was still further heightened when he was presented with a beautiful gold pin as a token of esteem from the Sængerbund. The evening passed

FORMING ALLIANCES.

Pleasant, Aboite and Lake Townships Organize.

The farmers of Pleasant township met at Kenark's school house, and organized an alliance. A charter was sent for and the following officers chosen: Wm. Kenark, president, John Corsin, vice-president; Chas Dalman, secretary; John Gride, treasurer.

Aboite Township Farmers' Alliance effected a permanent organization at Center school house. A charter was sent for and the followiug officers elected: President, Frances Cordrey; secretary, Frank Parnin; treasurer, Wm. A. Kelsey. The Alliance starts with thirty-five charter members, and will meet on Friday night, Jan. 10, 1890. Three delegates were elected to the County Alliance, which meets at Fort Wayne, Saturday, Jan. 4, 1890.

The farmers of Lake township perfected their alliance organization Thursday, December 13. The following officers were elected to act for a term of six months President, J. Rapp; Vice President, 'Squire Keiler; Treasurer, Mr. Hire, Secretary, A. T. Cook. The president appointed a committee, Messrs. Larimore, Grosjean and Smith, to attend the county alliance to be held at Fort Wayne, Saturday, January 4. Prior to adjournment the motion to hold another meeting at Lake Center, Thursday evening, January 2, was carried.

The Deaths.

The following deaths have been reported at the undertakers for the week ending December 28:

Wm. Pappert, 3 years, croup.
Mary Ruggaber, 71 years, dropsy.
Albert Crawford, 26 years, consumption.
Bessie Lehman, 7 days, spasms.
Martha J. Isett, 34 years, uremic poison.
Rhoda A. Heaton, 27 years, uremic poison.
Frank J. Early, 7 years, typhoid fever.
George Geiger, 75 years, asthma.

Mr. Elroy Lohmiller and wife, of Dixon, Ohio, are guests of Rev. S. D. Miller and wife, of South Harrison street.

The board of directors of the Fort Wayne Building, Loan and Savings association met last night.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Dec. 28.—Wheat: December, 77; January, 78; May, 82⅝. Corn: December, 31⅝; January, 30½; February, 30; May, 32¼. Oats: December, 20; January, 20½; February, 20¼; May, 22@22⅜. Pork: Year, $8.40; January, $9.05; February, $9.17½; May, $9.47½. Lard: Year, $5.77½; January, $5.80; February, $5.82½; May, $6.00. Short ribs: Year, $4.62½; January, $4.60; February, $4.62½; May, $4.82½.

Loose's Red Cloves Pills Cure Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, 25c per Box, 5 Boxes for $1. For sale by Dreier Bros.

Oranges, Grapes and Nuts For New Years.

Large, Bright Floridas, 35c doz.
Choice Malaga Grapes, 18c lb.
New Mixed Nuts, 12½c qt.
FRUIT HOUSE.

At the Certia combination grocery you can find most anything you want.

COME TO STAY.

Our Fourth Year.

Toys, Notions, Novelties, Tinware, Glassware, Woodenware and Dolls a specialty. Wholesale and retail, at the Temple of Economy, 15 East Main St.
16-tf A. R. HILLS.

NEXT! NEXT! NEXT!

New Years Shooting.

Blank cartridges, powder, caps, horse pistols, revolvers, fire works, etc.
MAX G. LADE,
28&31 58 East Main street.

Reduction on Butter--Down 2c. Pound.

Choice Roll Butter, 18c; good Butter, 12c lb.
Fresh Eggs, 22c doz.
FRUIT HOUSE.

WANTED A good second girl at 99 East Wayne street. 28-tf

FOR SALE OR RENT—The large, commodious building on Columbia street, occupied by Staub Bros. Enquire of D. W. Bowen, 229 East Washington street.

FOR RENT—A nice cotrage house on North Barnna street. Wood shed, cistern and cellar. Enquire of D. W. Bowen, 229 East Washington street.

REMEMBERED THE ORPHANS.

Supt. J. Rettig Returns Thanks to Kind Donors.

The following articles were sent to the Reformed orphan home during the holidays:

Mrs. Mary H. Williams, 35 yards of calico, 8 yards of dress goods, 1 pair mittens and toys; Miss Maggie Hamilton, 1 bolt of muslin, $10 in cash, 1 dozen handkerchiefs, 1 doll and other presents; the Misses Sweeney, ½ barrel of sugar, 12 cans of fruit, coffee, rice and prunes; Mr. J. B. White, 1 box of oranges (10 dozen); Pixley & Co., 3 books; Mr. Evans, books; Mrs. McDonald, 3 dolls, 1 buggy and pop corn; Mrs. Howenstein, 2 hoods, books and toys; Mrs. H. C. Moderwell. books; Mr. L. Hull, $3 cash; Mrs. Rudolph Siemon, 1 boys suit and 1 muffler; Mr. U. Stutz, 1 pair rubber boots; Mrs. F. W. Kuhne, $2; Mr. C. Rau, 2 pair boots; Mrs. R. Klaehn, $2.

Thankfully acknowledged,
REV. J. RETTIG, Supt.

Rev Rettig and family, as also the various employes of the orphan home, wish to express their hearty thanks for the special presents they received from Mrs. Williams and Miss Hamilton.

Bloomingdale.

Mr. Certia, bound to lead, honest weights and good goods has brought his business to the front. His customers always find him good natured and obliging, which is the road to success. The people on the north side appreciate this fact, as it is a great advantage to have such a firm so convenient. At 116 Wells street.

MERGENTHEIM'S BAZAAR.

The balance of our Stock of Ladies', Gents', and Childrens' Winter Underwear,
CLOAKS,
At and below cost. Yarns of all kinds at cost. Bisques, Toilet Cases and other holiday goods below cost. Comfortables and Blankets at cost.

Influenza is in our city, and all so affected, will at once get Fathers Balsam, a sure cure. 28-30-Jan1

I. G. Clark's is the best place to go for picture framing. A large stock always on hand and prices lower than the lowest. 181 Calhoun street.

Your Gain---Our Loss---But they must go. The Great Trade we have been having! Some lines of Suits and Overcoats have been reduced to 1 or 2 sizes. Now, to close them out, altho' they are among our best goods, we will not consider cost, but make a substantial reduction below it. We are determined, if price will move them, that they shall go before our removal.

The Early Comers are going to get the biggest values of their lives.

FRIEND'S ENTERPRISE CLOTHIERS, 26 Calhoun street.

—THE—

PEOPLE'S STORE

(PIXLEY & LONG BLOCK), EAST BERRY STREET.

—IS THE—

Popular Place TO BUY DRY GOODS Fancy Goods, NOTIONS, Ladies, Misses —AND— Children's CLOAKS!

Always the Lowest Possible Prices.

ONE PRICE TO ALL.

INSPECTION AND COMPARISON OF PRICES RESPECTFULLY INVITED.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,

Pixley & Long Block
Berry street.

Dozois, Beadell & Co.

IMPORTANT!

Just Received
A Large Stock of
Extra Fine Roses
Come and see them before ordering elsewhere.

T. E. COVINGTON,
Green House corner Washington and Harrison sts.

FANCY WORK.

MISSES RICH & HOADLEY,
No. 170 CALHOUN ST.,
Keep on hand and make to order, just what you want for
Holiday Presents.
Painting and Embroidery artistically executed in neat new, designs.

BOSTON STORE.

Challenge Hams,
English Breakfast Bacon,
Silver Leaf Flour,
Fresh Roasted Coffee Everyday.

Full Line of Fancy and Staple Groceries, Domestic and Tropical fruits.

No. 20 W. BERRY ST.
TELEPHONE 152.

XCEEDINGLY CEESNABLE.

Ladies' Rubbers, - - .25
Men's Rubbers, - - .40
Men's Rubber Boots, - $2.00

NEW - YORK - SHOE - STORE,

THE DAILY HERALD

ESTABLISHED 1833 — SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1889. — PRICE FIVE CENTS

GEO. DeWALD & CO.

NOW OPEN

—A—

Full and Complete Line

—OF—

HOSIERY,

FANCY KNIT WOOLENS,

HOODS, TOBOGGANS,

Cardigan Jackets,

Misses' and Children's

WOOL MITTENS.

GEORGE -:- DEWALD

—AND—

COMPANY,

Calhoun and Columbia Sts

JOE. YOBST & BRO.

Have knocked the bottom out of prices in the Meat Business.

Round Steak, 10c., or 3 lbs for 25c.
Shoulder Steak, 8c. lb.
Pork Chops, 8c. lb.
Boiling Pork, 6c. lb.
Boiling Beef, 5c. lb.
Beef Roast, 8c. lb.
Kettle Rendered Lard, 10c. lb.
Sausage, 8c. lb.
Hog Head, 25c. lb.

Watch this column for bargains and buy where you can get the best for your money.

NO. 232 CALHOUN ST.

WE HANDLE THE BEST.

First read the prices and then come and get the quality, and we know that you will be convinced that you are getting the worth of your money, at

ROUSSEAU & PFEIFFER'S

Meat Market, 44 West Berry street.

Round Steak, 3 pounds for	25c.
Chuck Steak, per lb	7c.
Chuck Roast, per lb	7c.
Boiling Beef, (good) per lb	5c.
Boiling Pork, per lb	5c.
Pork Chops, per lb	8c.
Pork Sans, per lb	8c.
Sugar Cured Bacon, per lb	10c.
Choice Home Rendered Lard, per lb	10c.
Elegant Corned Beef, per lb	8c.

HERE WE GO FOR A GRAND WIND UP

Most merchants advertise a Clearing Sale only at the close of the season, but we are compelled to take an inventory earlier than usual this year and will give you the edge on prices now, when you need goods the most.

We are going to sell every article throughout our store at cost and below cost.

We Mean Just Exactly What you Read Here.

This sale includes our Entire Stock of Cloaks, Shawls, Furs, all kinds of Woolen Goods, Underwear, Hosiery, Dress Goods, Silks, Plushes, Carpets, Curtains. In fact, Prices will be cut Right and Left on every article in our Store.

So Come Soon, For the Quicker You Come the Better For You.

LOUIS WOLF & CO.

54 Calhoun St.

JUROR CULVER DID IT!

The Secrets of the Jury in Their Deliberations in the Cronin Murder Case Made Public.

CHICAGO, Dec. 28.—The *Herald* this morning publishes what purports to be a true story of the proceedings of the jury in the Cronin case.

It says the jury first elected Mr. Clarke foreman, and then freely discussed the evidence. The jurors were nearly unanimous as to the guilt of at least four of the defendants, and Culver, by his remarks, seemed to acquiesce in the views of the others. On the first ballot, however, on the question, "are any of the defendants guilty?" his vote, (the only one) in the negative, showed his position. Several of the jurors argued with the real estate man, but to no purpose.

On the second ballot, "was Dr. Cronin killed in the Carlson cottage?" the result was as before—11 to 1. There was no more balloting Friday night, but plenty of heated debate. Saturday the argument was resumed and Culver took the position that Burke's identification was by no means complete and that the identity of the furniture had not been established. This staggered the other jurors. They had expected trouble, but were not prepared for the position he was taking. Several of the jurors, after a consultation, prepared a series of questions concerning Culver's utterances in the rooms occupied at the hotel. These questions were put to him in rapid succession. With some modifications they were as follows:

"Are you prepared to state, on your oath as a juror, that you did not come in the jury room with the determination to force disagreement? If not, how do you explain the fact that you said to a juror, before any testimony had been taken, that you were almost prepared in advance to discount everything that the state might do and disbelieve its testimony?"

"How do you explain the fact that you said to two jurors that Mrs. Conkling was an enamored woman, to another juror that she was impure, that she made your flesh creep by reason of her proximity to you while she was on the stand?"

"How do you explain the fact that you said to a juror, before he was sworn in, that you would not make a good juror; that you were prejudiced against the state; that it had used you brutally and that you could not give the state fair treatment?"

"How do you explain the fact that you said to a juror during the first or second week of the trial that the jury would probably stand on the ballot 11 to 1?"

"Why did you say to Mr. Bonticour, before the evidence began, that the jury system was cruel and that the state would not make anything by treating you as it had done? Will you swear that your determination to sue the county for damages has not influenced your opinion?"

Culver sat through the ordeal like one in a dream, big beads of prespiration broke out on his face and forehead, his body trembled and his hands shook. He made a motion once as if to break away from his stern inquisitors, but sinking back in his chair in a hopeless sort of a way, remained motionless until the reading was concluded.

He made no effort to answer any of the questions, nor did he comment on them. When the reading was finished he wrote a letter to Judge McConnell complaining that his character and integrity were being assailed and asked for protection. The judge replied that he could do nothing for him. After another long argument, a third and fourth ballot was taken on the same questions as the first. On the second ballot the result was the same, Culver voting "No." After a fifth ballot, which was like the preceding ones, debate was resumed. The others gave Culver no rest at all. Three or four were after him all the time though he begged piteously to be let alone.

Finally, Saturday night Culver took two jurors aside and told them that if they would let Kunze and Beggs go free he would vote to find the others guilty. The proposition was accepted and all went to sleep.

Early Sunday morning a ballot was taken and resulted: Beggs, guilty 7; not guilty, 5. Coughlin, guilty, 12. O'Sullivan, guilty, 12. Burke, guilty, 12. Kunze, guilty, 3; not guilty, 4.

This result was unexpected to everybody. Culver charged the others with violating their agreement, but they informed him that no agreement had ever been made. He wanted to compromise, but the others insisted on proceeding as they were.

Beggs' case was then taken up. On the seventh ballot only two voted guilty and on the eighth Beggs was acquitted. The result pleased Culver and he became more affable. After an argument it was agreed to find Kunze guilty of manslaughter and on the tenth ballot it was so decided. On the thirteenth ballot his sentence was fixed at three years.

On the question of hanging Burke, O'Sullivan and Coughlin the ballot was ten for and two against. On Burke at one, 11 yeas and 1 no.

Culver alone stood between Burke and Coughlin and the gallows, but was supported by one other in O'Sullivan's case. Culver argued strongly that fourteen years was sufficient, and threatened to withdraw his vote of guilty if the others insisted on the death penalty.

Monday morning Culver agreed to a twenty year sentence, and a ballot resulted, 11 noes, 1 yea. Finally, at 12:30, Monday, the thirty-first ballot was taken on the proposition to send the murderers to the penitentiary for life. The vote was 7 for and 5 against. On the thirty-second ballot the sentence was agreed upon.

DIEBOLD'S SUCCESSOR.

Nic DeWald Has the Inside Ropes at Present.

Officer Henry Diebold was preemptorily dismissed from the police force for drunkenness on his beat.

The police commissioners will hold a meeting next Monday, when, it is now believed, Nic DeWald, of the sixth ward, will be appointed to fill the vacancy. Councilman Bandt placed Mr. DeWald's application before the police commissioners, who, from all present indications, will make him their choice.

A SERVANT MAID.

Charged With Larceny, Lena Heines is Imprisoned.

Last evening Officer O'Connell arrested and locked up Lena Heines, a young woman.

The prisoner was arraigned before Mayor Harding this morning on a charge of larceny for the theft of a dress valued at $12, a necklace valued at $2 and a pair of gloves valued at $1.

Miss Clara Kelly testified that the goods were stolen from her.

Both girls worked together at Mrs. James Ryan's, on West Washington street.

Miss Heines stated that her home is in Van Wert.

She was bound over to the circuit court in the sum of $300, in lieu of which amount she was sent to jail. It was her first experience before a tribunal of justice and she wept bitterly as she was taken to the police station in the patrol wagon.

REV. DR. YOCUM.

He Eulogizes on the Manly Traits of Character of the Late Jeff Davis.

In Bartow, Fla., on Wednesday evening, Dec. 11, the citizens of that town gathered at a public meeting to hold memorial services on the death of the late Jefferson Davis. Many distinguished gentlemen made speeches complimentary to the departed. Among those who spoke was a former citizen of Fort Wayne, Rev. Dr. Yocum, at one time at the head of the M. E. college.

Of his address the Bartow *Courier-Informant* says: "Rev. Dr. Yocum, principal of Summerlin institute, was the next speaker. The doctor is from the north, and the situation might have been embarrassing to a narrower and less brainy man. But we deeply regret that we can not lay his whole speech before our readers. It is one of the most masterly ever delivered in the state. With the breast of true manhood he recognized the noble traits of Jefferson Davis' character, and pictured with a glowing eloquence, which fired the hearts of all the old ex-Confederates, the eminent Christian piety of their great chief, his strict integrity, and his sublime adherence to a cause which he believed to be right, even though a different path might have offered greater fame and honors. He closed with an earnest appeal for a united country; that we may stand together as one man and build up this great and glorious republic. He did honor to himself and honor to the occasion. And, in behalf of this whole community, we bless him for his precious words, whose influence for good will last through years to come. Had we a few more Dr. Yocums in this country, the dead past would soon bury it dead, the wounds would heal, and we should know no North, no South, no East, no West, but only one common country."

LA GRIPPE.

An Old Bank President Dies of the Malady.

BOSTON, Dec. 28.—John Templeton Cooledge, president of Columbian bank, died this morning at his residence of "La Grippe." Mr. Cooledge was one of the oldest bank presidents in Boston.

Short in His Accounts.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Dec. 28.—The sensation of the day here is the discovery that I. Monasch, financial secretary of the Turners Building and Loan association, is short in his accounts. The discrepancy is estimated at $25,000.

Threatened Strike.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Dec. 28.—A strike on the New York, Lake Erie and Western railroad, which extend from this city to Buffalo, is threatened. The trouble is caused by the recent discharge of four engineers.

Failure.

ELBENSBURG, Wash., Dec. 28.—Lloyd & Co., the chief mercantile firm have failed. Liabilities, $15,000.

A MICHIGAN FIEND!

In Cold Blood He Murders His Wife and Two Children and Then Commits Suicide.

ROCHESTER, Mich., Dec. 28.—A cold blooded tripple murder was committed two miles north of Mount Vernon last night. Wm. Major murdered his wife, his daughter, and his grand daughter. Major, who is about fifty years old, and a well-to-do farmer, was in Romeo yesterday, and came home cheerful. His daughter, Mrs. Joseph Depew, of Brandon, and her little daughter, were visiting the house, and, after conversation with them, the family retired.

The people were but fairly asleep when Major arose and began the work of slaughter. He took a revolver and shot his wife as she lay asleep, putting two bullets into her body and mortally wounding her.

The noise of the shooting awakened the others, but the murderer did not hesitate. Springing into the apartment occupied by his daughter and her child he cooly fired a bullet at Mrs. Depew, and when it failed to kill her, he procured an ax and knocked out her brains. Then he pulled his little grand daughter from beneath the bed clothing, and with one blow of the ax cut her open, killing her instantly, blood and brains bespattering the bed and wall.

Major then rushed into the room where his little son slept and groped about the bed for him. The lad had crawled under the bed for safety. As he heard his father searching the room he said, "Are you going to kill me, too, papa?"

"No, my son," replied the murderer. "Do not be afraid. I won't hurt you. When I am gone you will get $150, which I will leave you, and divide it with your sister."

Then he hastened from the house. The boy gave the alarm as soon as he could and the neighbors found Mrs. Major still alive. She cannot survive, however. The other two were instantly killed.

Major was found last night. His body was discovered in his barn, he having committed suicide by hanging.

LITTLE TICKS.

The Day's Telegraph News From Many Points Told Briefly.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—Benjamin A. Jones, paymaster's clerk in the United States marine corps' department, is missing. His hat has been floating in the river, and a letter written by him to his wife said that he was about to commit suicide. Jones' accounts are being investigated, and a shortage of $2,500 has already been discovered.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Dec. 28.—A general strike is believed to be brewing on the Cincinnati Southern railroad, owing to the discharge of more than twenty freight conductors because they belong to the Brotherhood of Railroad.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Dec. 28.—Henry Saxon, who made some sarcastic remark about the quality of music furnished for a country dance near here Christmas night, was asked to step outside by Willis Glass, the musician, and was instantly killed. Glass escaped.

BOSTON, Dec. 28.—The retail notion store of Houghton & Sutton, at Tremont and Beacon streets, was damaged to the extent of several thousand dollars by fire, smoke and water at an early hour this morning.

AUGUSTA, Me., Dec. 28.—Miss Susan L. Stanwood, a sister of Mrs. James G. Blaine, has been stricken with paralysis and is not expected to survive many hours.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—It is reported that the Vanderbilts have caused to be prepared by Tiffany & Co. a service of plate valued at $50,000 and will present it to Mr. J. Pierrepont Morgan as a Christmas-tide remembrance. The gift is supposed to be in recognition of Mr. Morgan's services in financeering the West Shore and other deals in the Vanderbilt interests.

CAIRO, Ill., Dec. 28.—James K. Kent, a prominent member of society here, and assistant cashier of the Cairo, Vincennes and Chicago railway, was yesterday found to have embezzled about $1,500 of the company's money. He has left for parts unknown.

A DEFAULTING TREASURER

Comes From Prison and Seeks to Recover Property Held in Trust.

VINCENNES, Ind., Dec, 28.—An important suit has been filed here by Spence S. Hollingsworth, ex-county treasurer, against James Ellison. Hollingsworth defaulted for about $80,000 and for this he served a term in Jeffersonville prison.

In order to indemnify his bondsmen he deeded in trust all his property to James Ellison, one of his bondsmen. The property was estimated at $60,000. The bondsmen compromised with the county and paid the shortage with $35,000.

Hollingsworth now claims that the rest of his property held in trust has been unaccounted for and is his, and, therefore, sues to recover the same.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—For Indiana—rain; warmer, southerly winds.

THE LAST SUNDAY

Of the Year Comes To-morrow, and the City Pastors Invite You to Religious Services.

You are heartily invited to the First Baptist church.

Regular services at Trinity Episcopal church to-morrow.

Usual services at the Trinity M. E. church Sabbath morning and evening by the pastor.

Services at the "Christian Chapel" to-morrow at 10:30 and 7:30. Evening subject, "The Final Judgement."

Rev. J. M. Boggs is ill and in consequence there will be no services at the Third Presbyterian church to-morrow.

Simpson M. E. church, corner south Harrison and Dawson streets. Regular services to-morrow by the pastor. All cordially invited to attend.

Berry street M. E. church; preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. M. Van Slyke, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., praise service, 7 o'clock; Sunday school at 2:15 p. m.

Services at Grace Reformed church to-morrow morning at 10:30. In the evening at 7:30 the pastor will speak on the topic, "The Unmarried," Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.

Regular services at the First Presbyterian church, morning and evening, by Dr. Moffat. Meeting of Society of Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p. m., Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All invited.

Usual services to-morrow at the Wayne street M. E. church. Preaching by pastor at 10:30 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Subject of the morning sermon, "The Temptation of Christ." All cordially invited.

Men's meeting at the Railroad Department of the Y. M. C. A., will be held Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, standard time, to which all men are cordially invited. One of song, music and short talks, is sure to be profitable to all.

St. Paul M. E. church. Preaching both morning and evening by Rev. H. N. Herrick, president of the M. E. college. At the close of the morning sermon, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be celebrated. Sabbath school at 2:30 in the afternoon.

The First U. B. church, corner East Lewis and Harmer streets—Preaching both morning and evening by Presiding Elder Rev. J. L. Lutrell. Morning at 10:45, after which communion service; evening, at 7 sharp. Sabbath school at 9 o'clock, standard time. Come.

Union services of Congregational and Second Presbyterian churches will be held in the Congregational church to-morrow. Morning service at 10:30, conducted by Rev. J. P. Lloyd; Sunday school at 12 o'clock. m.; evening service at 7:30, conducted by Rev. G. Newton, of California; young peoples meeting at 6:45 p. m.

The city department of the Young Men's Christian association extends to all the citizens of Fort Wayne the compliments of the season, and to those who so willingly and cheerfully devoted their time and means for the success of our fair and the encouragement of our work we return our most sincere thanks, hoping that the coming year may be full of blessings for them and their children. Our Sunday afternoon meetings will be resumed to-morrow at 4 o'clock, city time, when we expect to see a large turn-out of young men. Let us begin the new year right by starting with the last Sabbath of the old year. Rev. W. M. Van Slyke will conduct the services.

LOCAL LINES.

There was a dullness about the depots to-day.

Engineer Meyers has entered the employ of the Nickel Plate.

Mr. James E. Graham was presented with an elegant gold watch and chain by his family on Christmas day.

Jacob Baltes missed a horse and buggy last night. The property turned up later at Rippe's livery stable.

Mrs. Adam Hoffman, jr., and daughters, of Crestline, Ohio, are the guests of Conductor and Mrs. Tom Hall.

W. H. Brilliant, Kendallville, W. C. Bramen, Muncie, Hugh S. Butler, Huntington, are among the guests at the Rich.

Mr. George Geiger, aged 75 years, 3 Edgerton street, died this morning of asthma. The funeral occurs to morrow at 3:30 p. m. from the Zion Lutheran church.

To-day a splendid black team of horses were purchased from Farmer Lepper, the consideration being $350. The combined weight of the animals is 2,820 pounds.

Messrs. James and Michael Woulfe will shortly add another story to their building at the corner of Calhoun and Baker street. Mr. John Hinton will lease the property for hotel purposes.

Harry C. Adams, of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba railway, who was the guest of his parents at No. 165 Griffith street, has returned to his home in Minnesota. Mr. Adams was for some years an operator for the Pennsylvania company, and is now chief clerk and stenographer for the superintendent of the northern division of the Manitoba railway.

TEN KILLED!

A Terrible Wreck on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad in West Virginia.

WHITE SULPHUR, W. Va., Dec. 28.—A wreck on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad occurred near here at 7 o'clock this morning. It is reported that ten people were killed and ten injured. The accident was caused by a broken rail.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 28.—A telegram to the officials of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad says: There was a terrible wreck on the Chesapeake and Ohio near White Sulphur, W. Va., at 7 o'clock this morning. Five passengers and as many employes were killed and many injured. The accident was caused by a broken axle.

Chief Clerk Ryan, of the passenger department of this city, says he thinks none of the killed are Cincinnatians, but most of them reside principally in Virginia and West Virginia. The engine is not off the track, but car 61, combined car 44, and the coach and sleeper Herneosa turned over on their sides.

The coach telesconed the combined car and it is there where the people were killed. Five passengers in the second-class coach, and five employes were killed. The names of the dead, as far as we have been able to learn, are as follows:

Kidder Kidd, of Hannibal, Mo.

Baggage Master Barksdale, of Huntington, W. Va.

H. Mottson, mail clerk, Charleston, W. Va.

Newsboy, name not learned.

Two colored men who worked on the Alleghany section, names not learned.

Thomas Karsh, Blackstone, Kan.

J. D. West, Howardsville, Va.

The injured, as far as learned, are:

Conductor Schweichert, legs crushed.

Section Master Myers, badly injured in the breast and back.

The injured were taken to the Caldwell house, White Sulphur.

SHOWS HIS COLORS.

New Hampshire's Governor Issues an Extraordinary Proclamation Against the Rum Traffic.

CONCORD, N. H., Dec. 28.—Governor D. H. Goodall has issued an extraordinary proclamation, saying that in view of various heinous crimes which have been committed in the state within the past few weeks, which are directly traceable to the use of intoxicating liquors, in the sale of which the state laws have been frequently violated, he warns all persons to desist from the illegal and deadly traffic immediately and calls upon state, county, city and town officials, and all good citizens of every party, sect and faith to unite in one supreme effort to close up every liquor saloon in the state, and he urges all churches, temperance organizations and all persons who desire the best good of the commonwealth to redouble their efforts to promote personal sobriety and temperance amongst the people.

FATAL FIRE.

An Old Lady Perishes in the Flames --Others Injured.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 28.—A fire occurred last night in the old St. Angeles church building. The first two stories were occupied by the New York Furniture company and a number of private offices, while the third floor was occupied by roomers.

An old lady, Miss Copeland, was overcome by smoke and fell into the flames and perished. Another lady in attempting to rescue her was badly burned. Jack McAuliffe, a fireman, was precipitated to the ground by the breaking of a ladder and received probably fatal injuries. Another fireman was slightly injured by falling walls. The financial loss will be about $20,000.

Masked Men.

RACINE, Wis., Dec. 28.—Three masked men visited the house of A. Jones, covered him with a revolver, and took a small amount of money.

King Carlos I.

LISBON, Dec. 28.—The formal accession of Carlos I, as king of Portugal, was proclaimed to day with elaborate and imposing ceremonies.

Robert Carter Dead.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—Robert Carter, member of the publishing firm of Carter & Bro., died this morning, aged eighty-two years.

Death of a Judge.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Dec. 28.—Horace Wilder, ex-judge of the supreme court of Ohio, died at Red Wing, Minn., yesterday.

Burned.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Dec. 28.—The Muskeget life saving station on Nantucket beach was burned last night.

Dom Pedro's Wife Dead.

LISBON, Dec. 28.—The ex-empress of Brazil died to-day at Oporto, of heart disease.

Sheriff Viberg to-day arrested John Palmer on suspicion of selling stolen jewelry. Palmer was about the streets trying to dispose of watches. He showed satisfactory evidence that he purchased the stuff and was released.

A REPORTORIAL APOLOGY.

A Sentinel Reporter Gets the Names of Messrs. Ellison and Jenkinson Mixed in His Account of That Mock Trial.

THE SENTINEL owes an apology to Mr. T. D. Ellison, the attorney, and it will make it gracefully.

In giving an account, in its yesterday's issue, of a mock trial—a Christmas joke—which took place Wednesday at the office of Justice France, it gave his name as one of the principals, when in reality he had nothing whatever to do with it.

The information concerning this amusing Christmas day episode was obtained from a spectator whom our reporter had every reason to think was well acquainted with the parties, but the sequel proves, as we found out afterwards, that he was woefully mistaken in regard to the identity of one of them—Mr. Ellison.

He was represented, in our article, as assuming the part that should have been credited to Mr. J. J. Jenkinson, the attorney, who, with Mr. Byron Hattersley, were the principals in the affair that created so much merriment for a large crowd of spectators on Christmas day.

How our informant should have got the names mixed we are at a loss to understand, but mixed he got them, at any rate. There is but little similiarity in appearance between the two gentlemen and those who know them could not mistake the one for the other, but our informant did, and that is the explanation of the whole affair which created considerable comment and no end of amusement last evening among the friends of the parties concerned.

THE SENTINEL apologizes to Mr. Ellison for the newspaper notoriety it has given him by hastening to make the correction of the mistake in names. The publication of the episode goes to show how human it is to err. Mr. Ellison, we feel sure, was not worried about the matter, but we make the apology that Mr. Jenkinson may share, with Mr. Hattersley, his part in this Christmas day mock trial.

PROBABLY FATAL.

A Wabash Brakeman Badly Hurt at Huntington.

A young man named J. T. Fetters, whose home is at Andrews, was badly injured at Huntington, Thursday night while in the discharge of his duties as head brakeman on westbound freight train No. 98, on the Wabash. The accident occurred in the yards and was caused by some logs extending over the ends of the cars, and coming into close contact with each other. They caught the brakeman as he was making a coupling, pinching his head and causing dangerous complications. Blood flowed from his ears and he was rendered quite deaf, being unable to hear anything that was said to him. He did not seem to lose consciousness and gave orders concerning many of his personal affairs.

He was given every attention that the trainmen could furnish.

It was after midnight when the accident took place and at about three o'clock the victim was placed in the caboose and conveyed to Andrews. Reports were current that his injuries would terminate in death, as the skull was very likely fractured. Latest information is to the effect that he is still alive and if any change is noticeable, it is for the better. He will be taken to the hospital at Peru.

Fetters is popularly known in this city and bears a reputation of being honest and faithful in the discharge of his duty.

CUT HIS LEG.

A Young Farmer Meets With a Bad Accident.

Gottlieb S. Schwan, who has been chopping timber just south of the city on the Bluffton road, met with a very serious accident this morning. While cutting through a tree, the ax glanced off and buried itself in his left leg, just above the ankle, almost completely severing the foot from the leg.

One of the choppers took off his suspenders and bound them tightly around the cut member, and thus in a measure checked the flow of blood. Dr. J. W. Younge was called for and on his arrival tied the cut blood vessels and bound up the wound. The man will be confined to his bed and room for the remainder of the winter and may be crippled for life.

SAM SMALL.

The Former Associate of Sam Jones, to Lecture in This City.

On New Year's evening, Rev. Sam Small, the noted evangelist, will be in the city and will lecture at the Academy of Music, under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, upon the subject, "From the Bar Room to the Pulpit." The lecture will be free and all are most cordially invited to be present. From the fact that the visit of Sam Jones is of such recent date, the appearance of his famous co-laborer will be given additional interest, and many persons will be desirous of hearing him. The house will undoubtedly be filled.

LAST OF THEIR RACE.

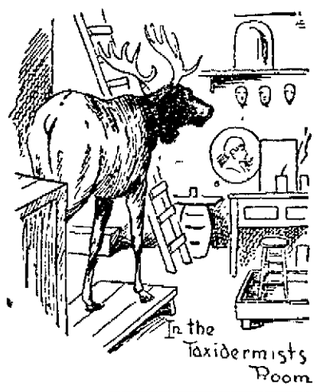
A STRIKING COLLECTION IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

A Group of Moose Now Being Mounted by the Taxidermists—The Noble Animals So Scarce that Specimens Have with Great Difficulty Been Secured.



ONE of the most striking objects or collection of objects in the National Museum at Washington is the huge case containing what is known as the buffalo group. This represents a small section of Montana scenery, a spot in the prairie where there is a pool of water and a group of buffalo mounted by the taxidermist in most life-like attitudes gathered about the pool. The animals were secured by Mr. Hornaday in his famous hunt "for the last of the buffalo." The scenic accessories down to the last little tuft of prairie grass were arranged by Mr. Hornaday, and the buffalo were mounted by him, all in faithful conformity with nature, which he had ample opportunity for studying.

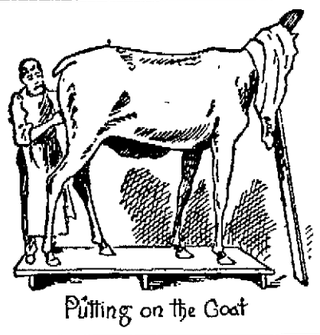
Soon there will be placed near this buffalo group another of equal size and importance. It will tell as well as one such collection can the life history of the moose. The moose group will be made up in part of trophies of Col. Cecil Clay's. The scene to be represented has been all planned and sketched in black and white by Mr. Hornaday. Joseph Palmer, the taxidermist, is mounting the moose in the various attitudes they will assume in the complete group. Col. Clay, who has taken much interest in the work and has given personal direction to many of the details, has gone on a trip to Canadian wilds, partly for the purpose of securing right from the spot where the moose were shot the trees, shrubbery, stumps, and grass required



to make the scene a truthful representation of what a stealthy hunter who could get near enough to such a group of moose might actually have seen.

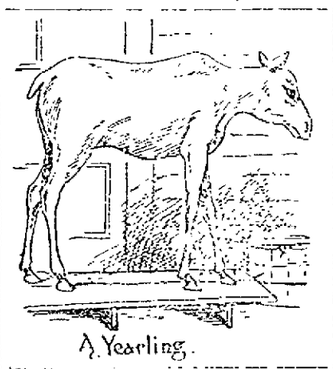
The larger of the rooms occupied by the taxidermist is now devoted almost entirely to the moose. In fact, there is room on the floor for little else, but the shelves are covered with casts, drawings, skies, antlers, and the many materials used by the taxidermist. On one shelf is a cast made from the head of a big moose, showing the great development of the flexible nose—a provision of nature which enables the animal to plow beneath the surface of the crusted snow in winter in search of the foliage of bushes upon which it feeds at that season, and also aids as a horn to give volume and effect to its peculiar and prolonged bellow when calling to its mate.

On low platforms on the floor stand the moose already mounted or in process of mounting. The largest of the group is a cow, and the taxidermist has about completed work upon this animal. This is the huge creature from the province of Ontario shot for the museum by Col. Clay and which measured 6 feet 4 inches in height at the withers. It is as large as a big horse and weighed 1,500 pounds. It is represented with legs somewhat spread and its short neck and long head stretched at an angle upward, as if reaching out to seize with its tongue and overhanging upper lip a leaf or twig from the branch of a tree. The shortness of the neck, the size of the head, and length of the awkward-looking limbs give the creature a somewhat ungainly aspect, but the taxidermist has stuck to the lines laid down by nature's handiwork. The neck is so short that it is with difficulty the



animal gets its nose to the ground, and instead of grazing as common cattle or deer do it feeds upon leaves from the tops of bushes or on the lower limbs of trees.

A recent visit to the work-room showed Joseph Palmer and his assistant, A. H. Forney, giving the semblance of life to the legs of a yearling moose which is to form one of the group. Near by stood another cow, about completed, and the calf secured by Colonel Clay with the big cow was off in a corner by itself ready to take part in the moose tableau. The calf, which was a very young one, is distinguished, like its mother, by the length of its legs. A bull shot in Maine stood on the ways near by, not yet ready to be launched. It was the most interesting object in the room to one who wanted to see how a moose is made—that is, a moose made by a taxidermist. It had not had its coat put on yet. The head was there, a genuine moose skull with branching antlers and some deficiencies in the bony structure supplied by the skill of the taxidermist. The body, well rounded out and made in the perfect image of a moose, was composed, so far as the eye could see, of fine "excelsior," wound, and packed, and padded, and molded, and wired into the form of muscles and flesh. There were the shoulders, and the joints, and the line of the backbone all brought out and well defined. The legs had for their foundation or base the leg bones of the moose rearticulated by the taxidermist and strengthened and supported by slender but strong iron rods bent into proper shape. About these bones were twined the muscles and tendons of "excelsior." The taxidermist, by utilizing the skull and bones of the animal, secures outlines and dimensions for which nature is responsible and cannot be questioned. This half-made bull is almost as large as the great cow. Colonel Clay is not satisfied with its size, however, and hopes to secure one to substitute for it—a monarch of its race, which will represent fully the height and size attained by the full-grown old moose bull. This bull is represented standing quietly and naturally in its tracks, with its head about the level of its hump. On the floor lay the leg bones of another moose shot by Colonel



Clay, and which soon will have to perform service as part of the skeleton of a moose, whose heart and vitals, circulatory system, muscles and flesh will be excelsior. When the body and limbs have been modeled to accord perfectly with measurements, sketches and casts taken from the animal before it was dismembered the skin has to be put on, and in this the skill of the taxidermist is severely tested. The skin has in the first place to be removed with much care from the animal after it is shot. Then it has to be treated carefully so as to preserve all the natural color and aspect of the coat, and be kept in a flexible condition without either shrinking or stretching. Nature's tailoring is done with much nicety, and even when the taxidermist has nature's own materials, it is not an easy task to secure the same exactness of fit in one place or the soft fold in another as that which characterized the coat of the live animal. The workman has to study his subject thoroughly in order to have his reproduction of nature look comfortable in its skin.

The group, when mounted, will be represented feeding in a clump of trees, birch and ash, such as might be found in the moose country in Northern Maine or Ontario in the autumn.

The glass-case in which they will be placed will be of the same size as that inclosing the buffalo group—12 by 16. In the foreground the big cow will stand, reaching up and grasping at a twig with its tongue and lip. By it will stand the calf, and the yearling moose will be standing by with its head down and tongue protruding, licking the calf's forehead. The other moose will be feeding near by. The bull moose, still to be mounted in the workshop, will be postured in what is perhaps the most characteristic attitude. The moose, when it cannot conveniently feed upon the leaves of a sapling by reaching upward, will throw its weight against the stem of the



sapling, bend it down, and walk astride of it. It will then feed at ease upon the succulent twigs and leaves. This performance is called in moose-hunters' parlance "riding down" a tree, and the moose yet to be rehabilitated will be represented in the act of feeding on a sapling which it has ridden down.

The Game of Information.

The newest game for winter evenings takes the form of an information party, and is begun by passing to each boy a card and to the girls small pieces of paper, which should be numbered from one up to the number of girls in the game. The boys then write a number on their cards, and those who discover the same number on their card and paper are partners for the game.

Each couple must think of a question, sensible or ridiculous, historical or in regard to the weather, to be written on cards, after which the cards are to be gathered together, and the leader reads each in turn, giving a few moments for the partners to consider the subject and write the answer, which should be read aloud in turn.

This is where the fun of the game begins, as many of the answers are exceedingly queer.

Those having a correct answer mark their card 10; a wrong answer 0; and if the answer is anywhere near right it is counted. When all are added, prizes may be distributed as in progressive games for the best and the poorest record.

This is an amusing game because of the misinformation it elicits. A great many people will be surprised at their own ignorance in regard to such questions as to the number of States and Territories, the location of cities in Europe, the names of well-known rulers, and so forth.

Of course it is not fair to ask for exact dates in history, but outside of that, there is plenty of chance to trip somebody who thinks he "knows it all."—*Golden Days.*

"Miss Jennie and Me."

One evening a man, tall and spare, surrounded by a country atmosphere, cautiously approached the desk at Willard's Hotel, Washington, and hesitatingly said that he wanted a room. Mr. Harris placed the register before him and handed him a pen.

"What's thet for?" inquired the would-be guest.

"Sign your name, please," was the reply.

"I've got a lady with me. It's my wife—we've just got married," was the faltering remark of the visitor.

"Then write both your names on the register," was the advice given.

An inspection a moment later revealed the following entry:

"Miss Jennie & me."

IT may be love that makes the world go round, but you can't make the old maid believe it.

THE SPEARING OF FISH.

METHODS OF PURSUING THIS PISCATORIAL SPORT.

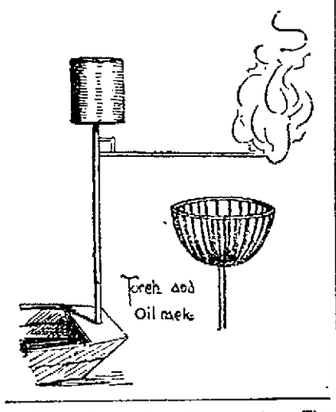
The Kerosene Torch Has Superseded the Old-Fashioned Pine Knots and Wire Rack Habits of Different Kinds of Fish and the Difficulty in Successfully Impaling Them.



THE SPEAR WAS at one time regarded as an honorable and effective implement of war, but now it is only used by barbarians and sportsmen. Our inland rivers and coast creeks are lit up every night with the torches of fishermen in quest of the silver eel or the pickerel. Fish spears have long been laid away, for spearing fish during the spawning season is a crime that should call down all the thunders of the piscatorial Jove. Yet, such fish slayers do exist.

Visitors along the bays of our coast and inland streams may now see, when they are walking abroad in the calm evenings, light-like enlarged will-o'-the-wisps floating from point to point among the shallows. They investigate them, to find the mystery resolve itself into a boat with two men, one to pole the boat and one to spear the fish. The light proceeds from an upright about three feet high, from which projects an arm of about the same length, the end of which is loosely wrapped around with tow or cotton waste. On the top of the upright is a two-quart can fitted with a faucet and holding kerosene, which flows fast or slow as desired along the arm, which is hollow, and saturates the bundle of tow, and this being lighted attracts the fish and shows them plainly to the spearer.

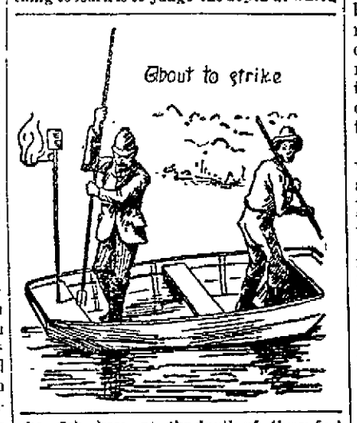
In the old days an open-work cresset of iron was filled with dry pine-knots, which



the boys collected from the woods. The fault of this was that it could only be used in the bow of the boat, and so as to cast the strongest light in an awkward place. The dense smoke also came straight back over the boat, much to the discomfiture of the sportsmen. Then the lamp with a reflector was tried. This was dark at the back and was fixed on a pivot allowing to be thrown from side to side, but even with this the strongest light fell too far ahead, so the upright and arm came in use, and is more generally used than any other.

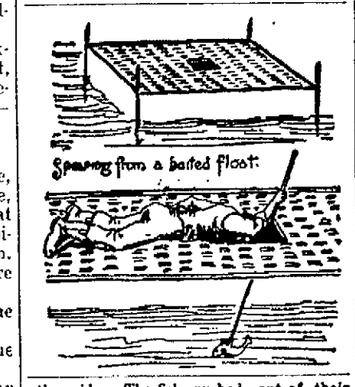
The duties of the man with the pole are not easy, and but few people can pole a boat to suit an old spearer. He must not strike the bottom hard with his pole, for sound is much increased under water, and the mere concussion of the pole on a rock bottom will scare fish twenty yards away. Then he must pole the boat just so, neither too fast nor too slow, and in a direction to keep the smoke from crossing the boat. When a fish is struck the boat must be staid and held still, or a sudden lifting of the spear will enable the fish to get away. In using the spear considerable skill is required, as will soon be found out by the repeated misses scored at first trying.

One must allow for refraction in making a strike. A perfectly straight stick held upright in a depth of three feet of water will appear to be bent at an angle of 20 degrees, and this angle will decrease when the water becomes shallow, and increase as it deepens. Consequently the first thing to learn is to judge the depth at which



the fish lies; at the depth of three feet strike fully a foot behind him if he is coming toward you, and a trifle more if going from you. The best way is to try first at fish going against the stream, as in striking with the current the slightest thing varies the accuracy and nothing more so than grasping the spear more firmly at one time than another. These few hints should enable any one soon to become fairly proficient.

Some years ago quite a sensation was created in Spain owing to the fact that most of the rivers where fish had been carefully preserved for years had been almost cleared of their occupants by poachers at night. A peasant and a boy would leave the village after dark. One would carry a rude, reed-woven basket on his back, like a haversack, and a small torch in his hand, which was surrounded by a piece of bright tin held in place by wires and capable of being slid downward as the torch burned; the other, free from all incumbrances, carried the spear. Thus equipped they waded knee-deep through the shallows, avoiding the deepest pools and the extreme shallows. A likely hole was found and both stood still. Then the man with the basket pitched a stone down stream, just on the



other side. The fish rushed out of their hiding-places into the circle of light, and were fascinated by it until the spear secured more than one of their number.

The rivers of Belgium and the famous dykes of Holland are thickly populated with lampreys. We use them as bait for black bass, and in this country they seldom grow to any size, but the Belgians consider them a great delicacy and export them to England in large quantities for table purposes.

In the spring months they are speared

FADS OF NEW YORK WOMEN.

The Pampered Daughters of Wealth—What They Do to Kill Time.

[SPECIAL NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.]



THREE or four weeks ago I wrote of the time and money spent by some well-known ladies in making collections of certain toilets or household things. Mrs. Jesse Grant has just brought to her home a dozen candlesticks. She had plenty already. The lady is candlestick struck. She has been filling her cabinets ever since she married, and her husband rarely returns from a journey without bringing her another one. All nations, art schools, potteries, and kilns, are represented in the modern, while her antiques are quite like a museum collection in number, rarity, and value. A peep at her chinas is like a glimpse of the certain Broadway house where Dresden figures, French studies, and floral effects in porcelain rival Nature in her gayest mood. A virtuoso would forget his contentment looking at the dragons, vestal virgins, harlequins, reptiles, sea monsters, dolphins, warriors, fishmongers, and fabled deities, modeled in bronze, wrought iron, brass, silver, and ormolo. The quaint bits of color and the lovely forms of laid work and under-glazing would make a suppliant of an independent artist. Aside from their artistic value, many of the candlesticks are priceless as souvenirs, coming as they did from immortals, living and dead.

Mrs. Wilber F. Storey, until recently the owner of the Chicago *Times*, and who is as much at home in the Windsor Hotel as she is in her Michigan avenue house in the Lake City, is a slave to her handkerchiefs. When her husband was alive he used to have them made to order, not by the dozen, but by the hundred. Most men will admit that pretty underwear is the most witching part of a woman's trousseau, but Mr. Storey put the handkerchief at the head of everything, and paid the bills gleefully. There was one French firm that used to fill his order, and the delicate squares were sent home in an oaken box big enough to hide a family of children in. One specialty of this house was a bobinette handkerchief made with a two-inch ruffle of the same web, and finished with bands and bows of ribbon. Usually it required fifteen a day to supply the lady, and she kept a maid who did nothing but wash them, pull them dry, and baste in the ribbons. There were mulls and sheer linens; batiste and fine lawns lavishly trimmed and stitched flat, and point lace in a hundred different varieties; but the gem was and still is the bobinette. Nothing like it was ever handled by many women. As a supplement Mrs. Storey wears attar of roses that costs sixty dollars an ounce, one drop of which is a veritable benediction to the senses.

Mrs. William Livingstone has a weakness for window draperies of applique lace, with her monogram picked out of the delicate web in batiste lines.

Mrs. Major General Schuyler Hamilton, who on the day of her marriage to the distinguished soldier was presented with the famous pearls of the Hamilton family, has an inordinate love for the jewels, which she is more fond of playing with than wearing.

The actresses go into fads for advertising purposes, just as they sign literary contributions which most of them are incapable of writing. Lillian Russell is an adept, and yet I can hardly leave her out of this letter, for she has a really remarkable collection of silver-bound toilet articles. She is mad on the subject of brushes, and I really believe there are three dozen alone in her outfit. She has nail brushes, jewel brushes, brow brushes, hair brushes, and manicure brushes, all woven with imported bristles and backed with silver—sterling, every inch of it, and superbly carved or hammered. These things are spread over her dressing and toilet tables, backs up, and if you didn't see the French bed with its silken canopy and hangings in her chamber, the polished wardrobes of her dressing-room, and the porcelain tub and swinging health-lift of her bath-room, you might fancy yourself in the shop of a dealer in exclusive novelties. These brushes, with the hand mirrors, jewel and powder boxes, are distributed over the tables of three rooms, and against the white drapery they suggest a mosaic of pearl and silver. To the sight they are admirable. To the chambermaid, who has to shine them up every Monday morning, they are appalling.

JENNIE DEAN.

The Minister's Ruse.

The collection box in a certain Scotch church was found empty. The minister thereupon joined Tam, the kirk officer, in his homeward walk after service, and lamented to him that he would have to do a thing he did not like, which was "just to raise the deevil, and he'll come to the man that took that money, either in a wind that'll no leave him leaf nor sheaf, or wi' a rope to hang him over his own door." The kirk officer made no reply. The next night the minister sent a man over to Tam's barn to hang a rope with a noose at the end of it on the door. Tam came down to thresh; but, seeing the noose and his own shadow on the wall, he rushed back to bed and remained there till daylight. When he returned the rope was gone. He was shortly afterward seen proceeding to the kirk; and when the box was opened next Sabbath every missing penny was found inside.

A TATTOOED PEOPLE.

MISSION WORK AMONG THE BUDDHISTS OF SIAM.

A Country Where the Young Adonises Imperil Their Lives to Make Themselves Fair in Women's Eyes—Curious Habits of the People.



HERE RECENTLY arrived in San Francisco from Siam a party of missionaries, men and women, connected with the Presbyterian mission at Lao, in northern Siam. As this mission has been established in the province of Lao for a number of years, and is the only distinctively American organization in the country, a sketch of the scene of operation and the work being done will prove exceptional interest, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

The boundary line between Lao and Siam passes irregularly along the eighteenth parallel of north latitude and the greater part of the Lao states lies between the ninety-ninth and 101st meridians of east longitude, reckoned from Greenwich. There are six Lao states tributary to Siam—namely, Lakon, Lampon, Cheng-Mai,



STARTING ON A JOURNEY.

Muang-Nan, Muang Prabang, and Muang Prau. All are independent of each other and the rulers are autocratic. The offices of chiefs in the several states are held for life, but are not hereditary and are electorial under the will of the people with the consent of the King of Siam. The tribute paid to the latter by each chief is chiefly in the form of gold and silver betel boxes, vases, necklaces, etc., with representations of trees in gold and silver. Taxes are collected by the chiefs from farmers and others, and it is sufficient to say that the office of tax-collector is strictly "in politics," that is to say, it is a convenient source of private gain. It is a poor tax collector that can not leave his office a wealthy man.

The Laosians have a characteristic salutation when a wealthy or a aristocratic person passes along. It involves going down on elbows and knees and raising the hands to the face, almost in the attitude of prayer—a posture abject enough to recall the worst features of court civilization in Europe. The Laosians are unfamiliar with the practice of shaking hands and the usual greeting is a grunt. Under pressure they have been induced to follow the conventional practice, but in this case they extend the left or right hand indifferently. The Lao country between Raneng and the border of the Ngiou states, along the twentieth parallel of latitude, is the principal source of the elephant supply in Siam, and it may be said of the entire country of Lao that it is essentially the land of Buddhist temples and elephants. The latter are the only animals which can get through the dense jungle without difficulty.

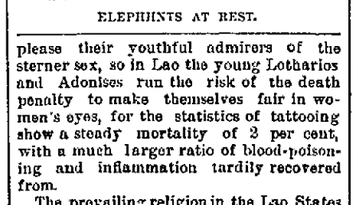
Tattooing is practiced in western Lao to a considerable extent. As in civilized countries, so called, women pinch in their waists and shiver in insufficient attire to



ELEPHANTS AT REST.

please their youthful admirers of the sterner sex, so in Lao the young Lotharios and Adonises run the risk of the death penalty to make themselves fair in women's eyes, for the statistics of tattooing show a steady mortality of 2 per cent, with a much larger ratio of blood-poisoning and inflammation tardily recovered from.

The prevailing religion in the Lao States is Buddhism. The Laosian theory of the universe is a peculiar one, and sets gravitation at defiance. The center of the world is Mount Zinnalo, which is half under water and half above. The former portion is a solid rock with three root-like rocks protruding from the water into the air below. Round this mountain is coiled a large fish (furnishing a remarkable analogy to the emblem of early Christian sepulchers). This fish can embrace and move the mountain. When it sleeps the earth is quiet; when it moves it produces earthquakes. Mount Zinnalo is full of caves, which below water are inhabited by dragons called "Naks," and above by angels called "Thewedas." Above the earth and around the great mountain is the firmament, with

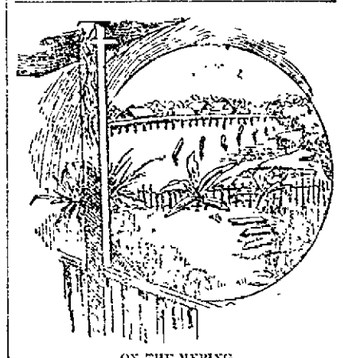


SCENE AT CHEFG-MAI.

the sun, moon, and stars. Above the water is the inhabited earth, and on one side of the four sides of Mount Zinnalo are seven hills, rising in graduations, which are the first ascents the departed has to make. If he is wanting in "merit" he can not get to the top; but, having reached the summit, he comes to the different chambers in heaven. In these also are degrees, and a system of government. Above all is the outer darkness or "Nirvana," well known as the annihilation state of non-existence, or everlasting rest of the Buddhist faith.

The American mission at Cheng-mai is under the charge of Dr. Cheek. This gentleman enjoys a high reputation among the natives as a physician, however reluctant they may have shown themselves to accept a change of faith. It appears that the mission was established about twenty-two years ago, its object being not so much to proselytize or evangelize the natives as to improve their general tone and elevate their minds by instructing them in useful industries. The success of the mission, from an evangelistic point of view, was at first very poor the number of living converts in 1884 being less than 100. The Catholic church has long had a fairly successful mission in Siam.

Dr. Cheek has saved the lives of hundreds by his medical and surgical skill.



ON THE MEPING.

He has also established a boat yard at Chengmai, where he employs large numbers of men and enables slaves to be emancipated themselves according to the customs of the country by making boats for their masters. American tools are fast superseding the primitive implements of the natives in the work of boat construction.

There are no newspapers in the Lao type, but the Rev. Mr. Peoples expects to have a font of Lao type prepared in this country, and great results are anticipated from its use. Mr and Mrs Peoples have spent seven years in Lao and will return in about a year's time. Mr. Peoples worked chiefly at Lakhon, an important Lao town.

There is now quite a large party of ladies in the Lao mission, and the prospects are much more encouraging than a few years ago. At Cheng-mai there is a commodious school room where the girls are taught the ordinary subjects of study besides receiving practical instruction in needlework, household duties, etc., with lessons in music and singing as a recreation. The ladies' board of the society in New York sends out regular remittances for the purpose of redeeming Lao girls from slavery and sending them to school.

The elephant plays such a prominent part in Laosian life that special legislation is invoked in its favor. The stealing of an elephant or buffalo is a capital offense. The buffalo is the chief domestic animal, but is not used as a beast of burden.

The population of the Lao district proper is about 3,000,000; in all Siam there are about 10,000,000 of inhabitants.

Cheng-mai is the most powerful of the Lao states. When it was founded 600



MISSION PARTY.

years ago Muang Fang was the principal city. After being several times conquered and sacked by the Burmese and Ngious respectively, it remained deserted until about seventy years ago, when several princes came over from Lakhon, founded the present dynasty, and raised Cheng-mai to its present importance.

The Cheng-mai market is held every morning from 8 to 11 o'clock. The women do all the selling. The natives are decidedly partial to strong drink, and "samshoo" is the prevailing tipple. The climate of Lao is distinctly tropical, but not unhealthy, except in the rainy season. Dysentery and fever are the principal factors in the bills of mortality.

In this connection it is proper to mention that spiritualism is a popular craze in Lao. There are regular spirit doctors and mediums, who not only "charm away disease," but are consulted whenever any difficulty occurs in public or private affairs,

She Had Not Entirely Forgotten.

Mr. Billus sat in his comfortable armchair, with his feet comfortably resting on another chair. Mr. Billus was enjoying himself. He had dined, and he defied fate to do its worst, even as another great man is said by historians to have done under like circumstances long before the period of Billus.

"Maria," he observed, "this is the anniversary of our wedding, isn't it?"

"It is, John."

"Twenty-three years, Maria," said Mr. Billus, reflectively, as he took the poker and stirred the fire in the grate, "is a thundering long—h'm! h'm!—long time for some married folks, isn't it?"

"It is, John."

"And yet it doesn't seem—h'm! h'm—as if it were thirty years since I first met you at the Jasper County fair, does it?"

"It isn't thirty years," replied Mrs. Billus, rather shortly. "It is only twenty-six."

"I mean twenty-six years of course, Maria. Speaking of that fair," continued Mr. Billus, "I wonder if you remember that big artichoke in the agricultural hall."

"No, I don't remember any big artichoke."

"Have you forgotten that long ear of corn sent in by old Absalom Wykoff?"

"I have no recollection of it."

"Don't you remember the big beet that Uncle Jakey Dubois had on exhibition?"

"No."

"Maria," said Mr. Billus, impatiently, "where's your memory? Don't you recollect the great big pumpkin that weighed 176 pounds that Cal Hepperly was showing everybody that came to the fair?"

"It seems to me I do remember a big pumpkin."

"I thought so. Your memory is a mighty poor one, Maria, but you could not forget that big pumpkin. Do you have any idea" persisted Mr. Billus, with growing recollections of sundry pies his good mother had made shortly after that fair, "whatever became of that pumpkin, Maria?"

"I think I have, John."

"You have, hey," he retorted in surprise. "If it is all you can do to remember the biggest pumpkin at that fair how do you happen to know whatever become of it, madam?"

"I married that pumpkin, John."

The fire burned feebly in the grate, the canary bird slumbered peacefully in its cage, and amid a silence so profound that the shadows could be plainly heard dancing on the wall Mr. and Mrs. Billus sat in their cheerful little parlor and dreamed the happy hours of their wedding anniversary away.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.

FACTS CONCERNING A VERY BECULIAR PEOPLE.

The Inhabitants of the Navigator Islands in Peace and War—The Men Are All Tattooed—Males Mature at Fifteen and Girls at Eleven Years of Age.



THE Samoa or Navigators Islands are situated some four thousand miles in a southwesterly direction from San Francisco. The regular monthly steamers that ply between San Francisco and Australia pass the islands but do not stop. They "slow up" enough for the transfer of mail for officials or missionaries to a small boat and continue on their course. There is practically no trade with the islands, and merchantmen rarely visit them.

The missionaries in the Samoan Islands are not permitted to teach the natives the English language. There are schools in which the people are taught, but they are conducted in the Samoan tongue, a limpid language which has been called "The Italian of the Pacific."

When the Samoans are not dancing they are swimming, and when not in the water they are dancing. The wonder is how they find time for work. All of their dances are accompanied by songs, and every conspicuous event is commemorated with a song and a dance. Their singing is entirely different from the discordant yells of most savages. The basso, baritone, and air are carried with precision, and the time is perfect. Some of their dances are a revelation. The "fa-su," or fighting dance, is illustrative of their fistic skill. The Samoans are accomplished boxers, and in this dance assume almost the same attitudes seen in the prize ring. Ages ago they discovered the "knock-out" blow, which they deliver with precision and power. The "tollola," or presentation dance, used when the village takes offerings to the chief, is rich in melodious singing, and the "satke," or stick dance, is a marvel of precision. In this dance, whether there be a dozen natives or 500, every alternate one has either two short sticks or one long one. Time is kept by beating the long sticks with the short one. In the "siva," or war dance, they sit in a row like a lot of tailors



A SAMOAN GIRL.

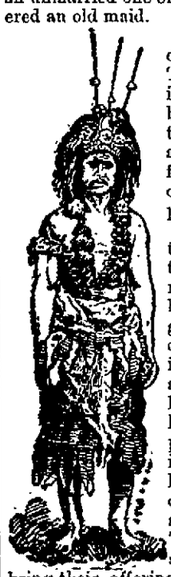


KING MALIETOA.

and go through a series of extraordinary calisthenics.

Some of the Samoans have fiery-red hair. Their hair is naturally long and wavy, but devoid of kinks. By bleaching it with lime, they obtain the brilliant red they all admire. They are all "double-jointed," and they are able to, and naturally do, move their arms, fingers, and limbs into positions no white can imitate. In color the Samoans are a fair duplicate of the mulatto, but there is a sub-tint to their skin which frees it of any "muddy" effect."

The men are all tattooed from the waist to the knees. This tattoo consists of a solid background of blue, enlivened with a smaller design in terra cotta. In that sunny land the boys mature at 15, but they are not men until they are tattooed. The operation requires weeks for its completion, and is the one great expense in their lives. The girls are married at from 11 to 15, an unmarried one of 16 being considered an old maid.



All values are computed by mats. The value of a mat is determined not by its size or beauty but by its age, an old ragged affair, full of holes, often being almost priceless.

The religion of the Samoans is little more than a mythology. At birth every child is given a god. When one sleeps the god is away; when one awakens the god has returned to him. Hospitality is part of their religion. Every village has its "Fale-tale," or guest-house, set apart for visitors. The people, with songs and dances, bring their offerings, and while he is with them all they have is at the command of the stranger within their gates.

Autumn Poetry.

His darling—George, dear, how sad and solemn are the thoughts connected with the close of the year. The beautiful summer is dead. The boughs of the trees, stripped of their foliage bend and sway in the chill autum breezes that sough through their—their——

"Whiskers?" suggested George himself.

"No; branches, dearest. And listen to the melancholy chirping of the toadstools——"

"Those are not toadstools; they are crickets, dear."

"Oh, is that so? I knew it was something to sit on."—*Judge.*

A TRAGEDY IN HIGH LIFE.

BY A. C. GRISSOM.



PERCY was hanging on the front gate at the home of his only love, softly whistling to her to come forth and chin him a spell.

Percy was very happy, for he had just given his rival, Jamison Tough, the cold shake around the corner, and he was fondly anticipating the sweetness of the coming chat with his darling Belinda.

He did not know that Jamison Tough was approaching stealthily on the oppo-ite side of the street, clasping a suspicious-looking something in his right hand, and wearing on his ghoulish face, as a sort of mask, a savage scowl.

Now Belinda was very swell, and would never have come forth to the gate to meet Percy, but Percy was boycotted by Belinda's pa, and their meetings were therefore clandestine.

As Percy whistled, the door of the mansion softly opened and Belinda came tripping out.

Percy was in raptures.

The ferocious Jamison Tough, on the opposite side of the street, was stirred to madness. With a horrible imprecation he raised his arm, aimed at Percy's head——

Percy heard a loud report, and Belinda staggered, covered her face with her hands, and shrieked. "I am shot! I am shot!"

Jamison Tough, after his deed, disappeared in the darkness.

Percy would have run to the aid of his only love, but her papa suddenly arrived on the scene and he was forced to hastily decamp. He was in an agony to know the extent of her injury and who was the dastard who had perpetrated the crime.

The solution of the mystery was not reached by him until a few days afterward, when Belinda's little brother suffered himself to be bribed.

Belinda had received the bad egg intended for Percy.

On Business.

The Governor of Georgia had just dismissed a delegation of Prohibitionists, when a card bearing the name "Judge J. T. W. Madison" was handed him. The chief executive was very tired, having been harassed with dry speeches, and would have sent down an excuse, but the high-sounding name on the card bespoke a visitor of importance; so, wearily yielding, he told the porter to show the gentleman up. A few moments later one of the most deeply colored gentlemen in the State stepped into the room.

"Dis yere de gubner?"

"Yes. What do you want?"

"I's called on bizness, sah. I's er jedge down——"

"You are a judge?"

"Yes, Justice o' de Peace down in de swamp districk."

"Well, state your business with me as quickly as you can."

"I'll do it, sah. Caze dat's whut I come yere fur. Lemme see, now. Oh, yas. Some time ago, sah, I had er man named Sam Bly 'rested an' tried for stealin' co'n. I tried him myse'f and fined him four hundred dollars an' six munts in jail. Dis wuz all satisfactory, 'specially ter me, but de blame lawyer he tuck er 'peal ter de circus cou't. Now, sah, my bizness wid you is dis yere: Ef you's got any 'fluence wid de jedge o' dat circus cou't, I wush you'd drap him a few lines an' tell him ter send dat case back ter me. Now, is you got much 'fluence wid dat judge?"

"You old scoundrel, get out of here or I will have you thrown out.'

"Jest wait er minit, sah; jest wait er minit. I know dat nigger stole dat co'n, an' I know dat he wants ter take er 'peal just so he ken skape de justice dat is atter him. Dar's anuder thing: Dat nigger is er mighty p'litical bother down dar an' de folks wants ter git rid o' him till atter de leckshun—knows da does, er da wouldn't er promised me er huanud dollars ter send him up. Now, it's er gubner's duty ter do what de folks wants him ter do an'—hol' on, hol' on, I'll go. Neber seed sich times ez dese comin' ober folks. Hol' on, fur I'se dun gone."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Hints for Amateur Sportsmen.

An excellent treatment for a bullet wound is to wash the wound clean and cover with clean muslin saturated with a solution of carbolic acid or alcohol. The great object is to keep the wound clean and protected from the air. Do not foolishly probe for the bullet. It can be better extracted after the healing of the wound.

To extract fish hooks from your flesh or clothing cut the leader free and push the hook on through, depressing the upper end so as to bring the point out as near as possible to where it went in. Don't try to pull the hook back over the barb.

Thirst can be abated by the eating of acid fruits or plants. The chewing of twigs, barks or leaves of trees and shrubs will also afford temporary relief. Snow and ice aggravate the thirst by chilling and closing the salivary glands.

Learn to shoot without closing your eyes when you pull the trigger. Beginners will find it hard to do this, but it must be done.

In sighting either shotgun or rifle the left eye should be closed, except in the case of left-handed persons; then the right eye should be closed. Some men keep both eyes open, but the majority of shooters and all the crack shots close the left eye.

An extra pair of socks are handy on a one-day out trip. Then, with your shoes nicely dried at my lady host's fire you will be in comfort for the next morning on your way home.

Avoid sleeping in close rooms. Keep the apartment well ventilated. Let in fresh air, but keep out the draught.

When out shooting carry a small square of shamois skin saturated with pure oil. Then you are prepared to well-grease your gun in case of a rainstorm.—*Nature.*

Didn't Want to Be an Angel.

"I say, Jones, what's the matter with you? You're as uneasy as a fish out of water; can't sit still a minute."

"Oh, it's smoking that makes me so nervous."

"Well, why don't you quit it, then?"

"The fact is I've given up all my other bad habits and I don't want to be an angel."

"Well, why don't you risk it, anyway?"—*National Weekly.*

NATURE is upheld by antagonism. Passions, resistance, danger, are educators. We acquire the strength we have overcome.

JEFF DAVIS.

There are thousands upon thousands of people in this country who have asked why Jeff. Davis was never tried for treason. A satisfactory answer has probably never been given until recently, upon the appearance of Hon. Hugh McCulloch's interesting book entitled "Men and Measures of Half a Century." Mr. McCulloch, it will be remembered, is an Indianian, and served partial terms as Secretary of the Treasury under the administrations of Presidents Lincoln, Johnson, and Arthur. In this interesting book Mr. McCulloch says:

"The question, 'what shall be done with the Confederate leaders?' was referred to but not discussed at Mr. Lincoln's last meeting with his cabinet. Mr. Lincoln merely remarked in his humorous manner, 'I am a good deal like the Irishman who had joined the temperance society but thought that he might take a drink now and then if he drank unbeknown to himself. A good many people think all the big Confederates ought to be arrested and tried as traitors. Perhaps they ought to be, but I should be right glad if they would get out of the country unbeknown to me." This question came up in the case of Jefferson Davis soon after Mr. Johnson became President. Mr. Davis had been captured while attempting to escape after the fall of Richmond, and was a prisoner in close confinement in Fortress Monroe. Some action must be taken in his case. What should it be? He had been the President of the Confederacy, and therefore was the most conspicuous of the enemies of the Government. By a large part of the people of the North he was regarded as the arch-traitor, upon whose head vengeance should be visited. Should he be liberated in the face of the strong feeling against him, or should he be arraigned for treason, and if arraigned, should he be tried by a military commission or a United States court? These were interesting and important questions, requiring the most careful consideration both in legal and political bearing.

"The legal question, Has Mr. Davis been guilty of such acts of treason that he can be successfully prosecuted? was submitted to the Attorney General, who, after a thorough examination of it and consultation with some of the ablest lawyers in the country, came to the conclusion that Mr. Davis could not be convicted of treason by any competent and independent tribunal and that therefore he ought not to be tried. The conclusion was undoubtedly correct. It was a revolution which had been attempted by the Southern States—a general uprising of the people of the South against the government. It was war in which they had been engaged—war of such proportions that belligerent rights had been accorded them by foreign nations. The same rights had been acknowledged by the government in exchanges of the prisoners and other acts. They could not therefore, be charged with treason, nor could one of their number be singled out and legally convicted of the crime. Aside from these considerations it was clear that whatever treasonable acts Mr. Davis might have been guilty of, were committed in the Southern States, where, under the constitution, the trial must take place and where conviction would be impossible. The President (Andrew Johnson) was chagrined by the decision, which was forced upon him by the opinions of the Attorney General and other eminent lawyers. It was in direct opposition to his committals in the vindictive speeches which he made at the commencement of his administration; but he saw the correctness of it and from that time he pushed his generosity to those whom he had denounced as traitors to an extreme. Mr. Davis was only one of many thousands who were engaged in war against the government. His position was made the most conspicuous, but he was no more guilty than many others against whom no proceedings were contemplated. There was no evidence that he was responsible for the horrors of Andersonville, or the general bad treatment to which Union soldiers were subjected in Southern prisons. He was, however, kept in confinement until the spring of 1867, when he was brought before the United States Court at Richmond on the charge of treason, and admitted to bail. He was not tried, although he expressed a desire to be, nor was he among those who asked to be pardoned. * * * He was kept in prison for two years before he was arraigned and released on bail, and strangely enough Horace Greeley and Gerrit Smith, the distinguished abolitionists, were among the signers of his bond."

Mr. McCulloch gives an interesting account of his visit to Fortress Monroe, where the ex-Confederate President was held confined. Mr. McCulloch went to Fortress Monroe at the instance of President Johnson, to ascertain whether or not the treatment of Davis was true. "He was," said the President, "the head devil among the traitors and he ought to be hung; but he should have a fair trail, and not be brutally treated while a prisoner."

Of his visit to Fortress Monroe, Mr. McCulloch says:

"On my arrival at the fortress Mr. Davis was walking upon the ramparts accompanied by a couple of soldiers. I was glad to notice that his gait was erect, his step elastic, and when he came up where I was standing that he had the appearance of one who was suffering in health by imprisonment. I spent an hour or two in conversation. 'I was,' he said, 'in the first two or three months of my imprisonment, treated barbarously, but now I am permitted to have a daily walk, and my present quarters, as you perceive, are such as a prisoner charged with high treason ought not to complain of.' A cot, a small pine table and two cane-bottomed chairs. The cot and chairs were hard and of the plainest and cheapest kind, but the room was clean and well-lighted.

" 'I was,' he said, 'when brought to the fortress, not only strictly confined in a casemate, which is little better than a dungeon, but I was heavily ironed. As I had been a submissive prisoner, and was in a strong fortress, I thought that chains were unnecessary and that I ought not to be subjected to them. I resisted being shackled, but resistance was in vain. I was thrown violently on the floor and heavily fettered. This was not all. The casemate in which I was confined was kept constantly and brilliantly lighted, and I was never relieved of the presence of a couple of soldiers. My eyes were weak and sensitive. I suffered keenly from the light, and you can judge how my sufferings were aggravated by my not being permitted for months to have one moment by myself.' "

"THE man who laughs" is a most important factor in the world, not often appreciated at his worth. Good, genuine, honest, mirth-provoking laughter does more to clear the cobwebs out of the sky than a thousand discreet formalisms.—*Ladies' Messenger.*

Better Than Killing the Murderers.

It may now be asked what form of punishment should be substituted for the death penalty. It is not necessary to my purpose in writing this article that I should touch that subject at all. This article is written mainly for the purpose of protesting against the crime of capital punishment, and not for the purpose of explaining what can or should be substituted for it. It will not, however, be out of place to say that the most natural substitute for the death penalty, under our form of government, would be imprisonment for a term sufficiently long to demonstrate that the offender might be safely allowed to go free. It is just as vicious, of course, to imprison a man for revenge, as to hang him for revenge. There is therefore, no sound reason why a murderer should be punished at all. It is right that he should be apprehended and confined until it is determined whether he is of such a nature or disposition as to be likely to commit more murders. But if this view of the case is too nearly in accordance with humane considerations to suit this cruel and bloodthirsty age, then the obvious mode of punishment to substitute for judicial killing is imprisonment at hard labor for life. This is far too cruel a punishment to visit upon anyone for any crime done under the impulse of passion, but among a people who so frequently say: "Hanging is too good for him," and who are so given to lynchings, it is as much of a modification of our present practice as we could expect to get.

It has been observed that the most of the murders occur among the poor people, and upon the top floors of tenement houses; that is to say, among the poorest of the poor. The connection between poverty and the crime of murder, like the connection between poverty and all other crime, is demonstrably close. If we could cure the social disease of poverty, the seeds of crime would be destroyed. The people rarely think of this. They think it is our business to punish crime; but it is our best business to prevent it. Our present organization of society manufactures criminals faster than we can possibly take care of them. Poverty degrades men; it robs them of leisure, which is absolutely necessary for the development of mind, and the domination of passion; it keeps the people hungry and fierce; it imbrutes them; it makes Ishmaels of them—their hand is against society as the hand of society is against them. Plant a generation of paupers, and you will reap a crop of criminals.—*H. O. Pentecost, in the Arena.*

Looking on the Bright Side.

Uncle Billy Dawson, who lived in the house where Mr. Crounse was reared a kind-hearted man, who never lost a to hold out hope to the despairing chance or sympathy to the suffering. He was always ready with the proof that however hard a neighbor's lot was, it might have been many fold worse; and his ingenuity at finding a recompensing gain for every loss that one might suffer was a matter of local wonderment.

One day somebody told Uncle Billy that his neighbor, Thomas Darrow, had fallen under the cars and lost a leg.

Uncle Billy stood in silence several minutes, looking at the ground. Then, raising his eyes, he said:

"Well, I'm awful sorry for poor Tom, but there's some consolation in the thought that a pair o' socks 'll last him twice as long as they ust to, and to a man as poor as he is that's a good deal."

The next day Uncle Billy called on the injured man, and to his surprise learned that Tom had lost both legs. A little disconcerted, Uncle Billy stood by the bed in solemn consideration. Presently, however, his face brightened, and he said:

"Well, Tom, if you had to lose one leg it's a mighty good job that you lost two."

"Oh, Uncle Billy," said Tom, "how can you say such a thing?"

" 'Cause it's true, Tom, true as Gospil. You see if you'd only lost one leg you'd be thinkin' about it and worritin' about it all the time, but now you see, the loss of each one 'll serve to keep your mind off'n the loss of the other. It's a great blessin' you lost 'em both, 'stead o' only-one."

Does this serve to clear up the Boulango-smallpox paragraph?—*Washington Post.*

All His Own Fault.

It was agreed by everybody in the car that she was the handsomest woman they ever saw, says the New York *Sun*, and the man in the seat with her probably noticed the sly glances and heard some of the whispered exclamations. He became restless and uneasy, and by and by he got up and walked back to where a couple of drummers sat and said:

"Boys, she's my wife."

"Yes!" responded one.

"I allow that she's homely 'nuff to scare a hungry bear out of a hog-pen, but it's all my fault."

"Indeed!"

"And I'll tell you the story, because there is a great moral lesson in it. We was engaged to be married. I took her into Syracuse to a Fourth of July. There she met Bill Prime, an old beau of hers, and to make me jealous, as some gals will, you know, she agreed to ride home with him. It hit me hard, as you may believe, and so I went out to the stable and drove tacks into Bill's harness. When they came to start out the horse ran away. Bill jumped out and didn't get a scratch, but Mary staid till the buggy struck a bridge and was all smashed up. She lost twelve teeth, had her nose broken, her mouth torn out at the corner, an eye cocked up, her nose turned in, her tongue bit half in two, and the color of her hair changed to the brindle you now see before you."

"I see the moral lesson."

"Not yit you don't. That came in when I tried to give her the shake and crawl out of the marriage. Her old dad put on the screws and I had to come to time or lose my farm, and so I walked chalk. The great moral lesson is, never get mad at your best gal. If you do get mad, don't make a fule of yourself. That's all, boys, and I hope the warning will sink deep into your hearts."

Weatherwise.

Solon, Sr.—Why does my tobacconist always take his wooden statue of Pocahontas into the house at night?

Solon, Jr.—I suppose because if he didn't he'd find his Indian summers else. Now tell me, please, why does he house that wooden Highlander?

Solon, Sr.—Doubtless, my son, because he doth not desire to have a Scothmist in the morning.

BIRDS CARRY THEIR YOUNG.

How a Woodcock Parent Removes Her Brood.

One of the most interesting traits about the woodcock is the fact of its occasionally conveying its young through the air, which is done by only one or two other birds. This is no recent discovery. The fact was known as early as the middle of last century, though Gilbert White rightly surmised that those observers, were mistaken who fancied the young were conveyed either by or in the bill. It is just as erroneous, however, to substitute the claws, as some have done.

The truth is that, when the parent bird wishes to convey her young one from a place of danger to one of safety, the tiny thing is gently pressed between the feet and against the breast, the aid of the bill being resorted to only when the burden has been hastily taken up. In this way the whole of the brood is sometimes removed from one part of a wood to another when the birds have been much disturbed. On this subject there is an interesting note in "Lays of the Deer Forest," by the brothers Stuart: "One morning, sitting on a gray stone, I saw a dark eye which was fixed upon mine from the bed of leaves before me, when suddenly the little brown head of a young woodcock, peeped out from the feathers of the old one's breast, uttering that plaintive cry for which language has no sign. There were two more young woodcocks, and to relieve the anxiety of the madre, I left her. Near the place where I found her there was a soft green stripe, such as woodcocks love. I have no doubt that the family would be there next day; and as I passed near I turned aside to see what they were doing. Upon the dry bank half way down the brae, I almost stumbled over a bird, which rose at my feet; and as it darted through the trees I saw that it had something in its claws, and at the same time I heard the plaintive cry of young woodcocks just under my feet. I looked down—there were two; and I thought a hawk had carried off the third, and perhaps killed the mother. This, however, I found, on following the bird, was the old woodcock, which, being flushed again suddenly, after a low flight of only a few yards, dropped what it was carrying—her own young woodcock." This trait may be confirmed by any one who will look out the bird in its haunts, and is all the more interesting as it seems to be quite an acquired one. The bird is in no way adapted to transport its young through the air.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

A Grand Duke's Escapade.

A writer in the Paris *Figaro* gives numerous details regarding the private life of several princes, among which the following story of Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, is particularly piquant:

The Grand Duke, who is an Admiral in the Russian navy and has a great influence over his brother, the Czar, at one time created as great consternation in the imperial house of Russia as that of which the Archduke John has recently been the cause of in the Austrian Court, but by another method—an affair of the heart.

The young Empress Marie, his mother, had with her as a maid of honor, the daughter of the poet, Joukowski, in whom she took an especial interest. One evening when the young girl was alone with her sovereign, she fell in tears at her feet and confessed that she was loved by the Grand Duke Alexis, that she shared his passion and begged her to consent to their union.

Imagine the Empress' surprise. The imperial answer was the immediate escort of the maid of honor to the other side of the frontier to the home of her relatives in a foreign country and an order to the Grand Duke to rejoin the Russian fleet in the Baltic.

But the august masters of Russia did not realize with whom they were dealing. The Grand Duke escaped from his vessel, joined the maid of honor in her exile, took her away without ceremony, and, carrying her to America, there married her secretly. I pass over the disgraces, the vicissitudes, the phases of all sorts that followed this exploit. Royal loves are like fires of straw—the are as quickly extinguished as kindled. The day came, when the Grand Duke, under the influence of his mother, completely submitted to Emperor Alexander II., and re-entered the fold.

The secrecy of this union and the conditions under which it had been contracted made it null in law. Time dried the tears of the heroine, and she married a Saxon gentleman, Baron Cpohrman, and lived in retirement in Germany. Their only child enjoys a large income, and bears the title of Marquis de Segiana, conferred upon him by an obliging chancellor.

No Candles for Them.

When some one was talking about Irish wit, said he: "I knew a couple of Irishmen once who went on a long tour for pleasure. They carried small knapsacks containing changes of clothing, and they footed the whole route they had decided on taking. Wherever night found them or inclination ruled they stopped. They would put up in an inn or tavern, have a carouse and pass the night. This was in the old country, gentlemen, and about the time that gas was introduced. In those days when a man retired to his room he was handed a candle in a candlestick which also held an extinguisher and some matches.

One night they struck a hotel where there was gas. They had never seen such an illumination before.

" 'Dedad, Pat,' says Mike, 'that's a darling light!'

" 'Faith an' it is,' says Pat, and the pair stood looking at it like a couple of moon-gazers.

"In the morning a great idea seized Pat. He wrenched off the gas fixtures from the wall of the bedroom and hid it under his coat. That night they struck another hotel. When the time for retiring came, each was handed a candlestick with the usual equipments. Pat looked at the hotel proprietor and at the candlesticks and then hauling out of his pocket the gas fixture he had unscrewed, he flourished it before the astonished Boniface and said:

" 'To blazes with your candles. Don't you see we have the gas?' "

A Girl's Guess.

She was a girl with big, round blue eyes and yellow curls. She stood before her grizzled sea captain of an uncle with a deep, thoughtful air that charmed him.

"What are you thinking about, my dear?" he inquired.

"It just occurred to me that you must use a great many ciphers in your work," she said.

"Why?" he inquired.

"They would be so necessary in naughtical reckoning."

ODD, QUEER, AND CURIOUS.

SNAILS sometimes sleep for four years at a time.

THERE is a breed of dogs in Russia that cannot bark.

IN a handful of clover, plucked in his yard, Edward Koehler, of Bethlehem, Penn., found fifty four-leaf stalks.

A ROMANTIC story comes from Kalosca, in Hungary. A young pupil entered a seminary to prepare for the priesthood, and lived exactly the same life as the young men on the premises. The Cardinal's suspicions were aroused, and it transpired that the pupil was a lady, who said she desired to become a priest.

SALLIE MCALLISTER, of Springfield, Ky., a colored girl of 19, is believed to be the largest woman in the world. She is five feet two inches in height, measures seven feet three inches round the waist, and three feet six and one-fourth inches round the arm above the elbow. She weighs 632 pounds. She enjoys excellent health, and makes her living at the wash-tub.

A RED squirrel is the companion and pet of Mr. C. R. DeWolf, a traveling theatrical agent. The quadruped lodges in his owner's overcoat pocket, and goes with him in all his travels. He frequently comes out for a ramble, when he sportively crawls over his master's shoulders and legs, and varies the performance by following him through the streets like a dog, and engaging in the drollest antics.

MR. SLOSSON, the famous billiard player, claims to be able to foretell a storm eight hours before its arrival by the sound of the ivory globes. He declares when the barometer is falling, they do not give that clear, ringing click which sounds so musical to the ear of the player, nor do they rebound with the same elasticity. With a rising barometer, the balls resume their wonted elasticity and clear click.

RECENTLY two Jackson County (Ga.) men were working in front of a circular saw, when one of them reached over to remove a chip from behind it. The saw caught his sleeve, and dragged him over the shafting. Round and round he went, until his fellow workman could run and stop the machinery. When he was taken out not a scratch or bruise was found upon his body, but the saw had torn every thread of clothing off him.

THE carrier pigeon has just been turned to a curious use in Russia. It is to convey negatives of photographs taken in a balloon. The first experiment was made from the cupola of the Cathedral of Isaac, in St. Petersburg and the subject photographed was the Winter Palace. The plates were packed in envelopes impenetrable to the light, and then tied to the feet of the pigeons, who safely and quickly carried them to the station at Volkovo.

THE Right Hon. Arthur Kavanagh, once Conservative M. P. for Carlow, was the most remarkable man in a physical sense that ever sat in the House of Commons. He had neither arms nor legs. He was regularly carried to his seat in the House. He was allowed to address the House sitting, and to vote without going into the lobby. In spite of his physical defects he took an active part in the business of the House. He spoke frequently on Irish questions, and sat on many select committees.

The Bird Market at Lucknow.

Some birds are used medicinally, and it is well known what strange ideas native doctors have of the virtue of bird flesh. Both the flesh and the brains of the common sparrow, especially the cock sparrow, are in great repute for certain diseases; so a cageful of these familiar chatterers is never missing in the market. Certain species are used in making love potions, and are administered by rejected suitors to the objects of their adoration. On the other hand, the blood or the flesh of an owl is supposed to make a person insane who drinks or eats it. On this account men who are devoured by jealousy of a rival or hatred of an enemy come furtively to the market, and, purchasing an owl, in silence carry it home secretly and prepare a decoction which an accomplice will put into the food or drink of the object of their malignant designs.

The list of uses for bird flesh is not exhausted yet. Eating a crow is supposed to prolong life by keeping the hair black and preventing it from turning gray. The common roller, often called a bluejay, has certain rites performed over it, and is then set free after one feather has been plucked from it. This feather is then worn as an amulet, and is supposed to have great potency in averting the evil eye. Another purpose for which birds are purchased every morning is to be set free again. This is done by Hindus as a work of merit, and by Mohammedans, after certain rites have been performed, as an atonement in imitation of the Jewish scapegoat. It is essential that a bird used for this purpose should be strong enough to fly away, but that does not induce the cruel dealers to feed the birds or to refrain from dislocating their wings or breaking their legs. They put down everything to good or bad luck, and leave the customer to choose a strong bird if he can find one, and to go away if he cannot.

The merit obtained by setting a bird free is not attributed to the Deity, but is supposed to come in a large measure from the bird itself or from its attendant spirit, and hence birds of good or bad omen, and especially kites or crows, are in much demand, and are regularly caught to be sold for this purpose.—*Pioneer.*

His Home Was Gone.

A West Side attorney, noted for his absentmindedness, as well as for his business shrewdness, is in the habit of leaving the management of his house entirely to his wife, in whose ability he has the utmost confidence, says the *Evening Wisconsin.* He furnishes her the wherewithal to run things, and never inquires nor cares about what she does so long as his comfort is provided for. One evening, not long ago, he was seen standing on the corner of Grand avenue and West Water streets, looking disconsolate and greatly troubled.

"Hello, Blank," said an acquaintance, "what's the matter?"

"Dash it," he responded, "I'm in a deuced bad box, and I don't know what to do. My wife moved to-day. She told me this morning she was going to move and where she was going to move to, but I'll be blowed if I remember where it was. I think it was somewhere in the Thirteenth Ward. Where do you think my wife would be apt to move to?"

The friend could not help him, and how and where he found her his domicile history sayeth not.

HE who knows only his own side of the case, knows little of that.

Catching Old Crusty.

There lived in the town of B—— an old and apparently friendless man known to many persons as "Old Crusty," and the name seemed to fit him well, and to describe his bearing toward his neighbors. It was rumored that he was a miser, and this did not add to the little respect people seemed to have for him. He lived in one or two rooms of an old house in the outskirts of the town, while he rented the rest of the house to any one so poor as to be forced to occupy such undesirable rooms.

His tenants one winter were a poor widow and her five children. The two oldest, one a boy of 12 years named Walter, the other, Bryce, a year younger,—two sturdy little fellows, did what they could to assist their mother, which was not enough to keep them from being very poor.

They moved into the house with a marked distrust of Old Crusty. They had heard much against him, and their impression of the old man when they saw him confirmed what they had heard.

He was in his own rooms most of the time, however, and manifested some desire to be friendly when he met the boys, but they would have none of him.

"I despise a miser," said Bryce, stoutly, "and I don't want anything to do with one."

Soon after they moved into the house the widow scraped enough money together to buy half a ton of coal at once. The coal was put into the shed side by side with Old Crusty's coal, only a board partition separating the two bins.

"You don't s'pose he would take any of our coal, do you?" asked Walter of his mother.

"No," she replied. "I never suspect persons of doing wrong things until I have cause."

"Don't you think our coal goes pretty fast?" asked Bryce one cold day a week or two later.

"Yes," replied his mother, "but it has been so very cold we have had to use a great deal of it."

"It's my honest opinion that Old Crusty helps himself to a hodful of our coal once in a while," said Bryce to Walter a day or two later.

"I shouldn't wonder. Misers will do anything rather than spend money. What makes you think he takes our coal?"

"Well, he's out there so often, and nearly every night I hear him there after dark shovelling coal. He knows very well that we could see him in the daytime, because there's a window right in front of our bin."

The result of their confidence was that the boys decided to watch Old Crusty. The very next night, just before they went to bed, they heard their landlord leave his room and go out. Then they heard also his coal hod strike against the wall as he walked along.

"He's after more of our coal. I'm sure of it!" whispered Walter to Bryce. Their mother had just gone to bed, and the boys slipped out unobserved. It was a clear, moonlight night, they could distinctly see Old Crusty through the cracks in the building. They watched him steadily until he left the coal-shed.

When they came into the house their mother called out, "Where have you been, boys?"

"Oh, just out to the coal-shed, replied Walter, in a strangely subdued tone.

"What were you doing out there at this time of the night?"

"Oh, we were—well, we were watching Old Crusty," said Walter, who always told the simple truth.

"What was he doing?"

"Well, he—he—the fact is, mother, he was shovelling coal from his bin into ours, that's what he was doing—the generous old fellow! I don't see what makes people tell such yarns about him! After this I'm not going to believe all I hear."

Stange Game of Indian Faro.

Four big Yuma Indians, who arrived here on Tuesday, created a lively sensation at a downtown hotel yesterday. The cause of it was the game of Indian faro, or totoyebuk, which they were playing. It is the most exciting of all Indian games. It was played by the contestants squatting opposite to one another in a kneeling position, the money wagered being under a handkerchief on the lap of a disinterested party. Equal numbers of black and white sticks were then given out, each player getting one of each. A short string was then fastened to each, connecting it to the wrist, while the sticks themselves were under a cloth and could not be seen. When they were tied the Yumas folded their hands, concealing the sticks. Then those on one side untied in the strange, wild chant, Oh-oh-kah-ah-rah! repeated over and over, and ending in a derisive ha-ha! Their opponents then cried out, Saoah-hasoah-ha, bowing low their heads. The guessing commenced as to which the colored sticks were tied, there being meantime a great clapping of hands and shouting. The sticks were shown, and when the guess was correctly made the winner received, besides the particular stick, one from a pile of seven or eight. When the guesser erred he had to give a stick back. This was continued for over two hours, when one side won all the sticks and all the money, some $5.50 all told. Great interest was taken in the game by many spectators. It is said to have been the first Indian faro ever played here.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

How Big an Orang-Outang Is.

The North Borneo orang-outang would seem to be a good deal bigger than the Sarawak one, of which Wallace says that of a good many shot by him the largest stood four feet two inches only. Hornaday's largest was four feet four inches. In North Borneo the smallest full-grown male I have measured was four feet four inches; four feet six inches seems to be a common size. A Mr. Adams shot one on the Suanlamba said to be four feet eight inches, and the one Mr. Dunlap shot near the club stood as much as four feet ten inches, the largest on record. Mr. Albert shot one on the Kinabatangan lately which measured from tip to tip of its fingers eighty-six inches across its outspread arms.—*North Borneo Herald.*

From the Heart.

The manager of a matrimonial agency is responsible for the statement that when he proposes a candidate for the hands of his lady patrons the young girls invariably ask:

"What's he like?"

The widows inquire:

"What are his business prospects?"

While the old maids breathlessly ejaculate:

"Great heavens! quick! Where is he?"—*Judge.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

ENTERTAINING DISSERTATION ON SERIOUS SUBJECTS.

A Pleasant, Interesting, and Instructive Lesson and Where It May Be Found—A Learned and Concise Review of the Same.

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 29—QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Lesson 1. 2 Samuel 5: 1-12.
Subject: The Tribes United Under David.
Memory Verses 1-3.
Golden Text: "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Ps. 133: 1.

Lesson 2. 2 Samuel 6: 1-12.
Subject: The Ark Brought to Zion.
Memory Verses 11, 12.
Golden Text: "The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob." Ps. 87: 2.

Lesson 3. 2 Samuel 7: 18-29.
Subject: David's Thanksgiving Psalm.
Memory Verses 28, 29.
Golden Text: "In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." 1 Thess. 5: 18.

Lesson 4. Psalm 32: 1-11.
Subject: Sin, Forgiveness, and Peace.
Memory Verses 1, 2.
Golden Text: "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Rom. 5: 1.

Lesson 5. 2 Samuel 15: 1-12.
Subject: David's Rebellious Son.
Memory Verses 4-6.
Golden Text: "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Ex. 20: 12.

Lesson 6. 2 Samuel 18: 18-33.
Subject: David's Grief for Absalom.
Memory Verses 32, 33.
Golden Text: "A foolish son is a grief to his father, and bitterness to her that bare him." Prov. 17: 25.

Lesson 7. 2 Samuel 23: 1-7.
Subject: David's Last Words.
Memory Verses 3, 4.
Golden Text: "He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure." 2 Samuel 23: 5.

Lesson 8. 1 Kings 3: 5-15.
Subject: Solomon's Wise Choice.
Memory Verses 12, 13.
Golden Text: "Wisdom is better than rubies." Prov. 8: 11.

Lesson 9. 1 Kings 8: 54-63.
Subject: The Temple Dedicated.
Memory Verses 62, 63.
Golden Text: "The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him." Hab. 2: 20.

Lesson 10. 1 Kings 10: 1-13.
Subject: Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.
Memory Verses 6-8.
Golden Text: "She came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and behold, a greater than Solomon is here. Matt. 12: 42.

Lesson 11. 1 Kings 11: 4-13.
Subject: Solomon's Fall.
Memory Verses 9-11.
Golden Text: "Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." 1 Cor. 10: 12.

Lesson 12. 1 Kings 11: 26-43.
Subject: Close of Solomon's Reign.
Memory Verses 42, 43.
Golden Text: "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man." Eccles. 12: 13.

INTRODUCTORY.

We have again come to the quarterly review, this time to bid good-by for awhile to the Old Testament, pages as a basis of study. We take up now the New Testament again, and are to continue its perusal in our Sunday-school classes for a long time to come. By the decision of the International Committee, acceptable, no doubt to us all, we are to spend the entire year, instead of six months, as formerly, upon one book,—that book the gospel of Luke. If we have used our opportunities aright in these days and weeks with Samuel, Saul, David, and Solomon, we shall be all the readier to take up the later record, and read of that blessed One toward whom all kingly and priestly, as well as prophetic, eyes were turned, the desire of the ages.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.
Proverbs 23: 29-35.

29. "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? ("Complaining," Revision.) Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes?

30. They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine.

31. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his ("its," Revision) color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright ("goeth down smoothly," Revision).

32. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

33. Thine eyes shall behold strange women ("things," Revision), and thine heart shall utter perverse things,

34. Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth on the top of a mast.

35. They have stricken me, thou shalt say, and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not: when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again.

MISSIONARY LESSON.
Psalm 110: 1-7.

1. "The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool.

2. "The Lord shall send the rod of thy strength out of Zion: rule thou in the midst of thine enemies.

3. "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauty of holiness from the womb of the morning: thou hast the dew of thy youth.

4. "The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent. Thou art a priest forever after the order of Melchizedek.

5. "The Lord at thy right hand shall strike through kings in the day of his wrath.

6. "He shall judge among the heathen, he shall fill the places with the dead bodies; he shall wound the head over many countries.

7. "He shall drink of the brook in the way; therefore shall he lift up his head."

LESSON PARAGRAPH.

Hebrews, first chapter, is the best commentary on this. You might suppose, to see one take his seat, that his work was done; but in Scripture imagery it is but just begun. When the Master wished to call the disciples for instruction and ministration he sat. So the apostle in the Hebrews represents him as sitting down at the right hand of the Father as our better spokesman to guide his church in the conquest of the world; "henceforth expecting, till his enemies be made his foot-stool."

God has chosen the church as the instrument for the glorifying of his son and the extension of his kingdom. It is "out of Zion" that his scepter is to extend. And this makes us very clear as to our duty. We are not to withdraw from the world in a separate and select community; how then could it be said of Christ, "rule thou in the midst of thine enemies?" When Christ said, "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that those shouldst keep them from the evil," there was a positive as well as a negative significance to the prayer. Just in proportion as the church pushes its righteous principle into all the ways of life, may the kingdom be said to come for this world.

"The Lord hath sworn," that is our hope. In that oath and covenant is wrapped our own redemption and the salvation of the uttermost parts of the earth. Africa is there as well as America. As surely as Christ has a crown that will not be taken from him, so sure is the ultimate establishment of holiness and righteousness throughout the earth. It is unfortunate that the translators did not bring out this distinction of the Hebrew between Jehovah and Lord. The latter word occurs but twice, once in the first verse and again in the fifth. It is Jehovah who hath sworn. It is the Lord at his right hand who executes the oaths. Nothing hinders him in his course. Yea, the very cup of affliction and suffering that is sent like a stream across his path, being quaffed, is made to exalt him the more. And in the token of that uplifted Head the church goes forward to certain victory.

Next Lesson: "The Forerunner Announced."—Luke 1: 5-17.

NO FEWER than nineteen species of microbes in one kind of cheese—and that in a fresh state—have been found by Prof. Adametz, of the School of Cheese-Manufacture at Sornthal in Switzerland. Every gramme of the cheese contained from 90,000 to 140,000 bacteria, which increased to more than 800,000 in 70 days. In a soft cheese 34 days old the number was calculated to be 1,200,000 to the gramme, and 2,000,000 in a specimen 45 days old. This was the interior, while on the rim there were from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 for every gramme. It was proven that the arrest of these orgauisms prevents the maturing of the cheese.

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WANTED—A situation as a stationary engineer. Twelve years experience and best of reference. Address "J," Sentinel office. 24-12t

WANTED—A good nurse girl at 99 East Wayne street. Apply at once. 26-tf

WANTED—Energetic Accident insurance solicitors. Call or address Geo. Lord, manager, Provident Fund society, Windsor Hotel, Fort Wayne, Ind. 1tf

DWELLINGS—Rents collected and repair of dwellings promptly attended to by SCHRADER & WILSON, Agency, 20-1m 46 Harrison street.

WANTED—Two hustlers to canvass and collect for the Prudential Insurance company. Liberal inducements. References required. Apply to Chas. Sauer, superintendent, room 20, Pixley's block. 9-1m

PERSONS wishing to buy, sell or exchange property of any kind, or desiring to loan or borrow money, will find it to their interest to call on or address me.
J. F. CURTIS, Real Estate and Loan Broker, Rooms 1 and 2, Pixley & Long Building, Fort Wayne, Indiana.
Reference—Hamilton National bank. 20-2m

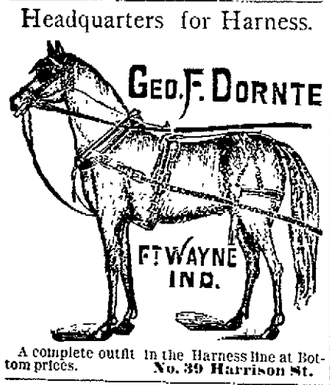
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FOR RENT—A house at No 164 Harrison street. Both water works and gas. Enquire of Ryan Bros., No. 19 W. Washington street 3-1m

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—A good paying millinery store with goods and fixtures, located at 324 Lafayette street. Inquire at corner Calhoun and Railroad streets. C. Liebenguth. 24-codtf

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A complete outfit in the Harness line at Bottom prices. **No. 39 Harrison St.**

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112 CALHOUN ST. - FORT WAYNE, IND.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

E. A. S. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, DEC. 27, 1889.

THE days are growing longer.

TO-MORROW is the last Sunday of 1889.

THERE are only three more days in this year.

THE year is closing with a small number of deaths in this city.

IOWA was admitted into the union forty four years ago to-day.

MANY of our business houses are preparing for their annual inventories.

THE winter season is here, but it has come robed in the garments of spring.

THE race war has quieted down at Jessup, Ga., and no further trouble is feared.

THE senatorial fight in Ohio will be settled January 13th when the legislature meets.

THE miserably muddy condition of some of the city streets would make it difficult for the fire department to reach a blaze, if located off of Calhoun or Wayne streets.

EXPLORER STANLEY'S salary while he was hunting for Emin Pasha was equal to that of the president of the United States, and he did not have to bother with office-seekers, either.

IT has just been decided that the eight hour law, which was placed on the statute books twenty-one years ago, is applicable to the departments of the Philadelphia city government.

IT is said that we buy $52,000,000 of Brazilian products a year and sell to the inhabitants of that country less than $9,000,000. Protected manufacturers can not make prices low enough.

GENERAL BOULANGER denies the report that he has been engaged to deliver a course of lectures in the United States. He says he never thought of going on a lecturing tour in this country.

THE stove men are losing their appetites. They are a peculiar class of beings. Cold weather is a necessity to them. If cold weather hangs off they get feverish. They clamor for a change. They want ice and plenty of it.

GENERAL REUBEN DAVIS, a cousin of Hon. Jefferson Davis, says the latter was worth very near $200,000 when the war began, and nothing at its close. He thinks Richmond is the place for his burial, if the confederate states unite in the asking.

THE Americans in London will dine Stanley. The explorer will receive a silk American flag bearing the names of the localities he has named and also a piece of gold plate valued at 100 guineas, upon which will be engraved a map of his last route across Africa.

ALL the tramps in and around Boston were given a Christmas dinner by Mr. George Parker, who had for thirty-four years been "on the turf." The parable of the prodigal son and a temperance address were read after the dinner and 330 of the diners walked up and signed the pledge for a year.

THE streets of this city, with the exception of two or three paved ones in the business portion, are in a miserably muddy condition and give rise to the regular winter talk of street improvements, etc. It would be a grand thing, no doubt, to have asphalt or good paving stone on every street within the city limits, but these improvements cost money and means greatly increased taxation, and it may be that the people are not prepared to incur this extra expense at the present time. Everybody wants good streets, but the cost and ability to pay ought to be considered before anything decisive is done.

A WHOLE family was swept into eternity at Wilmette, in the west, Christmas eve. Husband, young wife and little child were riding across the railroad tracks. One train obscured another, which was dashing along the rails at a rate of forty miles an hour. In the minds or hearts of the trio in the buggy was Christmas joy. A flash of the headlight, a screech of the whistle and a clang of the bell, the despairing cry of the mother as she clasps her babe to her breast, an agonizing look in the man's face as he cuts the quivering horse's flank with his whip, and the whir of the death angel's wings as he passed by. All three went together.

TWENTY years ago diamonds were at three times their present value. The discovery of the South African mines brought down the price, but amalgamation in the last twelve months has put it up above 100 per cent. The rough estimate is that during the last few years the output of diamonds has been 4,000,000 carets per annum, and that these, cut into 1,600,000 carets, have sold for £4,000,000. It costs 10 shillings per caret to cut diamonds. The South African mines being now amalgamated, the output is reduced to one half, i. e., 2,000,000 carets, but the merchants estimate that this will still produce £4,000,000, because they regard this as a fixed amount which, no matter what the price of diamonds may be, will be spent on them.

THE coming session of congress will be a busy one. The margin of the political parties is too narrow for either one to branch out into much talk, and therefore both parties will try to accomplish as much work as possible. All the committees have blocked out their work and many of them are organized and ready for the campaign. The congressmen who have remained in Washington during the recess have been busy preparing the committee work and have accomplished a good deal for so few in number. Perhaps the first work to be done will be the reduction of the tobacco tax or the abolishment of it. The reduction of the tax on alcohol used in the arts, perhaps, will not be so easily accomplished, because of sentiment in the matter.

THE M'GINTY SUPERSTITION.

If M'Ginty Is In the Sea Let Him Stay There.

Popular crazes, remarks an exchange, are rarely tempered with any noticeable discretion or good judgment, but the prevailing one is so superior to any alloy of these qualities as to be somewhat remarkable. We refer to the superstition which has gained a universal, and, let us hope, a fleeting sway, that to make any remark which introduces the Hibernian name of McGinty, is uproariously funny.

McGinty has eclipsed the obnoxious Tom Collins of a dozen years ago, in ubiquity and irrelevance. The original variety song which gave him fame may be humorous, although the taste for wit of the audiences which first approved of it is not to be implicitly relied on. But if any one can discover the element of humor in the catches such as to wish it would rain "in order to wash the dust off McGinty," or to do as a crowd at a magic lantern performance the other day is reported to have done, simply resort to a shout for "McGinty, McGinty," he deserves a medal for his talent at perceiving what does not exist. So when an esteemed New York contemporary took the trouble to send a reporter around to interview all the actual McGintys of the metropolis, it requires a keen sense of humor to perceive the humor of it.

If McGinty really is at the bottom of the sea, a great many people will be able to improve their characters for wit, by letting him rest there.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Wilson's Minstrels at the Temple—Last Days of Pompeii, Etc.

On Monday evening next George Wilson and his host of fun furnishers will make merry at the Masonic Temple. This company have just closed a most successful engagement at Pope's theater in St. Louis, and if the press of that city is to be relied upon, Mr. Wilson has this season the best aggregation he ever brought to Fort Wayne. The program is full of innovations and not an old friction will be seen from start to finis. The new Derby day, first part, the big spectacular kirmess dance, Ramza and Arnos new act, Hi Tombrard and the burlesque gaiety skirt dancers are among the most prominent features. The vocalists are also said to be a feature this season and the rendition of "Crowned by the Tempest," from Erminie, by the superb vocal choir has made quite a hit wherever the company have appeared.

John Fay Palmer's "The Last Days of Pompeii," will be presented at the Masonic Temple New Year's day. This will bring before the audience in grand realistic tableaux a realization of Bulwer's beautiful story. Among the tableaus are "The Voluptious Feast of Bacchus," "The Weird Cave of Vesuvius," "The Beautiful Port of Pompeii," "The Poetic Garden of Isis." There will also be beautiful songs, among which are "The Blind Flower Girl's Song," "The Wind and the Beam." This promises to be a very interesting entertainment for lovers of the drama.

The trio of fun-makers, Wills, Henshaw and Tenbroeck, are billed for a return date at the Temple January 2. These artists will be remembered from their former visit in this city and the reputation they made at that time will serve as a medium to pack the Temple Thursday next.

The sweet singer, Karl Gardner, in Fatherland, a Tyrolean drama, entertains pleasantly—his singing being one of the features of the production. Mr. Gardner sings dialect songs, and his impersonation of a Tyrolean peasant are natural and interesting. In the play several stirring incidents are introduced, which are made the most of by him.

Be sure and call for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, if you are troubled with a bad cough or cold.

Mr. L. B. Kiefer, of Lancaster, Pa., wrote us.—Having a sprained leg of almost thirty days standing, and after trying half a dozen advertised preparations in the market without satisfactory results, I tried Salvation Oil, and in less than three days my leg was all right again. There's nothing like it.

Nickel Plate holiday excursions. Inquire of nearest agent. 11-18t

If you want to know what unspeakable anguish is, step on a stutterer's corn.—Ex.

Laxador cures *Liver Complaint, Bilious Affections and Costiveness.* At druggists. Price 25 cts.

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CHEW LANGE'S PLUGS, The Great Tobacco Antidote!—Price 10 Cts. At all druggists.

COMMON COUNCIL.

Whereas, In view of the horrible condition of our streets during the past several months and believing that the condition of the same has been not only a loss to our business men alone, but a great loss to the city in general and a blotch upon the city. In view of these facts it is therefore

Resolved, That the street committee be and is hereby instructed to report to this council the best and most feasible plan to place the following streets in good condition in early spring: Washington street, east and west; Lewis and Wayne streets, east; Hanna and Lafayette streets, north and south, and Broadway, Maumee road, DeWald, Berry, west Jefferson and South Calhoun streets.

JOHN C. KENSILL,

Referred to the committee on streets.

Resolved, That the police commissioners be and they are hereby instructed to place a police patrol alarm box on the southwest corner of Jefferson and Calhoun streets, as recommended in the report of the fire commissioners.

H. F. HILGEMANN.

Adopted.

Whereas, The sewer in the alley between Creighton avenue and Tabor street, commencing at Wabash street, thence running west to the first alley sewer east of Lafayette street, has no sand pit and therefore has become clogged and needs flushing, therefore be it

Resolved, That the street commissioner be and he is hereby instructed to have the alley sewer between Creighton avenue and Tabor street flushed.

P. J. SCHEID.

Referred to committee on sewers.

Resolved, That the committee on parks have the fence repaired on the south side of McCulloch park, next to the old cemetery grounds.

L. P. HUSER.

Adopted.

Resolved, That the police commissioners be instructed to have mud-fenders attached to the patrol wagon, to prevent the splashing of mud over the seats of the wagon, the cost of the same not to exceed $30. And also have the patrol wagon varnished.

W. D. MEYER.

Adopted.

Resolved that Daniel Hickman, owner lot of 194, Archer's addition, be granted the right to construct a wooded sewer in the alley between Sherman street and Oakland street, abutting on the above described lot.

LOUIS HAZZARD.

Referred to the committee on sewers.

Resolved, That the street commissioner be and is hereby instructed to fill up a bad and dangerous hole at the corner of Calhoun and DeWald streets with such material that will make it safe for travel.

P. J. SCHEID

Referred to committee on streets.

Whereas, Satterfield street, between Lafayette street and Hanna street, has several large pools of water and no way to drain the same, therefore, be it

Resolved, That the city civil engineer be and he is hereby instructed to examine said street and report to this council what improvement is necessary to get rid of this nuisance.

PETER J. SCHEID.

Adopted

Resolved, That the committee of public grounds and buildings be instructed to sell the old flagging which has been removed from the old city prison.

M. CODY.

Adopted.

Resolved, That the committee on markets be and is hereby instructed to have the market space repaired

JOHN C. KENSILL.

Adopted.

Resolved, That the street commissioner be and he is hereby instructed to notify the owner of the building No 62 East Wayne street to put the sidewalk down to grade in front of said building. If the notice is not complied with, report to the council.

FRED SCHMUECKLE.

Referred to committee on streets and civil engineer.

Resolved, That the committee on street light be and are hereby instructed to notify the electric light company to furnish a light at the corner of Harrison and Lewis streets that will comply with terms of contract with the city.

H. A. READ.

Referred to committee on street lights.

Whereas, The six-inch water pipe has been taken up on Broadway, from Washington street to Wall street, and ten-inch pipe laid instead, therefore, said six-inch pipe is stock on hand and should be used somewhere else, and

Whereas, The property owners on Broadway, south of DeWald street, have petitioned and agreed therein to become consumers at once if pipes are laid on the street front of their residences, therefore, be it

Resolved, That the water works trustees be and are hereby instructed to lay part of the six-inch pipe on Broadway, between DeWald street and Creighton avenue, and be it further

Resolved, That the balance of said six-inch pipe be laid on Creighton avenue, between Lafayette and Hanna streets.

P. J. SCHEID.

Referred to committee on water works and trustees of water works.

Whereas, the committee on streets and alleys have on the 10th of December, 1889, reported in favor of vacating the alley running from Lewis to Madison street and between lots 232, 233, 237 and 238 Hanna's addition to the city of Fort Wayne. Therefore be it

Resolved that the city clerk be and he is hereby ordered to notify the city commissioners to meet at the council chambers of the city of Fort Wayne on the 13th day of January, 1890, at 10 o'clock a. m., and from there proceed in a body and examine by actual view the property sought to be vacated, and shall also view and examine the real estate in the vicinity thereof to be benefitted or injured by such proposed improvement and report according to law.

W. D. MEYER.

Which resolution was on motion adopted by the following vote:

Ayes 18, viz: Councilmen Bandt, Bruns, Cody, Crab, Ely, Gordon, Haiber, Hazzard, Hilbrecht, Huser, Hilgeman, Kensil, Meyer, Ofenloch, Read, Scheid, Smith and Vordermark. Nays, none.

PROPOSALS.

The following proposals for a cobble-stone pavement on Dock street, from Barr street to Clinton street, were referred to the committee on streets:

Jos. Derheimer bids:

For—	
Cobble stone pavement	$ 74
Grading	22
Sandpits	25 00
12-inch pipe	50

George Juap bids:

For—	
Cobble stone pavement	$ 67
Grading	20
Sand pits	22 00
12-inch pipe	50

On motion the common council then adjourned.

MAKE NO MISTAKE.—If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion and preparation, curative power superior to any other article of the kind before the people. For all afflictions arising from impure blood or low state of the system it is unequalled. Be sure to get Hood's.

The newspapers at Constantinople have been forbidden to allude in any way to the revolution in Brazil.

To-night and To-morrow Night,
And each day and night during this week you can get at all druggists Komp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, acknowledged to be the most successful remedy ever sold for the cure of Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma and Consumption. Get a bottle to-day and keep it always in the house, so you can check your cold at once. Price, 50c and $1. Sample bottles free.

In the Dead river region up in Maine the snow is from ten to twenty inches deep.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases."
Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

Whittier cannot now write longer than half an hour at a time.

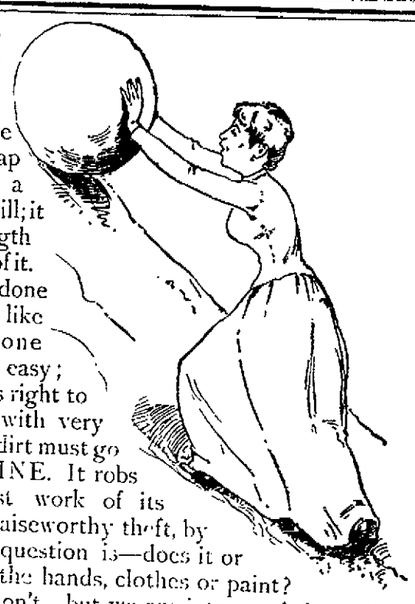
The most obstinate cases of catarrh are cured by the use of Ely's Cream Balm, the only agreeable remedy. It is not a liquid or snuff, is easily applied into the nostrils. For cold in the head it is magical. It gives relief at once. Price 50 cents.

A Lady in South Carolina Writes:
My labor was shorter and less painful than on two former occasions; physicians astonished; I thank you for "Mother's Friend." It is worth its weight in gold. Address The Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by all druggists.

Wabash Holiday Excursion.
Low rates will be offered by the Wabash railroad on account of the holidays. Tickets on sale December 24, 25, and 31, and January 1, good to return up to and including January 3. dec16-tf

Tourists' Rates to Points South.
Commencing November 1, 1889, and continuing until April 30, 1890. The "Muncie Route" will sell round trip tickets to southern winter resorts, good to return until May 31, 1890. Tickets also on sale to California points. For tickets and full particulars, call on or address W. H. FISHER,
Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent,
oc31tf 73 Calhoun Street.

Washing Clothes



or cleaning house with ordinary soap is like rolling a heavy stone up hill; it takes main strength and a good deal of it. The same work done with Pearline is like rolling the stone down hill—it's easy; quick; true; goes right to the mark; and with very little labor. All dirt must go before PEARLINE. It robs woman's hardest work of its drudgery—(a praiseworthy theft, by the way). The question is—does it or does it not hurt the hands, clothes or paint? We tell you it don't—but we are interested (as well as you)—so ask your friends who use it; you'll find most of them do; the annual consumption is equal to about three packages a year for every family in the land. But better yet—get a package (it costs but a few pennies, and every grocer keeps it), and try it for yourself—your gain will be larger than ours.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—they are not, and besides are dangerous. 526 JAMES PYLE, New York.

Conley's String Band



Music furnished for Balls, Lodges, Clubs and private parties on short notice. 131 WALLACE ST., FT. WAYNE, J. CONLEY, Caller. Ind.

DR. T. J. DILLS,
NO. 40 WEST BERRY STREET,
DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.
Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m. and 1:30 to 4 p. m.

WAU-KEE'S LAUNDRY,
No. 8 W. Wayne St

Shirts	10
Collars	2
Cuffs, per pair	4
Drawers	6
Undershirts	7
Night shirts	8
Socks, per pair	5
Handkerchiefs	2
Neckties	3

Big reduction from above prices for Starching and Ironing only.

THE BEST MEATS IN THE CITY
GOTTLIEB HALLER
South Side Meat Market, carries nothing but the choicest meats. Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Sausage at
No. 366 CALHOUN STREET.
D HANNA STREET (WESSEL BLOCK.)

S. BREIDENSTEIN.
Real Estate & Loans
26 Court Street.
Watch his bulletin for some special bargain

Baby one Solid Rash
Ugly, painful blotched, malicious. No rest by day, no peace by night. Doctors and all remedies failed. Tried Cuticura. Effect marvellous. Saved his life.
Cured by Cuticura.

Our oldest child, now six years of age, when an infant six months old was attacked with a virulent, malignant skin disease. All ordinary remedies failing, we called our family physician who attempted to cure it; but it spread with almost incredible rapidity, until the lower portion of the little fellow's person, from the middle of his back down to his knees, was one solid rash, ugly, painful, blotched and malicious. We had no rest at night, no peace by day. Finally, we were advised to try the Cuticura Remedies. The effect was simply marvelous. In three or four weeks a complete cure was wrought, leaving the little fellow's person as white and healthy as though he had never been attacked. In my opinion, your valuable remedies saved his life, and to-day he is a strong, healthy child, perfectly well, no regretting on the disease having ever occurred. GEO. B. SMITH
Atty at Law and Ex-Pros. Atty, Ashland, O.

Boy Covered with Scabs.
My boy aged nine years, has been troubled all his life with a very bad humor, which appeared all over his body in small red blotches, with a dry white scab on them. Last year he was worse than ever, being covered with scabs from the top of his head to his feet, and continually growing worse, although he had been treated by two physicians. As a last resort, I determined to try the Cuticura Remedies, and am happy to say they did all that I could wish. Using them according to directions, the humor rapidly disappeared, leaving the skin fair and smooth and performing a thorough cure. The Cuticura Remedies are all you claim for them. They are worth their weight in gold.
GEORGE F. LEAVITT, No. Andover, Mass.

Cuticura Resolvent
The new Blood Purifier and purest and best of Humor Remedies, internally, and Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, speedily, permanently, and economically cure in early life itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, scrofulous, and hereditary humors with loss of hair, thus avoiding years of torture and disfiguration. Parents, remember this: cures in childhood are permanent.
Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass.
Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by Cuticura Soap. Absolutely pure.

HOW MY SIDE ACHES!
Aching Sides and Back, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains, Rheumatic, Sciatic, Neuralgic, Sharp, and Shooting Pains, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster 25 cts.

HERE IT IS!



The famous neverslip horse shoe with patent removable, steel centered, self sharping calks, has gained the day and can be found in our city.

Some of the main advantages which have commended it to popular favor, may be summarized, as follows:

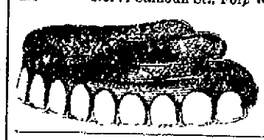
1. It never slips in any direction.
2. The horse soon learns this fact, and consequently, whether pulling or trotting, will always do his best.
3. It saves the horse from sprains and bruises which constantly result from insecure footing.
4. It avoids the injury to the horse's feet caused by a too frequent resetting of the shoes.
5. It greatly lessens the danger of injury from calking.
6. It saves the time, both of the horse and owner, as the insertion of new and sharp Calks is the work of only a few minutes.
7. Its use facilitates all kinds of business. Livery keepers, and all whose horses are in constant requisition, are enabled by the use of this shoe to meet their engagements promptly, however slippery the traveling may be.

Owing to the great demand for this shoe, Geary & Perrey, the horse shoers, successors to Ersig & Geary, secured the agency for Fort Wayne, and are prepared to supply all sizes of calks and wrenches, &c., to persons desirous of useing them.

The reputation of Geary & Perrey, as horse shoers, is second to none in the city, and their endorsement of the shoe, guarantees satisfaction. Call on them for further information at
NO. 5 HARRISON STREET.

A. FOSTER,
THE FASHIONABLE
Merchant Tailor!
Is now receiving his LARGE and WELL SELECTED STOCK of
FALL GOODS
Which are the Nobbiest ever brought to this city. He intends making
Suits in the Latest Styles
—AND AT—
Very Low Prices this Fall
and those wishing to get the worth of their money should call and examine his stock at his parlors,
NO. 15 W. WAYNE ST.

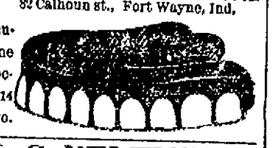
E. F. SITES, DENTIST,
No. 74 Calhoun St., Fort Wayne, Ind



Opposite the Aveline House over the Model Drug Store.

BROU'S INJECTION
An Infallible Remedy for the Cure of all Contagious Diseases of the Urinary Organs; guaranteed not to produce Stricture, no sickening doses; and no inconvenience or loss of time. Recommended by physicians and sold by druggists everywhere. J. Ferré, (successor to Brou), Pharmacien, Paris.

H. C. SITES, DENTIST, NILL'S BLOCK
82 Calhoun st., Fort Wayne, Ind.
I still occupy same rooms occupied 14 years ago.



J. C. PELTIER,
Undertaker & Embalmer
17 WEST WAYNE ST.,
Telephone No. 174 - - - Fort Wayne, Ind

CHOP FEED

And All Kinds of Feed Very Cheap

—AT THE—

Mayflower Mills,

20 W. COLUMBIA ST.

TELEPHONE NO. 63

L. JAXTHEIMER,
MERCHANT
TAILOR!
—CARRIES A—
FULL LINE
Of Foreign and Domestic Goods, Suitings, FALL
OVERCOATINGS,
Trouserings. All work WARRANTED
83 Calhoun Street.

G. H. Morrill & Co.,
Manufacturers of
Printing,
Lithographic Inks,
and Varnishes.
119 5th AVENUE,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
Chas. M. Moore, M'g'r.

PAUL E. WOLF.
Steam Carpet Beating.
Carpets taken up, Cleaned and Relaid.
Upholstered Furniture and Mattresses of All Kinds Repaired and Remodeled.
All Work Warranted and Charges Reasonable.
PAUL E. WOLF,
No. 33 AND 35 CLINTON STREET.

WATER WORKS.
Bath Tubs, Pumps, Rubber Hose, etc.
—AT—
C. W. BRUNS & CO.,
PLUMBERS,
166 Calhoun Street,
Opposite the Cathedral, Fort Wayne, Ind
SPECIAL ATTENTION
GIVEN TO
Natural Gas Fittings.

A. F. GESSLER,
DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
FRESH, SALT
—AND—
SMOKED - MEATS,
60 East Main Street.
He has just placed new machinery in his establishment and is now prepared to make the finest Sausages in the market. Dressed Poultry and Home-made Lard for sale. 24-1yr.

A. HATTERSLEY & SON.
PLUMBERS,
Steam and Gas Fitters,
48 East Main St.
FORT WAYNE, ... IND

To Quiet Your Nerves, Smoke
TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢

THE MIRACLE AT CANA.

TALMAGE ON THE TRANSFORMATION OF WATER INTO WINE.

An Eloquent Sermon Preached on Biblical Ground—Christ Loves the Housekeeper—He Comes in the Hour of Extremity—He Wants Us to Be Happy.

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached at Cana, in the far East, Sunday, Dec. 22, on "A Marriage Feast," taking for his text John ii, 10: "Thou hast kept the good wine until now." He said:

Standing not far off from the demolished town of what was once called Cana of Galilee, I bethink myself of our Lord's first manhood miracle, which has been the astonishment of the ages. My visit last week to that place makes vivid in my mind that beautiful occurrence in Christ's ministry. My text brings us to a wedding in that village. It is a wedding in common life, two plain people having pledged each other, hand and heart, and their friends having come in for congratulation. The joy is not the less because there is no pretension. In each other they find all the future they want. The daisy in the cup on the table may mean as much as a score of artistic garlands fresh from the hot-house. When a daughter goes off from home with nothing but a plain father's blessing and a plain mother's love, she is missed as much as though she were a princess. It seems hard, after the parents have sheltered her for eighteen years, that in a few short months her affections should have been carried off by another; but mother remembers how it was in her own case when she was young, and so she braces up until the wedding has passed, and the banqueters are gone, and she has a good cry all alone.

Well, we are to-day at the wedding in Cana of Galilee. Jesus and his mother have been invited. It is evident that there are more people there than were expected: Either some people have come who were not invited, or more invitations have been sent out than it was supposed would be accepted. Of course there is not enough supply of wine. You know that there is nothing more embarrassing to a housekeeper than a scant supply. Jesus sees the embarrassment, and he comes up immediately to relieve it. He sees standing six water pots. He orders the servants to fill them with water, and immediately it is wine—real wine. Taste of it, and see for yourselves; no logwood in it, no strychnine in it, but first rate wine. I will not now be diverted to the question so often discussed in my own country, whether it is right to drink wine. I am describing the scene as it was. When God makes wine He makes the very best wine; and one hundred and thirty gallons of it standing around in these water pots—wine so good that the ruler of the feast tastes it and says: "Why, this is really better than anything we have had! Thou hast kept the good wine until now." Beautiful miracle! A prize was offered to the person who should write the best essay about the miracle in Cana. Long manuscripts were presented in the competition, but a poet won the prize by just this one line descriptive of the miracle:

The unconscious water saw its God, and blushed.

We learn from this miracle, in the first place, that Christ has sympathy with housekeepers. You might have thought that Jesus would have said: "I cannot be bothered with this household deficiency of wine. It is not for me, Lord of Heaven, of earth, to become caterer to this feast. I have vaster things than this to attend to." Not so said Jesus. The wine gave out, and Jesus, by miraculous power, came to the rescue. Does there ever come a scant supply in your household? Have you to make a very close calculation? Is it hard work for you to carry on things decently and respectably? If so, don't sit down and cry. Don't go out and fret; but go to Him who stood in the house in Cana of Galilee. Pray in the parlor! Pray in the kitchen! Let there be no room in all your house unconsecrated by the voice of prayer. If you have a microscope, put under it one drop of water, and see the insects floating about; and when you see that God makes them, and cares for them, and feeds them, come to the conclusion that He will take care of you and feed you, oh, ye of little faith!

A boy asked if he might sweep the snow from the steps of a house. The lady of the household said: "Yes; you seem very poor." He says: "I am very poor." She says: "Don't you sometimes get discouraged, and feel that God is going to let you starve?" The lad looked up in the woman's face and said: "Do you think God will let me starve when I trust Him, and do the best I can?" Enough theology for older people! Trust in God and do the best you can. Amidst all the worriments of housekeeping, go to Him; He will help you control your temper, and supervise your domestics, and entertain your guests, and manage your home economics. There are hundreds of women weak, and nervous, and exhausted with the cares of housekeeping. I commend you to the Lord Jesus Christ as the best adviser and the most efficient aid—the Lord Jesus who performed His first miracle to relieve a housekeeper.

I learn also from this miracle that Christ does things in abundance. I think a small supply of wine would have made up for the deficiency. I think certainly they must have had enough for half of the guests. One gallon of wine will do; certainly five gallons will be enough; certainly ten. But Jesus goes on, and He gives them thirty gallons, and forty gallons, and fifty gallons, and seventy gallons, and one hundred gallons, and one hundred and thirty gallons of the very best wine. It is just like Him, doing everything on the largest and most generous scale. Does Christ, our Creator, go forth to make leaves? He makes them by the whole forest full; notched like the fern, or silvered like the aspen, or broad like the palm; thickets in the tropics, Oregon forests. Does He go forth to make flowers? He makes plenty of them; they flame from the hedge, they hang from the top of the grape vine in blossoms, they roll in the blue wave of the violets, they toss their white surf into the spiræa—enough for every child's hand a flower, enough to make for every brow a chaplet, enough with beauty to cover up the ghastliness of all the graves. Does He go forth to create water? He pours it out, not by the cupful, but by a river full, a lake full, an ocean full, pouring it out until all the earth has enough to drink, and enough with which to wash.

Does Jesus, our Lord, provide redemption? It is not a little salvation for this one, a little for that, and a little for the other; but enough for all—"Whosoever will, let him come." Each man an ocean full for himself. Promises for the young, promises for the old, promises for the lowly, promises for the blind, for the halt, for the outcast, for the abandoned. Pardon for all, comfort for all, mercy for all, Heaven for all; not merely a cupful of Gospel supply, but one hundred and thirty gallons. Ay, the tears of godly repentance are all gathered up into God's bottle, and some day, standing before the throne, we will lift our cup of delight and ask that it be filled with the wine of Heaven; and Jesus, from that bottle of tears, will begin to pour in the cup, and we will cry: "Stop, Jesus, we do not want to drink our own tears!" and Jesus will say: "Know ye not that the tears of earth are the wine of Heaven?" Sorrow may endure, but joy cometh in the morning.

I remark further, Jesus does not shadow the joys of others with His own griefs. He might have sat down in that wedding and said: "I have so much trouble, so much poverty, so much persecution, and the cross is coming; I shall not rejoice and the gloom of my face and of my sorrows shall be cast over all this group." So said not Jesus. He said to himself: "Here are two persons starting out in married life. Let it be a joyful occasion. I will hide my own griefs. I will kindle their joys." There are many not so wise as that. I know a household where there are many little children, where for two years the musical instrument had been kept shut because there had been trouble in the house. Alas for the folly! Parents saying: "We will have no Christmas tree this coming holiday because there has been trouble in the house. Hush that laughing up stairs! How can there be any joy where there has been so much trouble?" And so they make everything consistently doleful, and send their sons and daughters to ruin with the gloom they throw around them.

Oh, my dear friends, do you not know those children will have trouble enough of their own after a while? Be glad they cannot appreciate all yours. Keep back the cup of bitterness from your daughter's lips. When your head is down in the grass of the tomb, poverty may come to her, betrayal to her, bereavement to her. Keep back the sorrows as long as you can. Do you not know that son may, after a while, have his heart broken? Stand between him and all harm. You may not fight his battles long; fight them while you may. Throw not the chill of your own despondency over his soul; rather be like Jesus, who came to the wedding hiding His own grief and kindling the joys of others. So I have seen the sun, on a dark day, struggling amidst clouds, black, ragged, and portentous, but after a while the sun, with golden pry, heaved back the blackness; and the sun laughed to the lake, and the lake laughed to the sun, and from horizon to horizon, under the saffron sky, the water was all turned into wine.

I learn from this miracle that Christ is not impatient with the luxuries of life. It was not necessary that they should have that wine. Hundreds of people have been married without any wine. We do not read that any of the other provisions fell short. When Christ made the wine it was not a necessity, but a positive luxury. I do not believe that He wants us to eat hard bread and sleep on hard matresses, unless we like them best. I think, if circumstances will allow, we have a right to the luxuries of dress, the luxuries of diet, and the luxuries of residence. There is no more religion in an old coat than in a new one. We can serve God drawn by golden plated harness as certainly as when we go a-foot. Jesus Christ will dwell with us under a fine ceiling as well as under a thatched roof; and when you get wine made out of water, drink as much as you can.

What is the difference between a Chinese mud hovel and an American home? What is the difference between the rough bear skins of the Russian boor and the outfit of an American gentleman? No difference, except that which the Gospel of Christ, directly or indirectly, has caused. When Christ shall have vanquished all the world, I suppose every house will be a mansion, and every horse an arch-necked courser, and every carriage a glittering vehicle, and every man a king, and every woman a queen, and the whole earth a paradise; the glories of the natural world harmonizing with the glories of the material world, until the very bells of the horses shall jingle the praises of the Lord.

I learn, further, from this miracle, that Christ has no impatience with festal joy, otherwise He would not have accepted the invitation to that wedding. He certainly would not have done that which increased the hilarity. There may have been many in that room who were happy, but there was not one of them that did so much for the joy of the wedding party as Christ Himself. He was the chief of the banqueters. When the wine gave out, He supplied it; and so, I take it, He will not deny us the joys that are positively festal.

I think the children of God have more right to laugh than any other people, and to clap their hands as loudly. There is not a single joy denied them that is given to any other people. Christianity does not clip the wings of the soul. Religion does not frost the flowers. What is Christianity? I take it to be simply a proclamation from the throne of God of emancipation for all the enslaved; and if a man accepts the terms of that proclamation, and becomes free, has he not a right to be merry? Suppose a father has an elegant mansion and large grounds. To whom will he give the first privilege of these grounds? Will he say: "My children, you must not walk through these paths, or sit down under these trees, or pluck this fruit. These are for outsiders. They may walk in them." No father would say anything like that. He would say: "The first privileges in all the grounds, and all of my house, shall be for my own children." And yet men try to make us believe that God's children are on the limits, and the chief refreshments and enjoyments of life are for outsiders, and not for his own children. It is stark atheism. There is no innocent beverage too rich for God's child to drink; there is no robe too costly for him to wear; there is no hilarity too great for him to indulge in, and no house too splendid for him to live in. He has a right to the joys of earth; he shall have a right to the joys of Heaven. Though tribulation, and trial, and hardship may come unto him, let him rejoice. "Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous, and again I say, rejoice."

I remark again that Christ comes to us in the hour of our extremity. He knew the wine was giving out before there was any embarrassment or mortification. Why did He not perform the miracle sooner? Why wait until it was all gone, and no help could come from any source, and then come in and perform the miracle. This is Christ's way; and when He did come in, at the hour of extremity, He made first rate wine, so that they cried out: "Thou hast kept the good wine until now." Jesus in the hour of extremity! He seems to prefer that hour.

In a Christian home in Poland great poverty had come, and on the week day the man was obliged to move out of the house with his whole family. That night he knelt with his family and prayed to God. While they were kneeling in prayer there was a tap on the window pane. They opened the window, and there was a raven that the family had fed and trained, and it had in its bill a ring all set with precious stones, which was found out to be a ring belonging to the royal family. It was taken up to the King's residence, and for the honesty of the man in bringing it back he had a house given to him, and a garden and a farm. Who was it that sent the raven tapping on the window? The same God that sent the raven to feed Elijah by the brook Cherith. Christ in the hour of extremity!

You mourned over your sins. You could not find the way out. You sat down and said: "God will not be merciful. He has cast me off;" but in that, the darkest hour of your history, light broke from the throne, and Jesus said: "O wanderer, come home. I have seen all thy sorrows. In this, the hour of thy extremity, I offer thee pardon and everlasting life!"

Trouble came. You were almost torn to pieces by that trouble. You braced yourself up against it. You said: "I will be a stoic, and will not care; but before you had got through making the resolution, it broke down under you. You felt that all your resources were gone, and then Jesus came. "In the fourth watch of the night," the Bible says, "Jesus came walking on the sea." Why did he not come in the first watch? or in the second watch? or in the third watch? I do not know. He came in the fourth, and gave deliverance to His disciples. Jesus in the last extremity!

I wonder if it will be so in our very last extremity. We shall fall suddenly sick, and doctors will come, but in vain. We will try the anodynes and the stimulants and the bathings, but all in vain. Something will say: "You must go." No one will hold us back, but the hands of eternity stretched out to pull us on. What then? Jesus will come to us, and as we say, "Lord Jesus, I am afraid of that water; I cannot wade through to the other side," He will say, "Take hold of my arm;" and we will take hold of His arm, and then He will put His foot in the surf of the wave, taking us on down deeper, deeper, deeper, and our soul will cry: "All thy waves and billows have gone over me." They cover the feet, come to the knee, pass the girdle and come to the head, and our soul cries out: "Lord Jesus Christ, I cannot hold thine arm any longer." Then Jesus will turn around, throw both His arms about us, and set us on the beach, far beyond the tossing of the billows. Jesus in the last extremity.

That wedding scene is gone now. The wedding ring has been lost, the tankards have been broken, the house is down; but Jesus invites us to a grander wedding. You know the Bible says that the church is the Lamb's wife, and the Lord will after awhile come to fetch her home. There will be gleaming of torches in the sky, and the trumpets of God will ravish the air with their music; and Jesus will stretch out His hand, and the church, robed in white, will put aside her veil, and look up into the face of her Lord the King, and the bridegroom will say to the bride: "Thou hast been faithful through all these years! The mansion is ready! Come home! Thou art fair, my love!" and then He shall put upon her brow the crown of dominion, and the table will be spread, and it will reach across the skies, and the mighty ones of Heaven will come in, garlanded with beauty and striking their cymbals; and the bridegroom and bride will stand at the head of the table, and the banqueters looking up, will wonder and admire it and say: "That is Jesus the bridegroom? But the scar on his brow is covered with the coronet, and the stab in his side is covered with a robe!" and "That is the bride! The weariness of her earthly woe lost in the flush of this wedding triumph!"

There will be wine enough at that wedding; not coming up from the poisoned vats of earth, but the vineyards of God will press their ripest clusters, and the cups and the tankards will blush to the brim with the heavenly vintage, and then all the banqueters will drink standing. Esther having come up from the bacchanalian revelry of Ahasuerus, where a thousand lords feasted, will be there. And the Queen of Sheba, from the banquet of Solomon, will be there. And the mother of Jesus, from the wedding in Cana, will be there. And they all will agree that the earthly feasting was poor compared with that. Then, lifting their chalices in that holy light, they shall cry to the Lord of the feast: "Thou hast kept the good wine until now."

Origin of the Word "Bumper."

A correspondent who seemed to be very much elated at having "caught Webster in an error," calls our attention to that lexicographer's etymology of the word "bumper" as used in the sentence "a bumper of wine." The correspondent informs us that the word did not come from "Bumbard," as Webster has it, but "had its origin with the Catholics, who usually drank the Pope's health every day after dinner in a full glass, with the expression in French—au bon pere (to the good father); hence the term 'a bumper.'" Yes; we may have seen the story before. It is one of the many faked up yarns told by Henry James Loaring in his book of "Common sayings," which is as full of inaccuracies (we had almost said deliberate inaccuracies) as his other book about the antiquity and derivation of signs. The fact is, we find no comparison that our correspondent has used the exact words of Loaring, so he doubtless relies on this testimony to make his case against Webster. All we have to say of Mr. Loaring is that he knows some French, and whenever he comes upon an English expression which sounds somewhat like a French one he invents a story to prove that the French expression is the parent of the English one, and relies on the popular ignorance of etymology to make his invention stand. Webster makes a good case in favor of his etymology of the word, and we beg our correspondent to look into the literature of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, where, if he looks deep enough, he will find that Shakespeare's use of "bumbard" (a large mug or can), was well authorized; and he will probably not hold that "bumbard" came from "bon pere."—*Washington Post.*

Rouge et Noir.

"Miss De Rigeur gave a pink tea last evening. I was there."

"Everything at a pink tea should have been couleur de rose, but you somehow don't look as if you enjoyed it very much."

"Well, the fact is I took the opportunity of proposing to Miss De Rigeur—"

"And—"

"And she gave me a black eye."

Bargains in Crape and No Deaths.

Mr. Younglove—Why, my dear, what makes you look so miserable! Is there any bad news in the paper?

Mrs. Younglove—N-no, not exactly bad news; but oh, George, don't you know of any of our relatives who are in poor health? I never saw such bargains in crape in all my born days.—*Chicago America.*

The Kind-Hearted Cop.

Policeman—Here, now, move on.

Stranger (who has lost his way trying to get back to his hotel)—I'm no tramp.

Policeman—What are ye then?

Stranger—I am a country editor——

Policeman—I see, I see. Poor fellow! Here's a dime.—*New York Weekly.*

No Amusement to Her.

Mrs. Houlihan: "Phwat do ye t'ink about this debate, 'How to kape a husband at home,' Mrs. Rourke?"

Mrs. Rourke (the wash lady): "Sorra a bit do Oi care about it at all, at all. Sure it's mesilf has to kape Rourke, at home and out av dures, all the toime, bad luck to him!"—*Puck.*

IT is one of the strangest things in life that not one of those sweet-tempered, soft-voiced, gentle-hearted and velvet-handed women we see about us daily ever reaches the distinction of being a mother-in-law.—*Binghampton Leader.*

EVERY man may have a price, but every other man can not pay it.—*Whitehall Times.*

Put to Flight by Shop Girls.

Sharp tongues have the knowing shopgirls of New York and the knowledge how to use them, says the *Herald* of that city. Woe betide the unlucky man who falls afoul of them. They can make life more miserable to him than a carbuncle between his shoulder-blades.

A lot of these girls who work on the East side, were riding up-town on a crowded Third avenue elevated train the other night. An old man in one of the cross seats was trying to read an evening paper. A self-important, flashily dressed, silk-hatted youth stood between him and the light and held a paper spread out just so the old man couldn't see. The youth paid no attention when asked twice to move. Then the old man got mad, and, reaching up, jerked at the young man's paper and tore it from top to bottom. The young man turned and aimed a vicious blow at the old man's head. A by-stander caught his arm, while the carful of people hissed.

Then the shop-girls, who had seen the whole thing, turned their vials of wrath on that young man, and how they did make him suffer! First they all shrieked "Shame!" in chorus at him for striking at an old man, then they began to pull him to pieces. They began at his hat, and minutely dissected his wearing apparel, making savage sarcasms. They ridiculed to each other his collar, his necktie, the fit of his clothes, the size of his feet, the shape of his nose, the expanse of his mouth, and the color in his face, which grew fast from pink to scarlet, and then purple, under the tongue-lashing he was getting. They edged their remarks with ready wit, and at every sally the passengers roared. The castigation began at Ninth street. When the train reached Twenty-third street the young man's face was about ready to burst into flame and he could stand no more of it. He incontinently fled for the door.

Then everybody applauded, but the girls only looked in a satisfied way at each other for a moment and calmly resumed their conversation about the altitude unattainable of accordion plaits.

Human Nature.

"That's a fine dog of yours," said a man at the postoffice to another man who had a fine hunting dog at his heels.

"Yes, he's a pure strain and well trained. To heel, Roger."

The dog fell into position with brisk alacrity.

"I'd like to buy a dog like that," said the first speaker, "but the trouble is when you find such a dog his owner will never part with him."

"You can have Roger for $50," said the dog owner. "I paid $75 for him when he was two months old."

"Isn't he a little sunken in the back for a thoroughbred?" asked the other anxiously.

"Not a bit. That is one evidence of pure blood."

"Now that I notice him I see that his legs are a trifle crooked, and he is longer than the real Gordon setter. I must have a true proportion in a dog that I buy."

"That's right," said the owner coolly. "You couldn't buy my dog if you were Vanderbilt. Why, there isn't a hair on him that I would sell if I could get $500 for it. You needn't depreciate him another point. He isn't for sale and never will be—good day," and the man and dog disappeared together.

Something for the New Year.

The world renowned success of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and their continued popularity for over a third of a century as a stomachic, is scarcely more wonderful than the welcome that greets the annual appearance of Hostetter's Almanac. This valuable medical treatise is published by The Hostetter Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., under their own immediate supervision, employing 60 hands in that department. They are running about 11 months in the year on this work, and the issue of same for 1890 will not be less than ten millions, printed in the English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian, and Spanish languages. Refer to a copy of it for valuable and interesting reading concerning health, and numerous testimonials as to the efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, amusement, varied information, astronomical calculations and chronological items, etc., which can be depended on for correctness. The Almanac for 1890 can be obtained free of cost from druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the country.

An Unmerited Rebuke.

"Hello," said a traveling man to his companion, as they paused in front of a bill-board, "there's a walking match in town."

The lady who happened to be passing just then was rather angular. With wrath in her eye she said:

"Young man, I've no doubt that you forget a good deal of what was taught you in your youth about manners, when you go on commenting on people's personal appearance that way. I may not be very stout, but for you to make remarks about being a walking-match is, to say the least, worse than impolite."

On the Stage.

"Don't you think," said a youth, after working his vocal chords with intense vigor beside the hotel piano, "that I ought to go on the stage?"

"Yes," replied Miss Pepperton, who doesn't like him very well, anyhow; "I certainly do. There is one that leaves for the station just an hour and a half from now."—*Washington Capital.*

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

E. H. VAN HOESEN, Cashier, Toledo National Bank, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Wasted Humor.

"I say," remarked the man who writes "Flashes of Fun" to the sporting editor, "did the old Romans ever have prize fights?"

"Hum—no, I think not."

"Never?"

"Not that I know of. They might have, but none of the sporting records took any notice of it."

"All right," said the funny man, dejectedly, as he crumpled up a piece of paper and dropped it on the floor. "There goes an ancient joke about Roman punch."

THROAT DISEASES commence with a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give immediate relief. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cts.

Won Her Bet.

Between the acts.

Miss Tiny (an agile corypheo)—I will bet a bottle of champaign that I can kick higher than that chandelier.

Jack—I'll take the bet.

Miss Tiny—You've lost. That chandelier can't kick at all.

(Bet paid.)—*Pittsburgh Bulletin.*

No stranger should visit the city without smoking "Tansill's Punch" 5c. Cigar.

A MAN of philosophical temperament resembles a cucumber—for although he may be completely cut up he still remains cool.

Entitled to the Best.

All are entitled to the best that their money will buy, so every family should have, at once, a bottle of the best family remedy, Syrup of Figs, to cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists.

The Wrong Place.

Applicant (at the Golden Gate)—May I enter.

St. Peter—What was your business below?

Applicant—I was a newspaper writer, sir.

St. Peter—And what is your name?

Applicant—Er—er—well, really, I don't like to give my name. I always wrote over a nom de plume, you know.

St. Peter—Ah, yes, I see. You are in the wrong place. The next gate, further down. But, I say, just leave that nom de plume with me. If there is anything I hate, it is the smell of burning feathers.—*American Commercial Traveler.*

A Cure of Catarrh

In the head, as well as of all bronchial, throat, and lung diseases, if taken in time, is effected by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, or money paid for it will be prompty returned.

A MORE pleasant physic
You never will find
Than Pierce's small "Pellets,"
The Purgative kind.

A Desperate Resolve.

Cholly—Well, the gov'nor cast me off to-day. Said b'jove he wasn't going to support me any longer, don't you know?

Gussie—What are you going to do now, my deah boy?

Cholly—I hardly know. Maybe I'll have to twamp. Or perhaps I may become one of those hawid prize-fighters, don't you know? Got any good thigawettes?—*Terre Haute Express.*

Entirely Helpless to Health.

The above statement made by Mrs. S. H. Ford, wife of Gen. Ford, can be vouched for by nearly the entire population of Corunna, Mich., her home for years. She was for two years a terrible sufferer from rheumatism, being confined to her bed most of the time, her feet and limbs being so badly swollen she could scarcely move. She was induced to try a bottle of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup. It helped her, and two additional bottles entirely cured her. To-day she is a well woman.

First ask your druggist; should he not keep it, we will send on receipt of price, $1 per bottle or six for $5.

RHEUMATIC SYRUP CO.
Jackson, Mich.

A SCIENTIST says that a very strong solution of salt applied boiling hot will preserve wood. This is important to those whose wood pile has to be protected by a spring gun.

The Homeliest Man in This Town,

As well as the handsomest, and others, are invited to call on any druggist and get *free* a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits, and is guaranteed to relieve and cure all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis, and Consumption. Large Bottles, 50 cents and $1.

IF a burnt child dreads the fire, why does a person who has been singed by Cupid's torch so often have a lingering regard for the old flame?

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of *Sick Headache*, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

THE most gigantic sharks in the world are said to be found near Australia. Of course this discovery makes the New York bar mad, but facts are facts.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.

Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass, and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

"WAITER, you can bring me a nice young chicken smothered in onions?" "No, sah. We doesn't kill 'em dat way, sah. We cuts off d'er heds."

ALL that we can say as to the merits of Dobbins' Electric Soap pales into *nothingness* before the story it will tell you *itself*, of its own *perfect* quality, if you will give it *one* trial. Don't take imitation.

WILD oats are often sown with rye.—*Boston Post.*

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

CINCINNATI pork men believe the pen mightier than the sword.—*St. Paul Herald.*

In the Winter

Rheumatism is most prevalent because exposure to the cold and wet drives the blood from the surface of the body, and causes congestion of the liver and kidneys. These organs are thus unable to perform their functions of eliminating the impurities and lactic acid, which are taken up by the blood and deposited in the joints and tissues, resulting in the pains and aches we call rheumatism. Hood's Sarsaparilla has had great success in curing this disease, both chronic and inflammatory. Acting promptly on the blood, it neutralizes the lactic acid, expels all impurities, and restores the liver and kidneys to natural action.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES.

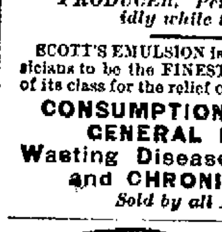
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So disguised that the most delicate stomach can take it. Remarkable as a FLESH PRODUCER. Persons GAIN rapidly while taking IT.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is acknowledged by Physicians to be the FINEST and BEST preparation of its class for the relief of

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, Wasting Diseases of Children, and CHRONIC COUGHS.

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FAMILY PRIDE, $5.00. *A warranted U. S. Standard* Family Scale, ¼ ounce to 244 pounds, sent free anywhere in U. S. on receipt of price. Price list of all sizes free. Address "JONES, he pays the freight," Binghamton, N. Y.

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CATON'S FRENCH VITALIZERS. A Quick and Permanent Restorer of Manly Vigor, and the only Legitimate Specific for Sexual Debility and Lost Vitality known. A Marvellous Invigorator, entirely harmless. By mail, $1, 6 for $5. Circulars free. DR. CATON, Boston.

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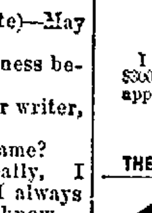
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I suffered all over with pain and spent $300, on doctors without relief; two or three applications of St. Jacobs Oil relieved me.
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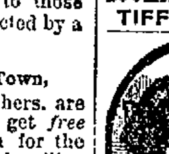


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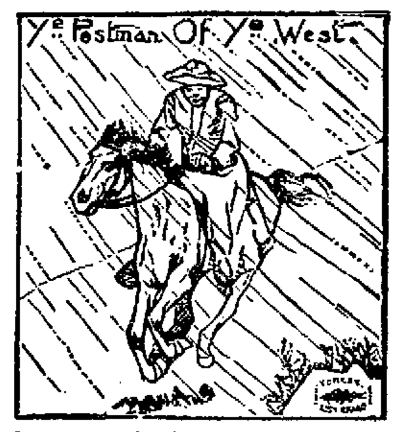


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ASTHMA. Popham's Asthma Specific. Relief in TEN MINUTES. PETER D. SWOYER, M. D. Fritztown, Pa., writes: "I have had Asthma for 29 years; found no relief until I tried your Specific, which relieved me immediately." Sold by all Druggists. $1 per box, by mail, post paid. TRIAL PACKAGE FREE. Address, T. POPHAM, PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

MANY MEN FIND THAT.



Storms, snows, drenching rains, and furious winds are a part of the regular routine of life. Two-thirds of the sickness through life is caused by colds; you cannot be too well protected in stormy weather to avoid them. A man having a "Fish Brand Slicker" may be exposed to a storm for twenty-four hours at a stretch, and still be protected from every drop of rain, besides being shielded from the biting winds. No matter what your occupation, if you are liable to be caught in a rain or snow storm, you should have on hand a "Fish Brand Slicker." It will surely save your health, and perhaps your life. Beware of worthless imitations, every garment stamped with the "Fish Brand" Trade Mark. Don't accept any inferior coat when you can have the "Fish Brand Slicker" delivered without extra cost. Particulars and illustrated catalogue free.

A. J. TOWER, - Boston, Mass.

O don't you remember, 'tis almost December, And soon will the Holidays come!

CANTATAS FOR CHILDREN.

CHRISTMAS AT THE KERCHIEF'S (20 cts.; $1.80 doz.), Lewis. CAUGHT NAPPING (30 cts.; $3 doz.), Lewis. JINGLE BELLS (30 cts.; $3 doz.), Lewis. CHRISTMAS GIFT (15 cts.; $1.44 doz.), Rosabel. GOOD TIDINGS (25 cts.; $2.28 doz.), Rosabel. KING WINTER (30 cts.; $3 doz.), Emerson. MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS (30 cts.; $3 doz.), Towne.

FOUR CHRISTMAS SERVICES

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Birthday of Our Lord. Holy Christ Child. Old, Sweet Story. Joyful Chimes.

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WE PUBLISH, IN SHEET MUSIC FORM, very many superior pieces that, for quality, might well be termed Prize Songs. Six good specimens are:

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Any Book or Piece Mailed for Retail Price.

LYON & HEALY, Chicago, Ill.

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CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS. Red Cross Diamond Brand. The only reliable pill for sale. Safe and sure. Ladies, ask Druggist for the Diamond Brand, in red metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Send 4c. (stamps) for particulars and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by mail. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Sq., Philada., Pa.

PRICE-LISTS OF RUG MACHINES, Patterns and Yarns, and Colored Pattern Book free. *Agents Wanted.* E. ROSS & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

FAMOUS CLASSICS.

Large type, unabridged, handsomely printed, neat paper covers, prices sent postpaid:

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IN THE VINEYARD.

What Some of the Workers Therein Are Doing and Saying.

WHOLESOME READING FOR ALL.

Face Your Troubles—The Avaricious Man's Prison—Gems of Thought.

Face Your Troubles.

"I had plowed around a rock in one of my fields for five years," said a farmer, "and I had broken a mowing machine knife against it, besides losing the use of the ground in which it lay, all because I thought that it was such a large rock that it would be too much time and trouble to remove it. But to-day when I began to plow for corn, I thought that by and by I might break my cultivator against that rock, so I took a crow-bar, intending to poke around and find out its size once for all. And it was one of the surprises of my life to find that it was a little more than two feet long. It was standing on its edge, and so light that I could lift it into the wagon without help."

"The first time you really faced your trouble you conquered it," I replied aloud, but continued to enlarge upon the subject all to myself, for I do believe that before we pray, or, better, while we pray, we should look our troubles square in the face.

Imagine the farmer plowing around that rock for five years, praying all the while, "O Lord, remove that rock!" when he didn't know whether it was a big rock or a little flat stone.

We shiver and shake and shrink, and sometimes do not dare to pray about a trouble because it makes it seem so real, not even knowing what we wish the Lord to do about it, when, if we would face the trouble and call it by its name, one-half of its terror would be gone.

The trouble that lies down with us at night and confronts us on first waking in the morning is not the trouble that we have faced, but the trouble whose proportions we do not know.

The Avaricious Man's Prison.

No man can go on accumulating, laying up, adding dollar to dollar, acre to acre, never giving, seldom spending, without incarcerating himself at last in a prison-house.

By and by he finds that above him, around him, beneath him is nothing but money, money, money. We have all read of the miser locked into his own cellar with his gold. The heavy trap-door falls while he is counting his money, the ponderous spring lock clicks, and he is a prisoner with his precious box of money. He has it all. He can plunge his arms up to his elbows in coin, but he has nothing more, and he is the poorest man in the universe of God. He is shut in from the light of day: no friendly ear will hear his cry, no friendly voice will answer his call, no friendly hand will help him out, and with all his thousands he is a poorer man than the beggar on the street above him, whose only posessions are free air, the generous sunlight, and the crust of bread in his hand. So every man who hoards and does not spend, who piles up and never gives away, is slowly incarcerating himself in a similar dungeon. The trap door does not fall suddenly, the spring lock does not close with a snap in his case, but nevertheless, by the slow accumulation of years, and the slow growth of habit, he is enclosed as tightly as the miser in his cellar, and his only companionship is the wealth which at last must become worthless and useless to him.—*Golden Rule.*

Gems of Thought.

Life is the test of faith.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Your salvation is His business; His service your business.—*Fuller.*

Nothing is so strong as gentleness, nothing so gentle as real strength.

As you learn, teach; as you get, give; as you receive, distribute.—*Spurgeon.*

One is never more on trial than in the moment of excessive good fortune.—*Lew Wallace.*

Wit should be used as a shield for defense, rather than a sword to wound others.—*Fuller.*

I have never found a thorough, pervading, enduring morality but in those who feared God.—*Jacobi.*

Nothing is more pitiful than a life spent in thinking of nothing but self; yes, even in thinking of nothing but one's own soul.—*Farrar.*

The absence of any kind of anxiety for the spread of the truth, implies spiritual paralysis, if it does not imply actual spiritual death.—*Canon Liddon.*

Do right, and God's recompense to you will be the power of doing more right, give, and God's reward to you will be the spirit of giving more; love, and God will pay you with the capacity of more love, for love is Heaven, and is God within you.—*F. W. Robertson.*

FINGERS AND FORKS.

Less than three hundred years ago the fingers were still used to perform the office now assigned to forks, in the highest and most refined circles of society. At about this time, in fact, was the turning point when forks began to be used at table as they are now. When we reflect how nice were the ideas of that refined age on all matters of outer decency and behavior, and how strict was the etiquette of the courts, we may well wonder that the fork was so late in coming into use as a table furnishing. The ladies of the middle ages and the Renaissance were not less proud of a delicate, well-kept hand than those of our own days, and yet they picked the meat from the platter with their slender white fingers, and in them bore it to their mouths. The fact is all the more remarkable, because the form of the fork was familiar enough, and its application to other uses was not uncommon.

WHY THE COMPASS POINTS NORTH.

The compass-needle points north because practically the earth is a magnet, not differing essentially in its magnetic properties from a bar of magnetized steel, says *American Notes and Queries.*

It has two poles of greatest intensity, and, like most large steel magnets, there are several supplemental poles of lesser intensity. Just as the pole of one bar magnet attracts the end of another, so the magnet poles of the earth behave toward poles of the compass-needle, unlike poles attracting, and like poles repelling each other.

But it is not correct to say that the needle always points north; as a matter of fact there are but few localities on the earth where it does so, and even those are constantly changing.

An irregular line drawn from the mouth of the Orinoco River through the east coast of Hayti, Charleston, S. C., and Detroit, Mich., represents very nearly the line in which there is no variation at the present time.

In all places east of this line the north end of the needle swings slightly to the westward; in all places west of it to the eastward. At the mouth of the Columbia River the variation of the compass is abort 22 degrees east; in Alaska it is from 40 to 60 degrees east; midway between New York and Liverpool it is about 35 degrees west.

Of course there is a reason for this variation, and the explanation is that the needle does not point to the North Pole, as so many people suppose, but to the magnetic pole, which is something entirely different.

The magnetic north pole is at present on or near the northwestern shore of Boothia Peninsula, in the northern part of North America. Its position is constantly changing, and in the last six hundred years it has moved about half the distance round the geographical pole.

During the period of three hundred years, in which observations have been carefully made at the Magnetic observatory in Paris, the variations have changed from 11 degrees 20 minutes east of north to 22 degrees and 10 minutes west.

In the United States the rate of the change in variation differs much in different parts of the country. In Washington State it changes at the rate of about 7 minutes a year; in Arizona and New Mexico it is stationary; in the New England States it is from 1 to 3 minutes per year.

A WOMAN MARRIES A WOMAN.

An extraordinary story, first published by a Vienna newspaper and then generally disbelieved, has since been confirmed in every particular, says a dispatch from Vienna to the London *Standard.* "A young man calling himself Count Sander Vay, who pretended to have fallen out with his family in Hungary, married last August a teacher at Klagenfurt, aged 27, daughter of an Inspector of Woods and Forests there. The marriage took place on a lonely farm in Hungary, a certain Father Imre officiating at the wedding ceremony.

"The newly-married couple lived together for some time, and afterward visited the girl's parents in Klagenfurt, where the father-in-law was constantly deceived by the alleged Count. Quarrels arose, and ultimately it turned out that the young Count's tales of himself were all inventions. The persons he referred to were imaginary, and the Inspector was convinced he was a swindler. Something still stranger, and indeed unparalleled, soon came to light. Ere long it was found that the so-called Count was in reality a woman of 36, the Countess Sarolta Vay, daughter of the late Colonel of Hunveds, Count Ladislaus Vay, one of whose daughters, named Sarolta, had been educated as a boy.

"All her life she had worn male attire, and recently had appeared in the uniform of the Honveds. She published a collection of poems under the name Sandor, and associated with young men, who were not in the secret, in manly amusements. From Pesth, where eccentricities of that sort are hardly a rarity, she disappeared about a year ago, after which she was not again heard of till her arrest, on the demand of her nominal father-in-law, at Klagenfurt, It is probable that Father Imre was not a priest, and that the girl, in going through the form of marriage, only executed another eccentricity in order to procure money, of which she was in great need."

HE TOOK THE MONEY.

New Clerk (anxious to show his sagacity)—This silver dollar you just took in is counterfeit.

Proprietor (nervously)—I was waiting on the minister's wife."

"But you don't take counterfeit money from women just because they happen to be ministers' wives, do you?"

"No, of course not."

"Didn't you see this was counterfeit?"

"Consarn it! Young man, if you must know, that's the dollar I dropped into the contribution box last Sunday."—*New York Weekly.*

A PATHETIC SCENE.

"Ah," said the gray-eyed wayfarer at the railroad lunch counter, "this is the old place. I recognized yonder landmark at once."

"What landmark?" inquired the cashier considerately.

"Forty years ago when I traveled over this road," continued the stranger in a choaked voice, "I carved my initials and date on yonder piece of apple pie. I see you have it still. Excuse an old man's tears."—*Albany Argus.*

A LIFE'S happiness is easily flung away, and hardly found again when you have parted with it.

WOMAN'S PROGRESS

Gossip About Matters in Which the Dear Creatures Take an Interest.

SEASONED WITH A LITTLE WIT.

A Column or Two of Tittle-Tattle Anent Matronly Mothers, Modish Maidens, and Merry Misses.

A Hollow in the Back.

If you have a hollow place in your back just below the waist-line (most women have) fasten a very small pad of curled hair on the yoke of the skirt. With skirts thus arranged there is nothing to interfere with the perfect fit of the dress waist. Some dress-makers insist upon this arrangement of skirts before they will fit your gowns.—*New York Press.*

Latest Styles in Fans.

Fans usually match the gown in color and are in great variety.

The most beautiful, and naturally the most costly, are those made of ostrich and marabout feathers combined, with sticks of pearl, amber or shell. Nothing has yet been devised more graceful and elegant, especially when in the color of the gown. There is nothing in Paris more attractive than the show windows of a certain manufacturer of fans on one of the bulevards. There is an arrangement of steps on which to exhibit these dainty wares covered with delicate lace over satin the color of the fans to be exhibited; one day they are all pale green, another pale blue, another mauve, and another red, and gold, and black. There are feather fans of every possible description, lace fans, lisse fans with open work pearl sticks, all hand painted, as are the spaces between them, and fans made of net and ribbons. Fans made in the shape of leaves, of flowers and of butterflys all vie with each other for popularity. As an additional indication of the progress of good taste the medium is the popular size.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Why Women Lose Their Hair.

"How common it is to see a woman under 30 with only a tiny twist of hair behind her head," remarked a fashionable hair-dresser to a *Mail and Express* reporter. "I venture to say, however," the speaker went on, "that if you ask her she will say that when she was a girl she had a splendid head of hair. Now what is the reason for this? The woman has lost no other of her physical charms, but her hair has well-nigh disappeared.

"I think that I can solve the problem. On retiring at night, she goes to sleep without releasing her hair, or giving it the vigorous combing and brushing which is absolutely necessary to its healthy vitality. Hundreds of careless women do that. Then, too, she is not careful as to the kind of hairpins she uses. Metal hairpins should be used as little as possible, for rubber or gutta-percha pins are preferable, although they may seem more clumsy; but if metal pins are chosen they should be straight and smooth.

What is the best tonic for the hair? In my experience, I have found that a good, brisk and regular brushing is the best tonic. If the hair is coming out rapidly, let this treatment begin at once. Every morning unbraid the hair, and brush it in its natural hanging position with a stiff, white bristle brush—never a wire one. First brush one-half of the hair. Then change the brush to the other hand and treat the remaining half in the same fashion. The same operation should be repeated in the evening.

"Begin with about fifty strokes on each side and gradually increase the treatment, until not less than two hundred strokes are given each morning and evening. It will soon become a habit, and before long the hair will cease to come out."

Pretty Finger Nails.

"Your nails always look nice," I overheard one damsel remark to another not long ago, says a correspondent. "Do you go to a manicure every day?"

"Oh, no, I have never been to one, for it is the easiest thing in the world to take care of one's own nails—just a little care every day."

"Well, I've tried and tried, and I can't make mine look even decent. Tell me what you do."

Here I listened for the prescription, which in sum and substance was as follows:

"In order to keep the skin back from the nail I use a nail brush freely—using it on the nails particularly. Then, in drying my hands, I work the towel from the point of the nail back toward the finger. I cut my nails often, and don't let them get too long. By cutting the nails in such a way that the corners do not adhere to the skin, hangnails can be avoided and the shape of the nails changed. Where the nails are thin and inclined to break, frequent oiling is necessary, and the nails should never be polished, except when some oily substance is used besides the powder. This keeps the nails more pliable, and no matter how thin they are, if properly treated they are no more liable to break than thicker ones. Another thing that is bad for the nails is polishing them too roughly. They should be lightly touched and not rubbed until they become heated. This is one cause of white spots coming on the nail and marring its beauty. A little attention every day will make any hand look nice."

To this conversation which I overheard let me add a word or two about the hands. To make them white they should be occasionally rubbed with lemon juice and water. The hands should never be allowed to remain long soiled with anything that will stain them. But unless there is some reason for it, it is better not to wash the hands too often. They should be dried with a soft towel.

Only an Indian Woman.

Here is an account of the brave deed of an Oneida Indian woman, whose courage seems only equaled by her pride of race:

Driving into the fields one day where her husband and others were at work, she encountered a log lying across the road in such a way that she could not pass. As there was no one near to help her, and the log was beyond her strength to move, she proceeded to cut it in two with an ax she had in the wagon.

To her surprise she found she had disturbed a mother bear and her family of cubs. The bear, more alarmed than angry, took to the woods, and the woman walked in search of the men and their fire-arms. Finding them, she conducted the relief party quickly back to the log, to find that the bear had also returned.

When all were stationed ready for action she again used her ax on the log and the bear made her second appearance, this time angry and vengeful. The man who stood ready for just this emergency missed his aim, dropped the gun, and with all his other masculine companions took to his heels. Left alone with the infuriated beast, with only an ax for defense, the Indian woman coolly waited until the bear came near enough, and, letting the ax fall with all her might upon its head, killed it with that one stroke.

The same weapon applied to three of the little orphans effectively prevented their ever realizing their loss, and the other she kindly adopted and carried home with her.

Reaching her home she found her husband, son and others assembled there, anxiously speculating as to what could have been the result of the encounter they had failed to see ended. Standing before them, with the cub in her arms, she scornfully surveyed them from head to foot and exclaimed: "Cowards, you have no Indian blood in your veins.—*Philapelphia Press.*

THE RETORT DISCOURTEOUS.

A young barrister was once smartly set down by a judge who readily grasped the points of even a complicated case and who could not endure that time should be wasted. The novice poured forth argument after argument into the unwilling ears of the Judge, who tried in vain to put an end to him. In this instance he was overmatched, The enemy had always some fresh point to open out, and, of course, it must be listened to before it could be refuted. At length he mentioned one which the chief said he would at once refuse to hear discussed—it ought to have been taken in the court below.

"But, my Lord, I did take it in the court below and the Judge stopped me!"

The chief revived. He looked forward over his desk and said earnestly to his persecutor: "Do you really mean to say, sir, that he stopped you?"

"Yes, my Lord—he really stopped me!"

"Did he?" said the chief. "You would much oblige me by telling me how he did it; the process may be useful to me in the future."

An old lady from the country had been brought into the court as a witness, and a sharp little lawyer had her in hand, and was trying his best to upset the old lady in a legal way, and, at the same time, air his knowledge before the crowd of spectators in the room. But the old lady, from the start, seemed to have the best of it. She was much his superior at Yankee wit and repartee. This at last nettled the little disciple of Blackstone, and he exclaimed, angrily:

"Madam, you have brass enough in your face to make a large-sized kettle."

"Quite likely," said the old lady, while her eyes blazed with wrath, "and it comforts me somewhat to know that you have sap enough in your head to fill it."

THE ANGELUS BIRD.

When traveling in forests of Guiana and Paraguay, it is not uncommon to meet with a bird whose music greatly resembles that of an Angelus bell when heard from a distance. The Spanish call this singular bird a bellringer, though it may be still more appropriately designated as the Angelus bird, for, like the Angelus bell, it is heard three times a day, morning, noon and night. Its song which defies all description, succeeding one another every two or three minutes, so clearly and in such a resonant manner, that the listener, if a stranger, imagines himself to be near a chapel or convent. But it turns out that the forest is the chapel, and the bell a bird.

The beauty of the Angelus bird is equal to his talent; he is as large as a jay, and as white as snow, besides being graceful in form and swift in motion. But the most curious ornament of the Angelus bird is the tuft of black, arched feathers on its beautiful head; it is of comical shape and about four inches in length.

MUST HAVE BEEN SOME LOCAL ROAD.

"Well, sir," said the railroad superintendent to a forlorn-looking man who had gained admittance to his presence, "what do you want?"

"I would like a situation on your road."

"No place for you I think."

"But there is. I want to be interpreter."

"Interperter?"

"Yes, sir. To tell the passengers what the brakeman says when he calls out the names of the stations."

The superintendent studied a few minutes and then told the man to call later.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A Choice Selection of Interesting Items.

THE Ottomacs of South America eat one pound of clay every day.

BALZAC lived to be fifty, and wrote twenty-seven books. Night work and strong coffee killed him.

ONE of the witnesses who recently testified at Salt Lake regarding the oaths of the Endowment House, has since had one valuable horse killed and another shot at, but not fatally injured, by his Mormon neighbors.

COL. JOHN C. BOONE, grandson of the pioneer, Daniel Boone, is living friendless and needy near Sulphur Springs, Ark., and a movement for his relief has been started in Missouri, Arkansas and Kentucky.

ONE of Wilkesbarre's policemen dreamed that he was in a fight, and his pistol refusing to explode he was unable to defend himself. When he awoke he was so impressed that he tried his pistol, and found, as in his dream, the weapon would not go off.

"IF you have a flower for me," says Mrs. Lew Wallace to one of her friends, "give it to me now while I can enjoy it, rather than lay a whole wreath on my coffin lid." That has been the sad cry of many a lonely heart, which, when it could be thrilled no more with pleasure, or hurt with pain, had flowers enough and to spare.

A MAN named Rye, who lives near Bellaire, Ohio, has a fancy for naming his daughters after the big rivers. Three of his girls are called Missouri, Ohio and Mississippi. Recently a baby daughter was added to the household, and the father, forgetting the double significance of the word, determined to have her christened Monongahela Rye.

ONE of the most surprising features of the modern business world is the extensive use of cotton seed, formerly considered worthless. Over 800,000 tons of these seeds are now pressed for their oil, from thirty-six to forty pounds being obtained from each ton. The consumption of cotton seed oil is increasing, both in this country and in Europe, and new uses for the oil are constantly being discovered.

COUNT D'EU expresses the opinion that the primary cause of the Brazilian revolution was—first, the hasty and ill-concealed emancipation of the slaves, which deprived the Imperial cause of the larger portion of its supporters; next, the demoralization of the navy. He considers Da Fonseca a weak-minded man of supple and compliant nature: a person with no defined character.

A YOUNG lady school teacher of Sumter County, Florida, one night last week dreamed that she was whipping one of her scholars, and from reports she certainly had a terrible time of it. She waked up the inmates of the house by screaming: "Won't you be a good boy—won't you study your lessons—won't you quit sticking pins into the scholars?" Her mother, thinking that something must be the matter, rushed into the young lady's room and found her standing up in bed, beating, kicking, and otherwise abusing a pillow.

AN old farmer in Indiana wanted to sell his farm for a fancy price, and after throwing a number of deceased eggs into a sink hole, circulated the report that he had found a fine supply of natural gas. A Chicago man came along and the farmer, eager with the consciousness of guilt, sold the farm for little more than it was worth as agricultural land. The Chicago man dug in the sink hole and has been rewarded by finding the richest gas deposit in the State. When last heard from the honest farmer was butting his head against a tree.

EVEN vegetation seems to acknowledge that this is the age of electricity. There has just been discovered in the forests of India, a strange plant, which possesses astonishing magnetic power. The hand which breaks a leaf from it receives immediately a shock equal to that which is produced by the conductor of an induction coil. At a distance of twenty feet a magnetic needle is affected by it, and it will be quite deranged if brought near. It is shunned by birds and insects; its power is increased during a storm; yet all magnetic force is lost when rain falls, even though the plant be sheltered by an umbrella.

SPEAKING to a reporter of the Boston *Herald* of the book of reminiscences which he hopes to prepare some of these days, Ben Butler says that he has "a personal desire that the true inwardness of the actions of some soi-distant saints, martyrs, heroes and generals, who have figured so romantically in the history of the greatest occurrences in the life of any nation, as peddled out to magazines at so many pennies a line, shall be set right by an impartial statement of the true facts and incidents of their careers." The truth of history is what the world always longs for, and whoever helps to place her in possession of it becomes one of her favorite sons. We gather from the way the General expresses himself that he is convinced that the halos surrounding the heads of the saints, martyrs, heroes, and generals in question are neither so large nor so dazzling as they ought to be.

MR. HERBERT WARD, who was with Stanley at the outset of his expedition, has many interesting stories to tell about that remarkable old gentleman, Tippoo Tib. His real name is Hamid Ben Mohammed, his nom de guerre being a phonetic effort on the part of the natives. Tippoo has a pleasing way of going around in the early morning surprising peaceful villages where ivory is reported to be stored and pegging away with his rifles. The natives used to say that the sound of his gun was like "tip, tip, tip," hence they call him "Tip Tip," which Europeans have rendered into the now famous Tippoo Tib. Tippoo is as wealthy as he is rapacious. Mr. Ward has a photograph which he took of him in front of his hut, surrounded by his braves, who are standing guard by thirty tons of ivory, worth at least $400,000. Tippoo, in presence of his treasures, wears an amiable, almost angelic expression.

IN a suit which has just terminated in the English High Court of Justice, it seems to have been deemed libellous to publish of a lady that she had once, in her days of poverty, been a washerwoman. Such a publication would hardly be pronounced a libel in any court in this country. The occupation of a washerwoman is most useful and respectable, and neither dishonorable nor degrading. To engage in it, for the purpose of earning an honest living, cannot justly subject a woman to reproach, unless the simple toil which poverty imposes is to be regarded as disreputable. The doctrine that it is defamatory to accuse a person of having once engaged in any form of honest labor would never do in the United States. To a great lady, admitted to be worthy of moving in the most brilliant society, it might well be a source of pride rather than of mortification that in time of need she had been able to support herself by the work of her hands.

A STRANGE thing happened to D. B. Chase, of Locust Ridge, Pa. He was driving a single horse along the Sparrowhawk creek at the time. At that point the highway is on the left of the creek and very close to the bank for nearly a mile. The road was muddy, the horse was walking slowly, and Mr. Chase was reading a newspaper, when all at once he heard something scrambling up the bank of the brook on his right. Mr. Chase turned to see what had made the noise, and there stood a large buck. He was panting as though he had been run by a hound, and, without seeming to notice the man, he walked along by the side of the front wheel. As quick as thought, Mr. Chase said, he threw the lines over the buck's antler's. Why he did so he could not tell, but the act stirred the buck up in a twinkling. He backed like a flash, and the next minute horse, wagon and driver were yanked into the creek. Mr. Chase said he didn't get a glimpse of the buck after that. His wagon was broken and everything in it was upset in the shallow stream.

Harder on the Tramp Than Mr. Hoxie.

Paul Morton, the general freight agent of the Burlington road, tells a very good story on the late H. M. Hoxie, who was manager of Jay Gould's Southwestern system during the great strikes. One afternoon a rather tough-looking young man walked into Mr. Hoxie's private office, unannounced. He neglected to remove his plugh hat as he entered, and he cocked it further over his right eye, and took two or three vigorous pulls at the "cannon" he was smoking, before he said: "Is your name Hoxie?" Mr. Hoxie said that such was the fact. "Well," said the fresh young man, as he hit the bullseye in the neighboring cuspidor, "I want a job. Anything from general passenger agent up will do me." Mr. Hoxie's eyebrows indicated mild surprise. "Young man," he said, gently, "that is no way to approach an official for a position. Just take a seat there and watch me." The young man sat down and Mr. Hoxie called his private secretary to the seat at the desk, and then walked out.

A moment later he wrapped at the office door, and the private secretary bade him enter. The fresh young man looked on with wondering eyes. "Is the general manager in, sir?" asked Mr. Hoxie, bowing politely, hat in hand, to the private secretary. "Yes, sir. What can I do for you?" inquired the secretary. "Well, sir," said Mr. Hoxie, deferentially, "I am seeking a position on your road, and I wish to place my application before you. What position it is I do not care; I simply desire a start. Can you do anything for me?" The secretary said he would take his name and bear him in mind. "You might call in again in a week or so, and I may have something for you." "All right, sir," said Hoxie; "I thank you." Then he bowed again and walked out, hat in hand. In a moment he reentered, and the secretary walked back to his own desk. "That," said Mr. Hoxie, "is the proper way to apply for a position. Now see if you can do as well," he added, addressing the fresh young man. The latter went out, and Mr. Hoxie resumed his seat. There was a rap at the door. "Come in," said Mr. Hoxie. The tough young man entered, hat in hand, and bowed low. "Is the general manager in," he asked, politely. "Yes, sir, I am the general manager: what can I do for you?" The young man looked at him sharply, and blurted out: "You can go to ——!" Then he jammed his plug hat on his head, rushed out, and took up his still-smoking "cannon," which had burned a hole in the wainscoting where he had laid it. Mr. Hoxie's eyebrows expressed a surprise which was by no mean mild, while his private secretary, at the typewriter spelled tariff with four f's.—*Chicago Herald.*

Why She Was Anxious.

"What did you want?" queried the sergeant at police headquarters yesterday as a colored woman came in.

"Heard from my ole man yet?" she asked.

"Let's see? Who was he?"

"Named Haygood, an' he run'd off las' summer."

"Oh, I remember. No, we haven't heard anything of him yet."

"Thanks.

"You are very anxious, I presume?"

"Yes, sah, I was afraid you had found him."

"And you don't want him found?"

"Not 'zactly right away, sah. I was dun mar'd agin two days ago. So you'd jist better keep quiet an' let de ole man stay losted."

No, CEDRIC, the small boy who has been doing wrong could hardly be called a locksmith because at his father's approach he makes a bolt for the door

A BIT OF CRIMINAL HISTORY.

The First Counterfeit Greenback Bill Made at Lawrence, Ind.

Sim Coy's new book will bring out the historical fact that the first counterfeit greenback (1862 series) was made at Lawrence, in this county, during that year, by the criminally-famous Johnson family. Many thousands of the bills were placed in circulation, people not dreaming of a counterfeit so early after the first appearance of the bill, and besides the stirring events of the war largely diverted their attention from business matters.

Pete McCartney was the financial backer of the Johnsons, and after the plate had been worked the Johnsons attempted to unload McCartney, but his suspicions being aroused, he stole the plate and caused it to be electrotyped, after which it was returned to its old hiding-place. The electrotype was a marked improvement on the original counterfeit, and McCartney worked off his scales in this city, and over $100,000 of the spurious stuff were readily placed in circulation.

Meanwhile the secret service officers, led by Major Woods, had been apprised of the counterfeit, and were laying for the Johnsons and McCartney. Instead of tracking the latter to his rooms, where the printing was going on, McCartney was arrested at the post-office, and in a few days, in company with the Johnsons, who had been found at Lawrence, he was forwarded under strong escort to the military prison at Washington.

While the train was crossing the mountains, although McCartney was handcuffed and shackled at the time, he managed to make his escape, and in two weeks he was back again in this city, secured possession of his electrotype and disappeared. It cost the Government a great many thousands of dollars before the officers again laid hands on him. Meanwhile the Johnsons succeeded in making terms, by which they escaped prosecution by turning over the original plate and giving the officers certain pointers with reference to other offenders. Neither the Johnsons nor the Government knew until long afterward that McCartney had an electrotype, and had stolen a march on his former associates.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

FOUND A HOLE FOR HIM.

A Washington man has recently returned from an extensive tour of Europe. During his absence he wandered from the beaten paths of travel and explored new and undiscovered lands. In one of these side excursions he landed in an obscure German town, and to his surprise met an old friend of whom he had lost track these eight years. After exchanging greetings and taking in the melancholy and dejected air of the exiled one, the traveler asked:

"What are you doing here?"

"I am the American Consul at this confounded place, and have been here for the last eight years."

"How is that? Didn't the Democrats fire you out?"

"They would hardly do that," said the Consul with a sickly smile. "The pay is only $120 a year. Beer and rye bread are cheap, however, and I can live on about that figure."

"But tell me how you came to get here?"

"It was this way. I had a friend who had an intimate friend who knew Secretary Blaine intimately. Through this channel, I made application for a place and was brought in contact with the Secretary. This was in the early days of the Garfield administration. Mr Blaine gave me a cordial grasp of the hand and beamed one of those warming, magnetic smiles on me.

"'Ah, yes, Mr. L——. You are one of the L——'s, of Ohio, are you not? Yes; I knew your father very well, sir, in my younger days. You would like a consulship, perhaps?'

"Visions of gold lace and diplomatic receptions appeared before my eyes. I managed to say that that was in the line of my ambitions. Then Mr. Blaine smiled again.

"'Well, Mr. L——, there are plenty of pegs and not many holes; but I think we will have to find a hole for you.'

"He found a hole and put me in it, signed the commission, and I have been in a hole ever since.—*Washington Post.*

FINING HIMSELF FOR DRUNKENNESS.

An extraordinary scene was presented in Oakland to-day. A few days ago Judge Alexander Laidlaw got drunk and created a scene in a saloon. He was not arrested, but a report of his unseemly conduct was published in the papers. He wore an air of unusual dignity when court opened, and in presence of a large crowd lectured himself for breaking a city ordinance, pledged himself to resign if it occurred again, imposed a fine of $50 and paid it to the bailiff.—*New York Tribune.*

HE KNEW THEM.

"You seem to know those two intoxicated fellows over there?"

"Yes; one of them is a strapping fellow. He's a barber."

"Oh!"

"The other is a step-watch."

"Stop-watch?"

"Yes; he's a discharged policeman."—*Chicago Ledger.*

SUFFICIENT CREDENTIALS.

Careful Parent—Before I can give my consent to your proposed marriage to my daughter, I must know something about your character.

Suitor—Certainly, sir, certainly: Here is my bank book.

Careful Parent (after a glance)—Take her, my son, and be happy.—*New York Weekly.*

THE essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of a greater action is gone like the bloom from a soiled flower.

WRAPS AT COST!

From this time forth every wrap remaining in the Cloak Department will be sold at exact cost, not one penny will be added above that. There are lots of Fine Wraps still unsold. You who have been waiting will find this the opportunity.

SEAL, PLUSH, CLOTH

In all the late new shapes of New Markets, Coats and Jackets,

ALL AT COST.

FUR RUGS

At a big reduction and some spleadid ones left—the last one will be as good as the first sold. They are going out every day and they who buy now get them at a big reduction.

The Carpet Department

Offers many good bargains and will continue it all through the month of January. We are going to clean up for the spring trade, reduce stock and to do that

Reduce Prices.

BLANKETS!

At a reduction. Comfortables at a reduction.

ORIENTAL RUGS!

A large line consigned to us, to sell at a low price, came yesterday—some beauties among them. Long Hall Rugs in this lot.

ROOT & COMPANY.

Capital, $50,000. Surplus, $70,000.

The Old National Bank

OF FORT WAYNE.

STEPHEN B. BOND, President.
OLIVER P. MORGAN, Vice President.
JARED D. BOND, Cashier.
JAMES C. WOODWORTH, Ass't Cashier.

As an addition to its general banking business, this bank has opened a Dollar Deposit Department for the accommodation of patrons desiring to deposit small sums of money. Books will be provided for this class of depositors, bearing the words, "Dollar Deposit Department Old National Bank." 29-3w

J. E. WAUGH, D. D. S.,

Dental Office in Shoaff's Gallery,

21 W. BERRY St,

FURNITURE.

What is better for a Christmas or wedding present than a fine piece of Furniture? We have everything you can think of at our elegant new store, 28 and 30 East Berry street.

THE PAPE FURNITURE CO.

Beauty and Utility.

No more appropriate or usesul Christmas present can be given by a parent to a son or daughter than a Caligraph Type Writer. The time is not far distant when a type writer will be found in every intelligent home. The educational value of a type writer is unquestioned. It assists in learning to spell correctly, and results in a close observation of the construction of sentences, and helps to form the habit of composition. W. E. McDermut is the Fort Wayne agent for the Caligraph, which embraces the latest and best improvements in writing machines. Call and get samples, and see the machine in actual operation. 14 jan1

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

Fancy Cabinets, Blacking Boxes, Foot Rests, Easels, Statuary, cheap at the new store of THE PAPE FURNITURE CO.,
12-tf 28 and 30 E. Berry St.

Cheap Holiday Rates Via the "Muncie Route."

Lowest ever made
To Cincinnati and return, $4.21;
To Louisville and return, $7.30;
To Indianapolis and return, $4.15.
One fare for round trip
to all local points.

Tickets good going December 24, 25 and 31, 1889, and January 1, 1890; good to return until January 3, 1890.

For tickets and rates to other points call on or address

W. H. FISHER, G. P. & T. A.,
21-8t 73 Calhoun street.

Holida, Rates.

The Nickel Plate will sell tickets at reduced rates between all stations commencing Monday, Dec. 23, 1889, to Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1890, good returning on any train to and including January 3, 1890. Inquire of nearest agent. Nickel Plate holiday excursion rates all along the line. 11-18t

For Influenza use Fathers Balsam, the only sure cure. 28-30-Jan1

All lines of Ladies' Shoes which are broken in sizes we have marked down in order to close them out. Come and see them. If we have your size in these lots you can buy them at sacrificing prices. These lots include Ladies' French Kid Shoes in hand-turned and machine sewed, Fine Dongola Kid Shoes, in Opera and Common sense lasts, and of different widths.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS GOODS.

Redlick Bros.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, DEC. 28, 1889.

LOCAL NEWS.

Rev. A. Guttmacher lectured at Ligonier last evening.

The Transfer and Storage company held a meeting last night.

Mr. Theodore H. Haberkorn received the eighth patent on his air-brake today.

The county commissioners will probably have a special meeting early in January.

Mr. and Mrs. Gillsland, of Van Wert, Ohio, are visiting his sister, Mrs. Lawn.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Thompson are at Camden, Ind., visiting at Mrs. Thompson's old home.

Phoenix lodge No. 101, K. of P., will hold an election of officers next Monday evening.

Mr. Frank Falker will not return to Chicago. He says he will always make this city his home.

Miss Amelia Makarius, of Dayton, O., is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. W. Frederick, of LaSalle street.

Hon. R. C. Bell is at home from Muncie and Cincinnati. He reports Mrs. Bell in improved health.

Mr. Jacob Baltes has completed the stone contract on the handsome new Auger block on East Main street.

The holiday season is the dullest of the year for hotels and this year is by no means an exception to the rule.

Mrs. John Haynes and mother, of Bucyrus, are visiting Mrs. Gates and Mrs. Raifsnyder, of south Harrison street.

Mr. W. E. Lewis, formerly of L. O. Hull's store, now a hotel-keeper at Monroeville, was a visitor in the city last evening.

The funeral of Bessie, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Lehman, occurred this afternoon from the residence, 35 Walnut street.

Major Geo. Ewing received a handsome setter dog from the Latonia kennels at Lexington, Ky., yesterday. The canine cannot be touched for $500.

Fort Wayne Grand Lodge of Perfection will keep "open house" at the Masonic Temple on New Years day. All masons will receive a cordial reception.

Rev. Sam Small will deliver his lecture "From Bar Room to Pulpit" at the Academy of Music on New Years night. Admission free. Every person invited to come.

Mr. Klinkel, a resident of the east end, received a painting of himself from his wife, who just completed it for a Christmas gift. He thinks it is a splendid piece of work, and so it is.

A very interesting and entertaining musicale was given by Misses Anderson and Large on Thursday evening, at which Misses Siboni and Kenower contributed to the pleasure of invited guests.

Mr. Geo. Hahn, of Cincinnati, is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hahn. They have also as their guest, Miss Ida Brossard, of Cincinnati, an accomplished young lady and a cousin of Mrs. Hahn.

The funeral of the late Mrs. O. N. Heaton occurred yesterday afternoon, and was largely attended. Rev. S. A. Northrop, of the First Baptist church, officiated. The pall bearers were as follows: Messrs. F. L. Jones, L. Diether, W. J. Vesey, W. P. Breen, B. F. Harper and Wilmer Leonard.

A councilman in expressing his views upon the question of new pavements said he was in favor of more of them. He thought it would be a good policy to accomplish the laying of several pavements, because the muddy condition of our streets has no doubt been a loss of many thousands of dollars to the commercial interests.

Because Mr. Otto Klinkenberg, the druggist, made mistakes while waiting on customers to-day, it is not to be supposed he has the symptoms of approaching influenza. He changed a hundred dollar bill for a SENTINEL reporter and when the mistake was told him he explained it away by saying a darling little daughter had just arrived in his household, hence the recklessness.

New York City last night.

Capt. Chris Hettler was surprised by the Saengerbund on Christmas evening.

Misses Emma Searles and Cora Nave, of Huntington, are visiting friends in the city.

M. N. Plumadore, professor of the violin at the Conservatory of Music, is at Chicago.

Miss Cora Edwards has returned to this city from Montana. She is attending school here.

Mr. Harry Funk, representing the Fraternal Mystic Circle, is the guest of Dr. E. L. Siver.

A portion of the office force at the electric light works have been working extra hours lately.

The funeral of the young son of Wm. Pappert and wife will take place tomorrow at 1:30 p. m.

Assistant Manager Bernard Rorison, of the electric light works, has gone to Brookville, Ont., on business.

Mr. J. W. Hayden presented his daughter, Grace, as a Christmas gift a valuable lot on South Broadway.

The Tyner well, the twenty-eighth one in the field of the Salimonie company, is expected to develop to-day.

Bessie, the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Wyatt, of 21 Francis street, is down with typhoid fever.

Broadway may have a pavement next season. There is activity among a number favoring such improvement.

Reuben Webb, of Manitou Springs, Col., is in the city. He came to attend the funeral of his sister, Mrs. O. N. Heaton.

Miss Clara Buchwalter was presented with a handsome gold watch and chain on Christmas day. The gift came from her parents.

Misses Lillie and May Fisk have returned from a pleasant trip to Bluffton. While there they were the guests of Mrs. T. B. Empie.

Mrs. Auli and her daughter, Miss Julia, mother and sister of Mrs. W. F. Heath, are expected in this city to-day to visit here a short time.

Mr. Levi Fireovid and family, of Crestline, Ohio, are visiting at the residence of Mr. D. W. Souder, of Spy Run avenue. Mrs. Souder is a sister of Mr. Fireovid.

Among the Fort Wayne people who spent Christmas at Avilla were Messrs. Joe Reinan, Alex and Joseph Schlatter, Frank Kink, Chas. Fitch and wife and Mrs. Lathrop.

Edward Murray, a vagrant, arrested by Marshal Franke, was sent to jail today. Fred Peters, arrested by Officer Daseler, was arraigned on an old charge of intoxication. He paid his fine.

Mr. George Larrimore, of L. O. Hull's establishment, returned from Elkhart yesterday where he spent the past week visiting relatives. His cousin, Miss Nellie Miller, of the latter city, returned with him to remain two weeks.

Leesburg people are recovering from the shock caused by the great fire of last Saturday night. Most of the burnt district will be covered with new buildings, just as soon as the necessary material can be procured and the work done in the coming spring.

An interesting volume on musical matters has just been issued. It is entitled, "The First Hundred Years of Music in America." A biography of Professor W. F. Heath, of this city, who is prominent in musical circles, and a full page portrait of himself are among the contents of the volume.

The money contributions in the several Catholic churches of this city on Christmas day amounted to $1,358.07. The sums are accredited as follows: Cathedral, $769.26; St. Mary's, $366.56. St. Paul's, $111.67; St. Peter's, $110.28. The amount from each church, except St. Mary's, is a trifle less than was given for the same purpose a year ago.

At a regular meeting last evening, at their hall, Fort Wayne encampment, No. 152, I. O. O. F., elected the following officers for the ensuing term: C. P., William Bloudot; S. W., E. M. Powers; J. W., Byron J. Johnson; H. P., C. J. Lose; scribe, C. F. Fullmer; per. scribe, D. L. Harding; treasurer, T. J. Rodabaugh; trustees, D. L. Harding, John Shuster, Christian Bruns.

Hon. J. W. Ady, of Newton, Kansas, who will be remembered as an old Wells county boy, formerly a student at the Fort Wayne college, has made a brilliant success of his chosen profession, the law, at his western home. He was recently appointed by the president as United States district attorney and the other evening was made the recipient of a magnificent gold watch and chain, the gift of his many friends at Newton. Many acquaintances in northern Indiana will be glad to learn of Mr. Ady's success.

The marriage of Miss Ione Winton, of North Manchester, to H. E. Hamilton, of Grand Rapids, has proved a cruel farce, the groom already having two wives: one living at Salem, Ohio, and another at Grand Rapids. Hamilton claims he would secure work in this city. Dr. Winton, the bride's father, will make diligent effort to bring Hamilton to justice, and in this he will be assisted by the relatives of the other ladies he has wronged. It is sincerely to be hoped that Hamilton will soon be placed where he will no more menace the honor and happiness of innocent girls.

filed in the county recorder's office.

Dr. Peter Drayer is said to be the first sufferer from "grippe" at Hartford City.

Mr. T. F. McKee and daughter Vernia are the guests of N. C. Brownd, of this city.

Miss Nora Butler, of Waterloo, is in the city a guest of her father, Collector W. O. Butler.

Clarence Swann, of the postoffice, who is off duty by reason of sickness, is a little better to-day.

Rev. W. E. Murray, of Miami county, is visiting friends in this city and vicinity, for a few days.

Mrs. Watt P. Denny has returned from Rome City, where she was the guest of her parents.

Mr. C. E. Baker, of the electric light works, has returned from a visit to his parents at Kendallville.

The case of Eicher vs. the Fort Wayne Water Power company has been continued until Monday.

Miss Susie I. Potter, of Chicago, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Potter, of 39 Sherman street.

Mr. Archie P. Wolford, who has been visiting his parents, has returned to Chicago, where he is employed.

Mr. E. J. Clapp, head baker of Barcus' bakery, has returned from Chicago, where he spent Christmas with his parents.

The new building of the Meyer Brother's Drug company at St. Louis is completed and the firm is preparing to move therein.

Mr. P. L. Currier, of Markle, Ind., left Monday for a brief visit with his daughter, Mrs. S. J. Logan, of Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mr. Mart Rehman, who has been sick for some weeks, has about reached the crisis of his disease. His condition is very uncertain.

Mr. R. G. Thompson, sr., of Reading, Mich., will spend the holidays with his son, Wabash passenger agent Thompson, of this city.

Miss Grace Virgil, of Bristol, is in the city attending the St. Augustine's academy, where she expects to fit herself for a teacher in that institution.

Richard Weber, son of Mr. B. Weber, proprietor of the Washington House, has taken a position at the drug store of Mr. C. O. Lepper on West Jefferson street.

John D. Bachman and Louisa Braun; Fred W. Kellerman and Elsie Bell; John H. Teaque and Bertha Langer; Edward Vinson and Flora Hanover have been licensed to wed.

The W. K. P. had a social hop at Morton club hall last night. George Jacob's party furnished the music for the merry dancers. The enjoyment was kept up until nearly midnight.

George Wilson, the minstrel, is said to have a most magnificent residence in Binghamton, N. Y., his grounds presenting the appearance of a private park, with statuary, fountains, drives, etc., the whole representing an outlay of over $60,000.

Mr. Harry Keplinger, of the Hamilton bank, and Mr. Frank Keplinger, of the First National bank, will go to Bucyrus, Ohio, to-night, to attend the funeral of their uncle, M. D. Fulton, which will occur to-morrow.

Mr. Charles McKee, of the firm of Charles McKee & Co., who will occupy the corner room of the Schmiiz block for the jewelry business, was in the city yesterday. He let the contract to Liebman & Henry for the furniture of the room. The firm will open up February 1.

Mr. W. B. Smith, of South Calhoun street, met with quite a severe accident Thursday evening. He went into the stable at his home and, while moving around among his horses, was crushed up against the side of the stable and severely injured in the chest. Dr. Porter was called and attended him. Mr. Smith will be confined to the home for several days.

Officer Daseler arrested Fred Black and Henry Lichstin, two more youths who are supposed to be accomplices in the pigeon stealing raids made by a gang of boys in Frenchtown. They were bound over in the sum of $200. Fred Brown, Chas. Menze and young Gibson are also behind the bars, and it is believed the law will make an example of the whole gang.

The annual reunion of company D, eighty-eighth Indiana volunteer infantry was held to-day at Sion S. Bass post hall. The reunion commemorated the twenty-seventh anniversary of the battle of Stone river, at which point was the bloodiest engagement of the company. Captain Scott Swann, M. M. Thompson and Frank Alderman were the committee on arrangements for the meeting. Colonel Briant, of Huntington, was present with quite a number of other comrades from out of the city.

Captain C. Hettler and wife were surprised on Thursday evening by the Saengerbund, whose coming was headed by a serenade. The whole party was invited into the house by the astonished captain. They were soon joined by the St. Mary's church choir, who had called to pay their respects to Mr. and Mrs. Herman H. Hettler, of Chicago. The captain's surprise was still further heightened when he was presented with a beautiful gold pin as a token of esteem from the Saengerbund. The evening passed in delightful diversions. The recipient of the surprise will always recall the occasion with pleasant feelings.

at Kenark's school house, and organized an alliance. A charter was sent for and the following officers chosen: Wm. Kenark, president, John Corsin, vice-president; Chas Dalman, secretary; John Gride, treasurer.

Aboite Township Farmers' Alliance effected a permanent organization at Center school house. A charter was sent for and the following officers elected: President, Frances Cordrey; secretary, Frank Parnin; treasurer, Wm. A. Kelsey. The Alliance starts with thirty-five charter members, and will meet on Friday night, Jan. 10, 1890. Three delegates were elected to the County Alliance, which meets at Fort Wayne, Saturday, Jan. 4, 1890.

The farmers of Lake township perfected their alliance organization Thursday, December 13. The following officers were elected to act for a term of six months President, J. Rapp; Vice President, 'Squire Keiler; Treasurer, Mr. Hire, Secretary, A. T. Cook. The president appointed a committee, Messrs. Larimore, Grosjean and Smith, to attend the county alliance to be held at Fort Wayne, Saturday, January 4. Prior to adjournment the motion to hold another meeting at Lake Center, Thursday evening, January 2, was carried.

The Deaths.

The following deaths have been reported at the undertakers for the week ending December 28:

Wm. Pappert, 3 years, croup.

Mary Ruggaber, 71 years, dropsy.

Albert Crawford, 26 years, consumption.

Bessie Lehman, 7 days, spasms.

Martha J. Isett, 34 years, uremic poison.

Rhoda A. Heaton, 27 years, uremic poison.

Frank J. Early, 7 years, typhoid fever.

George Geiger, 75 years, asthma.

Mr. Elroy Lohmiller and wife, of Dixon, Ohio, are guests of Rev. S. D. Miller and wife, of South Harrison street.

The board of directors of the Fort Wayne Building, Loan and Savings association met last night.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Dec. 28.—Wheat: December, 77; January, 78; May, 82⅝. Corn: December, 31⅝; January, 30½; February, 30; May, 32½. Oats: December, 20; January, 20½; February, 20½; May, 22@22½. Pork: Year, $8.40; January, $9.05; February, $9.17½; May, $9.47½. Lard: Year, $5.77½; January, $5.80; February, $5.82½; May, $6.00. Short ribs: Year, $4.62½; January, $4.60; February, $4.62½; May, $4.82½.

Loose's Red Cloves Pills Cure Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, 25c per Box, 5 Boxes for $1. For sale by Dreier Bros.

Granges. Grapes and Nuts For New Years.

Large, Bright Floridas, 35c doz.
Choice Malaga Grapes, 18c lb.
New Mixed Nuts, 12½c qt.

FRUIT HOUSE.

At the Certia combination grocery you can find most anything you want.

COME TO STAY.

Our Fourth Year.

Toys, Notions, Novelties, Tinware, Glassware, Woodenware and Dolls a specialty. Wholesale and retail, at the Temple of Economy, 15 East Main St.
16-tf A. R. HILLS.

NEXT! NEXT! NEXT!

New Years Shooting.

Blank cartridges, powder, caps, horse pistols, revolvers, fire works, etc.

MAX G. LADE,
28&31 58 East Main street.

Reduction on Butter--Down 2c. Pound.

Choice Roll Butter, 18c; good Butter, 12c lb.

Fresh Eggs, 22c doz.

FRUIT HOUSE.

WANTED A good second girl at 99 East Wayne street. 28-tf

FOR SALE OR RENT--The large, commodious building on Columbia street, occupied by Staub Bros. Enquire of D. W. Bowen, 229 East Washington street.

FOR RENT—A nice cottage house on North Hanna street. Wood shed, cistern and cellar. Enquire of D. W. Bowen, 229 East Washington street.

Reformed orphan home during the holidays:

Mrs. Mary H. Williams, 35 yards of calico, 8 yards of dress goods, 1 pair mittens and toys; Miss Maggie Hamilton, 1 bolt of muslin, $10 in cash, 1 dozen handkerchiefs, 1 doll and other presents; the Misses Sweeney, ½ barrel of sugar, 12 cans of fruit, coffee, rice and prunes; Mr. J. B. White, 1 box of oranges (10 dozen); Pixley & Co., 3 books; Mr. Evans, books; Mrs. McDonald, 3 dolls, 1 buggy and pop corn; Mrs. Howenstein, 2 hoods, books and toys; Mrs. H. C. Moderwell, books; Mr. L. Hull, $3 cash; Mrs. Rudolph Siemon, 1 boys suit and 1 muffler; Mr. U. Stutz, 1 pair rubber boots; Mrs. F. W. Kuhne, $2; Mr. C. Rau, 2 pair boots; Mrs. R. Klaehn, $2.

Thankfully acknowledged,
REV. J. RETTIG, Supt.

Rev Rettig and family, as also the various employes of the orphan home, wish to express their hearty thanks for the special presents they received from Mrs. Williams and Miss Hamilton.

Bloomingdale.

Mr. Certia, bound to lead, honest weights and good goods has brought his business to the front. His customers always find him good natured and obliging, which is the road to success. The people on the north side appreciate this fact, as it is a great advantage to have such a firm so convenient. At 116 Wells street.

MERGENTHEIM'S BAZAAR.

The balance of our Stock of Ladies', Gents', and Childrens' Winter Underwear,

CLOAKS,

At and below cost. Yarns of all kinds at cost. Bisques, Toilet Cases and other holiday goods below cost. Comfortables and Blankets at cost.

Influenza is in our city, and all so affected, will at once get Fathers Balsam, a sure cure. 28-30-Jan1

I. G. Clark's is the best place to go for picture framing. A large stock always on hand and prices lower than the lowest. 181 Calhoun street.

Your Gain---Our Loss---But they must go. The Great Trade we have been having! Some lines of Suits and Overcoats have been reduced to 1 or 2 sizes. Now, to close them out, altho' they are among our best goods, we will not consider cost, but make a substantial reduction below it. We are determined, if price will move them, that they shall go before our removal.

The Early Comers are going to get the biggest values of their lives.

FRIEND'S ENTERPRISE CLOTHIERS, 26 Calhoun street.

STORE

(PIXLEY & LONG BLOCK), EAST BERRY STREET.

—IS THE—

Popular Place

TO BUY

DRY GOODS

Fancy Goods,

NOTIONS,

Ladies, Misses

—AND—

Children's

CLOAKS!

Always the Lowest Possible Prices.

ONE PRICE TO ALL.

INSPECTION AND COMPARISON OF PRICES RESPECTFULLY INVITED.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,

Pixley & Long Block
Berry street.

Dozois, Beadell & Co.

IMPORTANT!

Just Received

A Large Stock of

Extra Fine Roses

Come and see them before ordering elsewhere.

T. E. COVINGTON,

Green House corner Washington and Harrison sts.

FANCY WORK.

MISSES RICH & HOADLEY,

No. 170 CALHOUN ST.,

Keep on hand and make to order, just what you want for

Holiday Presents.

Painting and Embroidery artistically executed in neat new, designs.

BOSTON T STORE.

Challenge Hams,

English Breakfast Bacon,

Silver Leaf Flour,

Fresh Roasted Coffee Everyday.

Full Line of Fancy and Staple Groceries, Domestic and Tropical fruits.

No. 20 W. BERRY ST.

TELEPHONE 152.

XCEEDINGLY CEESNABLE.

Ladies' Rubbers, = = .25

Men's Rubbers, = = .40

Men's Rubber Boots, = $2.00

NEW - YORK - SHOE - STORE,

36 Calhoun Street, Scheifer & Davenport's Old Stand.

Newspaper ARCHIVE.com

GEO. DeWALD & CO.

NOW OPEN

—A—

Full and Complete Line

—OF—

HOSIERY,
FANCY KNIT WOOLENS,
HOODS, TOBOGGANS,
Cardigan Jackets,
Misses' and Children's
WOOL MITTENS.

GEORGE -:- DEWALD

—AND—

COMPANY,

Calhoun and Columbia Sts

JOE. YOBST & BRO.

Have knocked the bottom out of prices in the Meat Industries.

Round Steak, 10c., or 3 lbs for 25c.
Shoulder Steak, 8c. lb.
Pork Chops, 8c. lb.
Boiling Pork, 6c. lb.
Rolling Beef, 5c. lb.
Beef Roast, 8c. lb.
Kettle Rendered Lard, 10c. lb.
Sausage, 8c. lb.
Hog Head Cheese, 5c. lb.

Watch this column for bargains and buy where you can get the best for your money.

NO. 232 CALHOUN ST.

WE HANDLE THE BEST.

First read the prices and then come and get the quality, and we know that you will be convinced that you are getting the worth of your money, at

ROUSSEAU & PFEIFFER'S

Meat Market, 44 West Berry street.

Round Steak, 3 pounds for	25c.
Chuck Steak, per lb	7c.
Chuck Roast, per lb	5c.
Rolling Beef, (good) per lb	5c.
Boiling Pork, per lb	5c.
Pork Chops, per lb	8c.
Pork Sausage, per lb	8c.
Sugar Cured Bacon, per lb	10c.
Choice Home Rendered Lard, per lb	10c.
Elegant Corned Beef, per lb	8c.

HERE WE GO FOR A GRAND WIND UP

Most merchants advertise a Clearing Sale only at the close of the season, but we are compelled to take an inventory earlier than usual this year and will give you the edge on prices now, when you need goods the most.

We are going to sell every article throughout our store at cost and below cost.

We Mean Just Exactly What you Read Here.

This sale includes our Entire Stock of Cloaks, Shawls, Furs, all kinds of Woolen Goods, Underwear, Hosiery, Dress Goods, Silks, Plushes, Carpets, Curtains. In fact, Prices will be cut Right and Left on every article in our Store.

So Come Soon, For the Quicker You Come the Better For You.

LOUIS WOLF & CO.

54 Calhoun St.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833 — SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1889. — PRICE FIVE CENTS

JUROR CULVER DID IT!

The Secrets of the Jury in Their Deliberations in the Cronin Murder Case Made Public.

CHICAGO, Dec. 28.—The *Herald* this morning publishes what purports to be a true story of the proceedings of the jury in the Cronin case.

It says the jury first elected Mr. Clarke foreman, and then freely discussed the evidence. The jurors were nearly unanimous as to the guilt of at least four of the defendants, and Culver, by his remarks, seemed to acquiesce in the views of the others. On the first ballot, however, on the question, "are any of the defendants guilty?" his vote, (the only one) in the negative, showed his position. Several of the jurors argued with the real estate man, but to no purpose.

On the second ballot, "was Dr. Cronin killed in the Carlson cottage?" the result was as before—11 to 1. There was no more balloting Friday night, but plenty of heated debate. Saturday the argument was resumed and Culver took the position that Burke's identification was by no means complete and that the identity of the furniture had not been established. This staggered the other jurors. They had expected trouble, but were not prepared for the position he was taking. Several of the jurors, after a consultation, prepared a series of questions concerning Culver's utterances in the rooms occupied at the hotel. These questions were put to him in rapid succession. With some modifications they were as follows:

"Are you prepared to state, on your oath as a juror, that you did not come in the jury room with the determination to force disagreement? If not, how do you explain the fact that you said to a juror, before any testimony had been taken, that you were almost prepared in advance to discount everything that the state might do and disbelieve its testimony?"

"How do you explain the fact that you said to two jurors that Mrs. Conkling was an enamored woman, to another juror that she was impure, that she made your flesh creep by reason of her proximity to you while she was on the stand?"

"How do you explain the fact that you said to a juror, before he was sworn in, that you would not make a good juror; that you were prejudiced against the state; that it had used you brutally and that you could not give the state fair treatment?"

"How do you explain the fact that you said to a juror during the first or second week of the trial that the jury would probably stand on the ballot 11 to 1?"

"Why did you say to Mr. Bonticour, before the evidence began, that the jury system was cruel and that the state would not make anything by treating you as it had done? Will you swear that your determination to sue the county for damages has not influenced your opinion?"

Culver sat through the ordeal like one in a dream, big beads of prespiration broke out on his face and forehead, his body trembled and his hands shook. He made a motion once as if to break away from his stern inquisitors, but sinking back in his chair in a hopeless sort of a way, remained motionless until the reading was concluded.

He made no effort to answer any of the questions, nor did he comment on them. When the reading was finished he wrote a letter to Judge McConnell complaining that his character and integrity were being assailed and asked for protection. The judge replied that he could do nothing for him. After another long argument, a third and fourth ballot was taken on the same questions as the first. On the second ballot the result was the same, Culver voting "No." After a fifth ballot, which was like the preceding ones, debate was resumed. The others gave Culver no rest at all. Three or four were after him all the time though he begged piteously to be let alone.

Finally, Saturday night Culver took two jurors aside and told them that if they would let Kunze and Beggs go free he would vote to find the others guilty. The proposition was accepted and all went to sleep.

Early Sunday morning a ballot was taken and resulted: Beggs, guilty 7; not guilty, 5. Coughlin, guilty, 12. O'Sullivan, guilty, 12. Burke, guilty, 12. Kunze, guilty, 3; not guilty, 4.

This result was unexpected to everybody. Culver charged the others with violating their agreement, but they informed him that no agreement had ever been made. He wanted to compromise, but the others insisted on proceeding as they were.

Beggs' case was then taken up. On the seventh ballot only two voted guilty and on the eighth Beggs was acquitted. The result pleased Culver and he became more affable. After an argument it was agreed to find Kunze guilty of manslaughter and on the tenth ballot it was so decided. On the thirteenth ballot his sentence was fixed at three years.

On the question of hanging Burke, O'Sullivan and Coughlin the ballot was ten for and two against. On Burke at one, 11 yeas and 1 no.

Culver alone stood between Burke and Coughlin and the gallows, but was supported by one other in O'Sullivan's case. Culver argued strongly that fourteen years was sufficient, and threatened to withdraw his vote of guilty if the others insisted on the death penalty.

Monday morning Culver agreed to a twenty year sentence, and a ballot resulted, 11 noes, 1 yea. Finally, at 12:30, Monday, the thirty-first ballot was taken on the proposition to send the murderers to the penitentiary for life. The vote was 7 for and 5 against. On the thirty-second ballot the sentence was agreed upon.

DIEBOLD'S SUCCESSOR.

Nic DeWald Has the Inside Ropes at Present.

Officer Henry Diebold was preemptorily dismissed from the police force for drunkenness on his beat.

The police commissioners will hold a meeting next Monday, when, it is now believed, Nic DeWald, of the sixth ward, will be appointed to fill the vacancy. Councilman Bandt placed Mr. DeWald's application before the police commissioners, who, from all present indications, will make him their choice.

A SERVANT MAID.

Charged With Larceny, Lena Heines is Imprisoned.

Last evening Officer O'Connell arrested and locked up Lena Heines, a young woman.

The prisoner was arraigned before Mayor Harding this morning on a charge of larceny for the theft of a dress valued at $12, a necklace valued at $2 and a pair of gloves valued at $1.

Miss Clara Kelly testified that the goods were stolen from her.

Both girls worked together at Mrs. James Ryan's, on West Washington street.

Miss Heines stated that her home is in Van Wert.

She was bound over to the circuit court in the sum of $300, in lieu of which amount she was sent to jail. It was her first experience before a tribunal of justice and she wept bitterly as she was taken to the police station in the patrol wagon.

REV. DR. YOCUM.

He Eulogizes on the Manly Traits of Character of the Late Jeff Davis.

In Bartow, Fla., on Wednesday evening, Dec. 11, the citizens of that town gathered at a public meeting to hold memorial services on the death of the late Jefferson Davis. Many distinguished gentlemen made speeches complimentary to the departed. Among those who spoke was a former citizen of Fort Wayne, Rev. Dr. Yocum, at one time at the head of the M. E. college.

Of his address the Bartow *Courier-Informant* says: "Rev. Dr. Yocum, principal of Summerlin institute, was the next speaker. The doctor is from the north, and the situation might have been embarrassing to a narrower and less brainy man. But we deeply regret that we can not lay his whole speech before our readers. It is one of the most masterly ever delivered in the state. With the breast of true manhood he recognized the noble traits of Jefferson Davis' character, and pictured with a glowing eloquence, which fired the hearts of all the old ex-Confederates, the eminent Christian piety of their great chief, his strict integrity, and his sublime adherence to a cause which he believed to be right, even though a different path might have offered greater fame and honors. He closed with an earnest appeal for a united country; that we may stand together as one man and build up this great and glorious republic. He did honor to himself and honor to the occasion. And, in behalf of this whole community, we bless him for his precious words, whose influence for good will last through years to come. Had we a few more Dr. Yocums in this country, the dead past would soon bury it dead, the wounds would heal, and we should know no North, no South, no East, no West, but only one common country."

LA GRIPPE.

An Old Bank President Dies of the Malady.

BOSTON, Dec. 28.—John Templeton Cooledge, president of Columbian bank, died this morning at his residence of "La Grippe." Mr. Cooledge was one of the oldest bank presidents in Boston.

Short in His Accounts.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Dec. 28.—The sensation of the day here is the discovery that I. Monasch, financial secretary of the Turners Building and Loan association, is short in his accounts. The discrepancy is estimated at $25,000.

Threatened Strike.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Dec. 28.—A strike on the New York, Lake Erie and Western railroad, which extend from this city to Buffalo, is threatened. The trouble is caused by the recent discharge of four engineers.

Failure.

EDDYSTONE, Wash., Dec. 28.—Lloyd & Co., the chief mercantile firm have failed. Liabilities, $15,000.

A MICHIGAN FIEND!

In Cold Blood He Murders His Wife and Two Children and Then Commits Suicide.

ROCHESTER, Mich., Dec. 28.—A cold blooded tripple murder was committed ten miles north of Mount Vernon last night. Wm. Major murdered his wife, his daughter, and his grand daughter. Major, who is about fifty years old, and a well-to-do farmer, was in Romeo yesterday, and came home cheerful. His daughter, Mrs. Joseph Depew, of Brandon, and her little daughter, were visiting the house, and, after conversation with them, the family retired.

The people were but fairly asleep when Major arose and began the work of slaughter. He took a revolver and shot his wife as she lay asleep, putting two bullets into her body and mortally wounding her.

The noise of the shooting awakened the others, but the murderer did not hesitate. Springing into the apartment occupied by his daughter and her child he coolly fired a bullet at Mrs. Depew, and when it failed to kill her, he procured an ax and knocked out her brains. Then he pulled his little grand daughter from beneath the bed clothing, and with one blow of the ax cut her open, killing her instantly, blood and brains bespattering the bed and wall.

Major then rushed into the room where his little son slept and groped about the bed for him. The lad had crawled under the bed for safety. As he heard his father searching the room he said, "Are you going to kill me, too, papa?"

"No, my son," replied the murderer. "Do not be afraid. I won't hurt you. When I am gone you will get $150, which I will leave you, and divide it with your sister."

Then he hastened from the house. The boy gave the alarm as soon as he could and the neighbors found Mrs. Major still alive. She cannot survive, however. The other two were instantly killed.

Major was found last night. His body was discovered in his barn, he having committed suicide by hanging.

LITTLE TICKS.

The Day's Telegraph News From Many Points Told Briefly.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—Benjamin A. Jones, paymaster's clerk in the United States marine corps' department, is missing. His hat has been floating in the river, and a letter written by him to his wife said that he was about to commit suicide. Jones' accounts are being investigated, and a shortage of $2,500 has already been discovered.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Dec. 28.—A general strike is believed to be brewing on the Cincinnati Southern railroad, owing to the discharge of more than twenty freight conductors because they belong to the Brotherhood of Railroad.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Dec. 28.—Henry SAXON, who made some sarcastic remark about the quality of music furnished for a country dance near here Christmas night, was asked to step outside by Willis Glass, the musician, and was instantly killed. Glass escaped.

BOSTON, Dec. 28.—The retail notion store of Houghton & Sutton, at Tremont and Beacon streets, was damaged to the extent of several thousand dollars by fire, smoke and water at an early hour this morning.

AUGUSTA, Me., Dec. 28.—Miss Susan L. Stanwood, a sister of Mrs. James G. Blaine, has been stricken with paralysis and is not expected to survive many hours.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—It is reported that the Vanderbilts have caused to be prepared by Tiffany & Co. a service of plate valued at $50,000 and will present it to Mr. J. Pierrepont Morgan as a Christmas-tide remembrance. The gift is supposed to be in recognition of Mr. Morgan's services in financeering the West Shore and other deals in the Vanderbilt interests.

CAIRO, Ill., Dec. 28.—James K. Kent, a prominent member of society here, and assistant cashier of the Cairo, Vincennes and Chicago railway, was yesterday found to have embezzled about $1,500 of the company's money. He has left for parts unknown.

A DEFAULTING TREASURER

Comes From Prison and Seeks to Recover Property Held in Trust.

VINCENNES, Ind., Dec. 28.—An important suit has been filed here by Spence S. Hollingsworth, ex-county treasurer, against James Ellison. Hollingsworth defaulted for about $80,000 and for this he served a term in Jeffersonville prison.

In order to indemnify his bondsmen he deeded in trust all his property to James Ellison, one of his bondsmen. The property was estimated at $60,000. The bondsmen compromised with the county and paid the shortage with $35,000.

Hollingsworth now claims that the rest of his property held in trust has been unaccounted for and is his, and therefore, sure to recover the same.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—For Indiana—rain; warmer, southerly winds.

THE LAST SUNDAY

Of the Year Comes To-morrow, and the City Pastors Invite You to Religious Services.

You are heartily invited to the First Baptist church.

Regular services at Trinity Episcopal church to-morrow.

Usual services at the Trinity M. E. church Sabbath morning and evening by the pastor.

Services at the "Christian Chapel" to-morrow at 10:30 and 7:30. Evening subject, "The Final Judgement."

Rev. J. M. Boggs is ill and in consequence there will be no services at the Third Presbyterian church to-morrow.

Simpson M. E. church, corner south Harrison and Dawson streets. Regular services to-morrow by the pastor. All cordially invited to attend.

Berry street M. E. church; preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. M. Van Slyke, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., praise service, 7 o'clock; Sunday school at 2:15 p. m.

Services at Grace Reformed church to-morrow morning at 10:30. In the evening at 7:30 the pastor will speak on the topic, "The Unmarred," Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.

Regular services at the First Presbyterian church, morning and evening, by Dr. Moffat. Meeting of Society of Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p. m., Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All invited.

Usual services to-morrow at the Wayne street M. E. church. Preaching by pastor at 10:30 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Subject of the morning sermon, "The Temptation of Christ." All cordially invited.

Men's meeting at the Railroad Department of the Y. M. C. A., will be held Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, standard time, to which all men are cordially invited. One of song, music and short talks, is sure to be profitable to all.

St. Paul M. E. church. Preaching both morning and evening by Rev. H. N. Herrick, president of the M. E. college. At the close of the morning sermon, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be celebrated. Sabbath school at 2:30 in the afternoon.

The First U. B. church, corner East Lewis and Harmer streets—Preaching both morning and evening by Presiding Elder Rev. J. L. Luttrell. Morning at 10:45, after which communion service; evening, at 7 sharp. Sabbath school at 9 o'clock, standard time. Come.

Union services of Congregational and Second Presbyterian churches will be held in the Congregational church to-morrow. Morning service at 10:30, conducted by Rev. J. P. Lloyd; Sunday school at 12 o'clock, m.; evening service at 7:30, conducted by Rev. C. Newton, of California; young peoples meeting at 6:45 p. m.

The city department of the Young Men's Christian association extends to all the citizens of Fort Wayne the compliments of the season, and to those who so willingly and cheerfully devoted their time and means for the success of our fair and the encouragement of our work we return our most sincere thanks, hoping that the coming year may be full of blessings for them and their children. Our Sunday afternoon meetings will be resumed to-morrow at 4 o'clock, city time, when we expect to see a large turn out of young men. Let us begin the new year right by starting with the last Sabbath of the old year. Rev. W. M. Van Slyke will conduct the services.

LOCAL LINES.

There was a dullness about the depots to-day.

Engineer Meyers has entered the employ of the Nickel Plate.

Mr. James E. Graham was presented with an elegant gold watch and chain by his family on Christmas day.

Jacob Baltes missed a horse and buggy last night. The property turned up later at Rippo's livery stable.

Mrs. Adam Hoffman, jr., and daughters, of Crestline, Ohio, are the guests of Conductor and Mrs. Tom Hall.

W. H. Brilliant, Kendallville, W. C. Bramen, Muncie, Hugh S. Butler, Huntington, are among the guests at the Rich.

Mr. George Geiger, aged 75 years, 3 Edgerton street, died this morning of asthma. The funeral occurs to-morrow at 3:30 p. m. from the Zion Lutheran church.

To-day a splendid black team of horses were purchased from Farmer Lepper, the consideration being $350. The combined weight of the animals is 2,820 pounds.

Messrs. James and Michael Woulfe will shortly add another story to their building at the corner of Calhoun and Baker street. Mr. John Hinton will lease the property for hotel purposes.

Harry C. Adams, of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba railway, who was the guest of his parents at No. 165 Griffith street, has returned to his home in Minnesota. Mr. Adams was for some years an operator for the Pennsylvania company, and is now chief clerk and stenographer for the superintendent of the northern division of the Manitoba railway.

TEN KILLED!

A Terrible Wreck on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad in West Virginia.

WHITE SULPHUR, W. Va., Dec. 28.—A wreck on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad occurred near here at 7 o'clock this morning. It is reported that ten people were killed and ten injured. The accident was caused by a broken rail.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 28.—A telegram to the officials of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad says: There was a terrible wreck on the Chesapeake and Ohio near White Sulphur, W. Va., at 7 o'clock this morning. Five passengers and as many employes were killed and many injured. The accident was caused by a broken axle.

Chief Clerk Ryan, of the passenger department of this city, says he thinks none of the killed are Cincinnatians, but most of them reside principally in Virginia and West Virginia. The engine is not off the track, but car 64, combined car 41, and the coach and sleeper Hermosa turned over on their sides.

The coach telescoped the combined car and it is there where the people were killed. Five passengers in the second-class coach, and five employes were killed. The names of the dead, as far as we have been able to learn, are as follows:

Kidder Kidd, of Hannibal, Mo.

Baggage Master Barksdale, of Huntington, W. Va.

H. Mottson, mail clerk, Charleston, W. Va.

Nowaboy, name not learned.

Two colored men who worked on the Alleghany section, names not learned.

Thomas Karsh, Blackstone, Kan.

J. D. West, Howardsville, Va.

The injured, as far as learned, are:

Conductor Schweichert, legs crushed.

Section Master Myers, badly injured in the breast and back.

The injured were taken to the Caldwell house, White Sulphur.

SHOWS HIS COLORS.

New Hampshire's Governor Issues an Extraordinary Proclamation Against the Rum Traffic.

CONCORD, N. H., Dec. 28.—Governor D. H. Goodall has issued an extraordinary proclamation, saying that in view of various heinous crimes which have been committed in the state within the past few weeks, which are directly traceable to the use of intoxicating liquors, in the sale of which the state laws have been frequently violated, he warns all persons to desist from the illegal and deadly traffic immediately and calls upon state, county, city and town officials, and all good citizens of every party, seek and faith to unite in one supreme effort to close up every liquor saloon in the state, and he urges all churches, temperance organizations and all persons who desire the best good of the commonwealth to redouble their efforts to promote personal sobriety and temperance amongst the people.

FATAL FIRE.

An Old Lady Perishes in the Flames --Others Injured.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 28.—A fire occurred last night in the old St. Angelea church building. The first two stories were occupied by the New York Furniture company and a number of private offices, while the third floor was occupied by roomers.

An old lady, Miss Copeland, was overcome by smoke and fell into the flames and perished. Another lady in attempting to rescue her was badly burned. Jack McAuliffe, a fireman, was precipitated to the ground by the breaking of a ladder and received probably fatal injuries. Another fireman was slightly injured by falling walls. The financial loss will be about $20,000.

Masked Men.

RACINE, Wis., Dec. 28.—Three masked men visited the house of A. Jones, covered him with a revolver, and took a small amount of money.

King Carlos I.

LISBON, Dec. 28.—The formal accession of Carlos I, as king of Portugal, was proclaimed to-day with elaborate and imposing ceremonies.

Robert Carter Dead.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—Robert Carter, member of the publishing firm of Carter & Bro., died this morning, aged eighty-two years.

Death of a Judge.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Dec. 28.—Horace Wilder, ex-judge of the supreme court of Ohio, died at Red Wing, Minn., yesterday.

Burned.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Dec. 28.—The Muskeget life saving station on Nantucket beach was burned last night.

Don Pedro's Wife Dead.

LISBON, Dec. 28. The ex-empress of Brazil died to-day at Oporto, of heart disease.

Sheriff Viberg to-day arrested John Palmer on suspicion of selling stolen jewelry. Palmer was about the streets trying to dispose of watches. He showed satisfactory evidence that he purchased the stuff and was released.

A REPORTORIAL APOLOGY.

A Sentinel Reporter Gets the Names of Messrs. Ellison and Jenkinson Mixed in His Account of That Mock Trial.

THE SENTINEL owes an apology to Mr. T. E. Ellison, the attorney, and it will make it gracefully.

In giving an account, in its yesterday's issue, of a mock trial a Christmas joke which took place Wednesday at the office of Justice France, it gave his name as one of the principals, when in reality he had nothing whatever to do with it.

The information concerning this amusing Christmas day episode was obtained from a spectator whom our reporter had every reason to think was well acquainted with the parties, but the sequel proves, as we found out afterwards, that he was woefully mistaken in regard to the identity of one of them—Mr. Ellison.

He was represented, in our article, as assuming the part that should have been credited to Mr. J. J. Jenkinson, the attorney, who, with Mr. Byron Hattersley, were the principals in the affair that created so much merriment for a large crowd of spectators on Christmas day.

How our informant should have got the names mixed we are at a loss to understand, but mixed he got them, at any rate. There is but little similiarity in appearance between the two gentlemen and those who know them could not mistake the one for the other, but our informant did, and that is the explanation of the whole affair which created considerable comment and no end of amusement last evening among the friends of the parties concerned.

THE SENTINEL apologizes to Mr. Ellison for the newspaper notoriety it has given him by hastening to make the correction of the mistake in names. The publication of the episode goes to show how human it is to err. Mr. Ellison, we feel sure, was not worried about the matter, but we make the apology that Mr. Jenkinson may share, with Mr. Hattersley, his part in this Christmas day mock trial.

PROBABLY FATAL.

A Wabash Brakeman Badly Hurt at Huntington.

A young man named J. T. Fetters, whose home is at Andrews, was badly injured at Huntington, Thursday night while in the discharge of his duties as head brakeman on westbound freight train No. 98, on the Wabash. The accident occurred in the yards and was caused by some logs extending over the ends of the cars, and coming into close contact with each other. They caught the brakeman as he was making a coupling, punching his head and causing dangerous complications. Blood flowed from his ears and he was rendered quite deaf, being unable to hear anything that was said to him. He did not seem to lose consciousness and gave orders concerning many of his personal affairs.

He was given every attention that the trainmen could furnish.

It was after midnight when the accident took place and at about three o'clock the victim was placed in the caboose and conveyed to Andrews. Reports were current that his injuries would terminate in death, as the skull was very likely fractured. Latest information is to the effect that he is still alive and if any change is noticeable, it is for the better. He will be taken to the hospital at Peru.

Fetters is popularly known in this city and bears a reputation of being honest and faithful in the discharge of his duty.

CUT HIS LEG.

A Young Farmer Meets With a Bad Accident.

Gottlieb S. Schwan, who has been chopping timber just south of the city on the Bluffton road, met with a very serious accident this morning. While cutting through a tree, the ax glanced off and buried itself in his left leg, just above the ankle, almost completely severing the foot from the leg.

One of the choppers took off his suspenders and bound them tightly around the cut member, and thus in a measure checked the flow of blood. Dr. J. W. Yontage was called for and on his arrival tied the cut blood vessels and bound up the wound. The man will be confined to his bed and room for the remainder of the winter and may be crippled for life.

SAM SMALL.

The Former Associate of Sam Jones, to Lecture in This City.

On New Year's evening, Rev. Sam Small, the noted evangelist, will be in the city and will lecture at the Academy of Music, under the auspices of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, upon the subject, "From the Bar Room to the Pulpit." The lecture will be free and all are most cordially invited to be present. From the fact that the visit of Sam Jones is of such recent date, the appearance of his famous co-laborer will be given additional interest, and many persons will be desirous of hearing him. The house will undoubtedly be filled.

LAST OF THEIR RACE.

A STRIKING COLLECTION IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

A Group of Moose Now Being Mounted by the Taxidermists. The Native Animals So Scarce that Specimens Have with Great Difficulty Been Secured.



ONE of the most striking objects or collections of objects in the National Museum at Washington is the huge case containing what is known as the buffalo group. This represents a small section of Montana territory, a spot in the prairie where there is a pool of water and a group of buffalo mounted by the taxidermist in most life like attitudes gathered about the pool. The animals were secured by Mr. Hornaday in his famous hunt "for the last of the buffalo." The scenic accessories down to the last little tuft of prairie grass were arranged by Mr. Hornaday, and the buffalo were mounted by him, all in faithful conformity with nature, which he had ample opportunity for studying.

Soon there will be placed near this buffalo group another of equal size and importance. It will tell as well as one such collection can the life history of the moose. The moose group will be made up in part of trophies of Col. Cecil Clay's. The scene to be represented has been all planned and sketched in black and white by Mr. Hornaday. Joseph Palmer, the taxidermist, is mounting the moose in the various attitudes they will assume in the complete group. Col. Clay, who has taken much interest in the work and has given personal direction to many of the details, has gone on a trip to Canadian wilds, partly for the purpose of securing right from the spot where the moose were shot the trees, shrubbery, stumps, and grass required

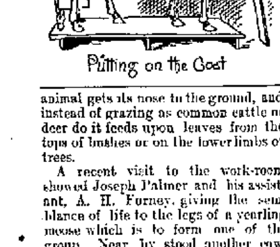


In the Taxidermist's Room

to make the scene a truthful representation of what a stealthy hunter who could get near enough to such a group of moose might actually have seen.

The larger of the rooms occupied by the taxidermist is now devoted almost entirely to the moose. In fact, there is room on the floor for little else, but the shelves are covered with casts, drawings, skies, antlers, and the many materials used by the taxidermist. On one shelf is a cast made from the head of a big moose, showing the great development of the flexible nose—a provision of nature which enables the animal to plow beneath the surface of the crusted snow in winter in search of the foliage of bushes upon which it feeds at that season, and also aids as a horn to give volume and effect to its peculiar and prolonged bellow when calling to its mate.

On low platforms on the floor stand the moose already mounted or in process of mounting. The largest of the group is a cow, and the taxidermist has about completed work upon this animal. This is the huge creature from the province of Ontario shot for the museum by Col. Clay and which measured 6 feet 4 inches in height at the withers. It is as large as a big horse and weighed 1,500 pounds. It is represented with legs somewhat spread and its short neck and long head stretched at an angle upward, as if reaching out to seize with its tongue and overhanging upper lip a leaf or twig from the branch of a tree. The shortness of the neck, the size of the head, and length of the awkward-looking limbs give the creature a somewhat ungainly aspect, but the taxidermist has stuck to the lines laid down by nature's handiwork. The neck is so short that it is with difficulty the



Putting on the Goat

animal gets its nose to the ground, and instead of grazing as common cattle or deer do it feeds upon leaves from the tops of bushes or on the lower limbs of trees.

A recent visit to the work-room showed Joseph Palmer and his assistant, A. H. Forney, giving the semblance of life to the legs of a yearling moose which is to form one of the group. Near by stood another cow, about completed, and the calf secured by Colonel Clay with the big cow was off in a corner by itself ready to take part in the moose tableau. The calf, which was a very young one, is distinguished, like its mother, by the length of its legs. A bull shot in Maine stood on the ways near by, not yet ready to be launched. It was the most interesting object in the room to one who wanted to see how a moose is made—that is, a moose made by a taxidermist. It had not had its coat put on yet. The head was there, a genuine moose skull with branching antlers and some deficiencies in the bony structure supplied by the skill of the taxidermist. The body, well rounded out and made in the perfect image of a moose, was composed, so far as the eye could see, of fine "excelsior," wound, and packed, and padded, and molded, and wired into the form of muscles and flesh. There were the shoulders, and the joints, and the line of the backbone all brought out and well defined. The legs had for their foundation or base the leg bones of the moose rearticulated by the taxidermist and strengthened and supported by slender but strong iron rods bent into proper shape. About these bones were twined the muscles and tendons of "excelsior." The taxidermist, by utilizing the skull and bones of the animal, secures outlines and dimensions for which nature is responsible and cannot be questioned. This half made bull is almost as large as the great cow. Colonel Clay is not satisfied with its size, however, and hopes to secure one to substitute for it, a monarch of its race, which will represent fully the height and size attained by the full grown old moose bull. This bull is represented standing naturally on its tracks, with its head about the level of its hump. On the floor lies the leg bones of another moose shot by Colonel



A Yearling.

Clay, and which soon will have to perform service as part of the skeleton of a moose, whose heart and vitals, circulatory system, muscles and flesh will be excelsior. When the body and limbs have been modeled to accord perfectly with measurements, sketches and casts taken from the animal before it was dismembered the skin has to be put on, and in this the skill of the taxidermist is severely tested. The skin has in the first place to be removed with much care from the animal after it is shot. Then it has to be treated carefully so as to preserve all the natural color and aspect of the coat, and be kept in a flexible condition without either shrinking or stretching. Nature's tailoring is done with much nicety, and even when the taxidermist has nature's own materials, it is not an easy task to secure the same exactness of fit in one place or the soft fold in another as that which characterized the coat of the live animal. The workman has to study his subject thoroughly in order to have his reproduction of nature look comfortable in its skin.

The group, when mounted, will be represented feeding in a clump of trees, birch and ash, such as might be found in the moose country in Northern Maine or Ontario in the autumn.

The glass-case in which they will be placed will be of the same size as that inclosing the buffalo group—12 by 16. In the foreground the big cow will stand, reaching up and grasping at a twig with its tongue and lip. By it will stand the calf, and the yearling moose will be standing by with its head down and tongue protruding, licking the calf's forehead. The other moose will be feeding near by. The bull moose, still to be mounted in the workshop, will be postured in what is perhaps the most characteristic attitude. The moose, when it cannot conveniently feed upon the leaves of a sapling by reaching upward, will throw its weight against the stem of the



Riding Down a Sapling

sapling, bend it down, and walk astride of it. It will then feed at ease upon the succulent twigs and leaves. This performance is called in moose-hunters' parlance "riding down" a tree, and the moose yet to be rehabilitated will be represented in the act of feeding on a sapling which it has ridden down.

The Game of Information.

The newest game for winter evenings takes the form of an information party, and is begun by passing to each boy a card and to the girls small pieces of paper, which should be numbered from one up to the number of girls in the game. The boys then write a number on their cards, and those who discover the same number on their card and paper are partners for the game.

Each couple must think of a question, sensible or ridiculous, historical or in regard to the weather, to be written on cards, after which the cards are to be gathered together, and the leader reads each in turn, giving a few moments for the partners to consider the subject and write the answer, which should be read aloud in turn.

This is where the fun of the game begins, as many of the answers are exceedingly queer.

Those having a correct answer mark their card 10; a wrong answer 0; and if the answer is anywhere near right it is counted. When all are added, prizes may be distributed as in progressive games for the best and the poorest record.

This is an amusing game because of the misinformation it elicits. A great many people will be surprised at their own ignorance in regard to such questions as to the number of States and Territories, the location of cities in Europe, the names of well-known rulers, and so forth.

Of course it is not fair to ask for exact dates in history, but outside of that, there is plenty of chance to trip somebody who thinks he "knows it all."—*Golden Days.*

"Miss Jennie and Me."

One evening a man, tall and spare, surrounded by a country atmosphere, cautiously approached the desk at Willard's Hotel, Washington, and hesitatingly said that he wanted a room. Mr. Harris placed the register before him and handed him a pen.

"What's that for?" inquired the would-be guest.

"Sign your name, please," was the reply.

"I've got a lady with me. It's my wife—we've just got married," was the faltering remark of the visitor.

"Then write both your names on the register," was the advice given.

An inspection a moment later revealed the following entry:

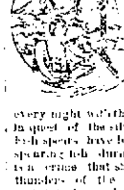
"Miss Jennie & me."

It may be love that makes the world go round, but you can't make the old maid believe it.

THE SPEARING OF FISH.

METHODS OF PURSUING THIS PISCATORIAL SPORT.

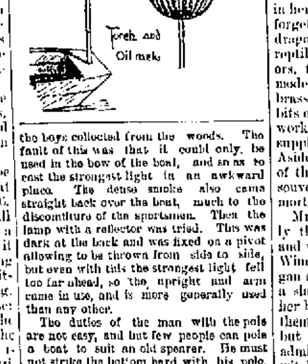
The Kerosene Torch Has Superseded the Old-Fashioned Pine Knots and Wire Rack—Habits of Different Kinds of Fish and the Difficulty in Successfully Impaling Them.



THE SPEAR WAS at one time regarded as an honorable and effective implement of war, but now it is only used by barbarians and sportsmen. Our inland rivers and coast creeks are lit up every night with the torches of fishermen in quest of the silver eel or the pickerel. Fish spears have long been laid away, for spearing fish during the spawning season is a crime that should call down all the thunders of the piscatorial Jove. Yet, such fish slayers do exist.

Visitors along the bays of our coast and inland streams may now see, when they are walking abroad in the calm evenings, light-like enlarged will-o'-the-wisps floating from point to point among the shallows. They investigate them, to find the mystery resolve itself into a boat with two men, one to pole the boat and one to spear the fish. The light proceeds from an upright about three feet high, from which projects an arm of about the same length, the end of which is loosely wrapped around with tow or cotton waste. On the top of the upright is a two-quart can fitted with a faucet and holding kerosene, which flows fast or slow as desired along the arm, which is hollow, and saturates the bundle of tow, and this being lighted attracts the fish and shows them plainly to the spearer.

In the old days an open-work cresset of iron was filled with dry pine-knots, which



Torch and Oil rack.

the boys collected from the woods. The fault of this was that it could only be used in the bow of the boat, and so as to cast the strongest light in an awkward place. The dense smoke also came straight back over the boat, much to the discomfiture of the sportsmen. Then the lamp with a reflector was tried. This was dark at the back and was fixed on a pivot allowing to be thrown from side to side, but even with this the strongest light fell too far ahead, so the upright and arm came in use, and is more generally used than any other.

The duties of the man with the pole are not easy, and but few people can pole a boat to suit an old spearer. He must not strike the bottom hard with his pole, for sound is much increased under water, and the mere concussion of the pole on a rock bottom will scare fish twenty yards away. Then he must pole the boat just so, neither too fast nor too slow, and in a direction to keep the smoke from crossing the boat. When a fish is struck the boat must be staid and held still, or a sudden lifting of the spear will enable the fish to get away. In using the spear considerable skill is required, as will soon be found out by the repeated misses scored at first trying.

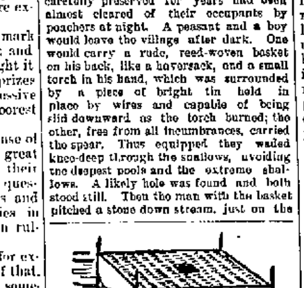
One must allow for refraction in making a strike. A perfectly straight stick held upright in a depth of three feet of water will appear to be bent at an angle of 20 degrees, and this angle will decrease when the water becomes shallow, and increase as it deepens. Consequently the first thing to learn is to judge the depth at which



About to strike

the fish lies; at the depth of three feet strike fully a foot behind him if he is coming toward you, and a trifle more if going from you. The best way is to try first at fish going against the stream, as in striking with the current the slightest thing varies the accuracy and nothing more so than grasping the spear more firmly at one time than another. Those few hints should enable any one soon to become fairly proficient.

Some years ago quite a sensation was created in Spain owing to the fact that most of the rivers where fish had been carefully preserved for years had been almost cleared of their occupants by poachers at night. A peasant and a boy would leave the village after dark. One would carry a rude, reed-woven basket on his back, like a haversack, and a small torch in his hand, which was surrounded by a piece of bright tin held in place by wires and capable of being slid downward as the torch burned; the other, free from all incumbrances, carried the spear. Thus equipped they waded knee-deep through the shallows, avoiding the deepest pools and the extreme shallows. A likely hole was found and both stood still. Then the man with the basket pitched a stone down stream, just on the



Spearing from a baited float.

other side. The fish rushed out of their hiding-places into the circle of light, and were fascinated by it until the spear secured more than one of their number.

The rivers of Belgium and the famous dykes of Holland are thickly populated with lampreys. We use them as bait for black bass, and in this country they seldom grow to any size, but the Belgians consider them a great delicacy and export them to England in large quantities for table purposes.

In the spring months they are speared in great quantities in a rather novel manner. The rivers there are crossed by a succession of small dams or weirs, over which the water comes tumbling only a few inches in depth. The spearers have a lantern strapped on the crown of their head by an arrangement of wire, and a basket strapped at their backs. This basket has a top shaped like our eel pots, with a hole through which the fish can be dropped, but can not crawl out again. He takes his station at the foot of the dam or where the light from his lantern falls on the water above. The lampreys at night hold on to the stones with their mouths like our suckers, and when they see the light they let go their hold and drift lazily, tail first, to the dam and over it, as they slip down the incline they hang to the first projection, and quick as a flash the spear strikes them and they are transferred to the basket.

Visitors crossing the bridges see these lights scattered over the river, blending with the lights on shore, rendering it difficult to define the houses and the river; they think it the lamp of some vessel lying at anchor or at a wharf, and go home to bed never dreaming of the strange industry going on just under their noses.

FADS OF NEW YORK WOMEN.

The Pampered Daughters of Wealth—What They Do to Kill Time.

[NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.]



THREE or four weeks ago I wrote of the time and money spent by some well-known ladies in making collections of certain toilets or household things. Mrs. Jesse Grant has just brought to her home a dozen candlesticks. She had plenty already. The lady is candlestick struck. She has been filling her cabinets ever since she married, and her husband rarely returns from a journey without bringing her another one. All nations, art schools, potteries, and kilns, are represented in the modern, while her antiques are quite like a museum collection in number, rarity, and value. A peep at her chinas is like a glimpse of the certain Broadway house where Dresden figures, French studies, and floral effects in porcelain rival Nature in her gayest mood. A virtuoso would forget his contentment looking at the dragons, vestal virgins, harlequins, reptiles, sea monsters, dolphins, warriors, fishmongers, and fabled deities, modeled in bronze, wrought iron, brass, silver, and ormolu. The quaint bits of color and the lovely forms of laid work and under-glazing would make a suppliant of an independent artist. Aside from their artistic value, many of the candlesticks are priceless as souvenirs, coming as they did from immortals, living and dead.

Mrs. Wilber F. Storey, until recently the owner of the Chicago *Times*, and who is as much at home in the Windsor Hotel as she is in her Michigan avenue house in the Lake City, is a slave to her handkerchiefs. When her husband was alive he used to have them made to order, not by the dozen, but by the hundred. Most men will admit that pretty underwear is the most witching part of a woman's trousseau, but Mr. Storey put the handkerchief at the head of everything, and paid the bills gleefully. There was one French firm that used to fill his order, and the delicate squares were sent home in an oaken box big enough to hide a family of children in. One specialty of this house was a bobinette handkerchief made with a two-inch ruffle of the same web, and finished with bands and bows of ribbon. Usually it required fifteen a day to supply the lady, and she kept a maid who did nothing but wash them, pull them dry, and baste in the ribbons. There were mulls and sheer linens; batiste and fine lawns lavishly trimmed and stitched flat, and point lace in a hundred different varieties; but the gem was and still is the bobinette. Nothing like it was ever handled by many women. As a supplement Mrs. Storey wears attar of roses that costs sixty dollars an ounce, one drop of which is a veritable benediction to the senses.

Mrs. William Livingstone has a weakness for window draperies of applique lace, with her monogram picked out of the delicate web in batiste lines.

Mrs. Major General Schuyler Hamilton, who on the day of her marriage to the distinguished soldier was presented with the famous pearls of the Hamilton family, has an inordinate love for the jewels; which she is more fond of playing with than wearing.

The actresses go into fads for advertising purposes, just as they sign literary contributions which most of them are incapable of writing. Lillian Russell is an adept, and yet I can hardly leave her out of this letter, for she has a really remarkable collection of silver-bound toilet articles. She is mad on the subject of brushes, and I really believe there are three dozen alone in her outfit. She has nail brushes, jewel brushes, brow brushes, hair brushes, and manicure brushes, all woven with imported bristles and backed with silver—sterling, every inch of it, and superbly carved or hammered. These things are spread over her dressing and toilet tables, backs up, and if you didn't see the French bed with its silken canopy and hangings in her chamber, the polished wardrobes of her dressing-room, and the porcelain tub and swinging health-lift of her bath-room, you might fancy yourself in the shop of a dealer in exclusive novelties. These brushes, with the hand mirrors, jewel and powder boxes, are distributed over the tables of three rooms, and against the white drapery they suggest a mosaic of pearl and silver. To the sight they are admirable. To the chambermaid, who has to shine them up every Monday morning, they are appalling.

JENNIE DEAN.

The Minister's Ruse.

The collection box in a certain Scotch church was found empty. The minister thereupon joined Tam, the kirk officer, in his homeward walk after service, and lamented to him that he would have to do a thing he did not like, which was "just to raise the deevil, and he'll come to the man that took that money, either in a wind that'll no leave him leaf nor sheaf, or wi' a rope to hang him over his own door." The kirk officer made no reply. The next night the minister sent a man over to Tam's barn to hang a rope with a noose at the end of it on the door. Tam came down to thresh; but, seeing the noose and his own shadow on the wall, he rushed back to bed and remained there till daylight. When he returned the rope was gone. He was shortly afterward seen proceeding to the kirk; and when the box was opened next Sabbath every missing penny was found inside.

A TATTOOED PEOPLE.

MISSION WORK AMONG THE BUDDHISTS OF SIAM.

A Country Where the Young Adonises Imperil Their Lives to Make Themselves Fair in Women's Eyes. Curious Habits of the People.



THERE RECENTLY arrived in San Francisco from Siam a party of missionaries, men and women, connected with the Presbyterian mission at Lao, in northern Siam. As this mission has been established in the province of Lao for a number of years, and is the only distinctively American organization in the country, a sketch of the scene of operation and the work being done will prove exceptional interest, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

The boundary line between Lao and Siam passes irregularly along the eighteenth parallel of north latitude and the greater part of the Lao states lies between the ninety-ninth and 101st meridians of east longitude, reckoned from Greenwich. There are six Lao states tributary to Siam—namely, Lakon, Lampon, Cheng-Mai,



STARTING ON A JOURNEY.

Muong-Nan, Muang Prabang, and Muang Prau. All are independent of each other and the rulers are autocratic. The offices of chiefs in the several states are held for life, but are not hereditary and are electorial under the will of the people with the consent of the King of Siam. The tribute paid to the latter by each chief is chiefly in the form of gold and silver betel boxes, vases, necklaces, etc., with representations of trees in gold and silver. Taxes are collected by the chiefs from farmers and others, and it is sufficient to say that the office of tax-collector is strictly "in politics," that is to say, it is a convenient source of private gain. It is a poor tax collector that can not leave his office a wealthy man.

The Laosians have a characteristic salutation when a wealthy or a aristocratic person passes along. It involves going down on elbows and knees and raising the hands to the face, almost in the attitude of prayer—a posture abject enough to recall the worst features of court civilization in Europe. The Laosians are unfamiliar with the practice of shaking hands and the usual greeting is a grunt. Under pressure they have been induced to follow the conventional practice, but in this case they extend the left or right hand indifferently. The Lao country between Raheng and the border of the Ngiou states, along the twentieth parallel of latitude, is the principal source of the elephant supply in Siam, and it may be said of the entire country of Lao that it is essentially the land of Buddhist temples and elephants. The latter are the only animals which can get through the dense jungle without difficulty.

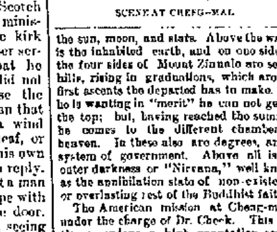
Tattooing is practiced in western Lao to a considerable extent. As in civilized countries, so called, women pinch in their waists and shiver in insufficient attire to



ELEPHANTS AT REST.

please their youthful admirers of the sterner sex, so in Lao the young Lotharios and Adonises run the risk of the death penalty to make themselves fair in women's eyes, for the statistics of tattooing show a steady mortality of 2 per cent, with a much larger ratio of blood-poisoning and inflammation tardily recovered from.

The prevailing religion in the Lao States is Buddhism. The Laosian theory of the universe is a peculiar one, and sets gravitation at defiance. The center of the world is Mount Zinnalo, which is half under water and half above. The former portion is a solid rock with three root-like rocks protruding from the water into the air below. Round this mountain is coiled a large fish (furnishing a remarkable analogy to the emblem of early Christian sepulchers). This fish can embrace and move the mountain. When it sleeps the earth is quiet; when it moves it produces earthquakes. Mount Zinnalo is full of caves, which below water are inhabited by dragons called "Naks," and above by angels called "Thewedas." Above the earth and around the great mountain is the firmament, with

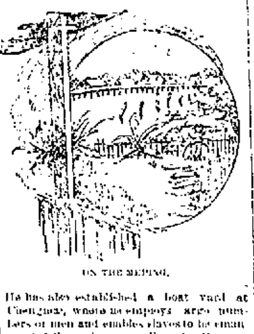


SCENE AT CHENG-MAI.

the sun, moon, and stats. Above the water is the inhabited earth, and on one side of the four sides of Mount Zinnalo are seven hills, rising in graduations, which are the first ascents the departed has to make. If he is wanting in "merit" he can not get to the top; but, having reached the summit, he comes to the different chambers in heaven. In these also are degrees, and a system of government. Above all is the outer darkness or "Nirvana," well known as the annihilation state of non-existence, or everlasting rest of the Buddhist faith.

The American mission at Cheng-mai is under the charge of Dr. Cheek. This gentleman enjoys a high reputation among the natives as a physician, however reluctant they may have shown themselves to accept a change of faith. It appears that the mission was established about twenty-two years ago, its object being not so much to proselytize or evangelize the natives as to improve their general tone and elevate their minds by instructing them in useful industries. The success of the mission, from an evangelistic point of view, was at first very poor, the number of living converts in 1884 being less than 100. The Catholic church has long had a fairly successful mission in Siam.

Dr. Cheek has saved the lives of hundreds by his medical and surgical skill.



ON THE MEKONG.

He has also established a boat yard at Cheng-mai, where he employs large numbers of men and enables slaves to be emancipated themselves according to the customs of the country by making boats for their masters. American tools are fast superseding the primitive implements of the natives in the work of boat construction.

There are no newspapers in the Lao type, but the Rev. Mr. Peoples expects to have a font of Lao type prepared in this country, and great results are anticipated from its use. Mr. and Mrs. Peoples have spent seven years in Lao and will return in about a year's time. Mr. Peoples worked chiefly at Lakhon, an important Lao town.

There is now quite a large party of ladies in the Lao mission, and the prospects are much more encouraging than a few years ago. At Cheng-mai there is a commodious school room where the girls are taught the ordinary subjects of study besides receiving practical instruction in needlework, household duties, etc., with lessons in music and singing as a recreation. The ladies' board of the society in New York sends out regular remittances for the purpose of redeeming Lao girls from slavery and sending them to school.

The elephant plays such a prominent part in Laosian life that special legislation is invoked in its favor. The stealing of an elephant or buffalo is a capital offense. The buffalo is the chief domestic animal, but is not used as a beast of burden.

The population of the Lao district proper is about 3,000,000; in all Siam there are about 10,000,000 of inhabitants.

Cheng-mai is the most powerful of the Lao states. When it was founded 600



MISSION PARTY.

years ago Muang Fang was the principal city. After being several times conquered and sacked by the Burmese and Ngious respectively, it remained deserted until about seventy years ago, when several princes came over from Lakhon, founded the present dynasty, and raised Cheng-mai to its present importance.

The Cheng-mai market is held every morning from 8 to 11 o'clock. The women do all the selling. The natives are decidedly partial to strong drink, and "samshoo" is the prevailing tipple. The climate of Lao is distinctly tropical, but not unhealthy, except in the rainy season. Dysentery and fever are the principal factors in the bills of mortality.

In this connection it is proper to mention that spiritualism is a popular craze in Lao. There are regular spirit doctors and mediums, who not only "charm away disease," but are consulted whenever any difficulty occurs in public or private affairs.

She Had Not Entirely Forgotten.

Mr. Billus sat in his comfortable armchair, with his feet comfortably resting on another chair. Mr. Billus was enjoying himself. He had dined, and he defied fate to do its worst, even as another great man is said by historians to have done under like circumstances long before the period of Billus.

"Maria," he observed, "this is the anniversary of our wedding, isn't it?"

"It is, John."

"Twenty-three years, Maria," said Mr. Billus, reflectively, as he took the poker and stirred the fire in the grate, "is a thundering long—h'm! h'm!—long time for some married folks, isn't it?"

"It is, John."

"And yet it doesn't seem—h'm! h'm—as if it were thirty years since I first met you at the Jasper County fair, does it?"

"It isn't thirty years," replied Mrs. Billus, rather shortly. "It is only twenty-six."

"I mean twenty-six years of course, Maria. Speaking of that fair," continued Mr. Billus, "I wonder if you remember that big artichoke in the agricultural hall."

"No, I don't remember any big artichoke."

"Have you forgotten that long ear of corn sent in by old Absalom Wykoff?"

"I have no recollection of it."

"Don't you remember the big beet that Uncle Jakey Dubois had on exhibition?"

"No."

"Maria," said Mr. Billus, impatiently, "where's your memory? Don't you recollect the great big pumpkin that weighed 176 pounds that Cal Epperly was showing everybody that came to the fair?"

"It seems to me I do remember a big pumpkin."

"I thought so. Your memory is a mighty poor one, Maria, but you could not forget that big pumpkin. Do you have any idea" persisted Mr. Billus, with growing recollections of sundry pies his good mother had made shortly after that fair, "whatever became of that pumpkin, Maria?"

"I think I have, John."

"You have, hey," he retorted in surprise. "If it is all you can do to remember the biggest pumpkin at that fair how do you happen to know whatever become of it, madam?"

"I married that pumpkin, John."

The fire burned feebly in the grate, the canary bird slumbered peacefully in its cage, and amid a silence so profound that the shadows could be plainly heard dancing on the wall Mr. and Mrs. Billus sat in their cheerful little parlor and dreamed the happy hours of their wedding anniversary away.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.

FACTS CONCERNING A VERY PECULIAR PEOPLE.

The Inhabitants of the Navigator Islands in Peace and War. The Men Are All Tattooed. Males Mature at Fifteen and Girls at Eleven Years of Age.



THE Samoa or Navigators Islands are situated some four thousand miles in a southwesterly direction from San Francisco. The regular monthly steamers that ply between San Francisco and Australia pass the Islands but do not stop. They "slow up" enough for the transfer of mail for officials or missionaries to a small boat and continue on their course. There is practically no trade with the islands, and merchantmen rarely visit them.

The missionaries in the Samoan Islands are not permitted to teach the natives the English language. There are schools in which the people are taught, but they are conducted in the Samoan tongue, a liquid language which has been called "The Italian of the Pacific."

When the Samoans are not dancing they are swimming, and when not in the water they are dancing. The wonder is how they find time for work. All of their dances are accompanied by songs, and every conspicuous event is commemorated with a song and a dance. Their singing is entirely different from the discordant yells of most savages. The basso, baritone, and air are carried with precision, and the time is perfect. Some of their dances are a revelation. The "fu-su," or fighting dance, is illustrative of their fistic skill. The Samoans are accomplished boxers, and in this dance assume almost the same attitudes seen in the prize ring. Ages ago they discovered the "knock-out" blow, which they deliver with precision and power. The "tollola," or presentation dance, used when the village takes offerings to the chief, is rich in melodious singing, and the "satke," or stick dance, is a marvel of precision. In this dance, whether there be a dozen natives or 500, every alternate one has either two short sticks or one long one. Time is kept by beating the long sticks with the short one. In the "siva," or war dance, they sit in a row like a lot of tailors



A SAMOAN GIRL.



KING MALIETOA.

and go through a series of extraordinary calisthenics.

Some of the Samoans have fiery-red hair. Their hair is naturally long and wavy, but devoid of kinks. By bleaching it with lime, they obtain the brilliant red they all admire. They are all "double-jointed," and they are able to, and naturally do, move their arms, fingers, and limbs into positions no white can imitate. In color the Samoans are a fair duplicate of the mulatto, but there is a sub-tint to their skin which frees it of any "muddy" effect."

The men are all tattooed from the waist to the knees. This tattoo consists of a solid background of blue, enlivened with a smaller design in terra cotta. In that sunny land the boys mature at 15, but they are not men until they are tattooed. The operation requires weeks for its completion, and is the one great expense in their lives. The girls are married at from 11 to 15, an unmarried one of 16 being considered an old maid.



All values are computed by mats. The value of a mat is determined not by its size or beauty but by its age, an old ragged affair, full of holes, often being almost priceless.

The religion of the Samoans is little more than a mythology. At birth every child is given a god. When one sleeps the god is away; when one awakens the god has returned to him. Hospitality is part of their religion. Every village has its "Fale-tale," or guest-house, set apart for visitors. The people, with songs and dances, bring their offerings, and while he is with them all they have is at the command of the stranger within their gates.

Autumn Poetry.

His darling—George, dear, how sad and solemn are the thoughts connected with the close of the year. The beautiful summer is dead. The boughs of the trees, stripped of their foliage bend and sway in the chill autum breezes that sough through their—their——

"Whiskers?" suggested George himself.

"No; branches, dearest. And listen to the melancholy chirping of the toadstools——"

"Those are not toadstools: they are crickets, dear."

"Oh, is that so? I knew it was something to sit on."—*Judge.*

A TRAGEDY IN HIGH LIFE.

BY A. C. GIBSON.



ERCY was hanging on the front gate of the home of his only love, softly whistling to her to come forth and chin him a spell.

Percy was very happy, for he had just given his rival, Jamison Tough, the cold shake around the corner, and he was fondly anticipating the sweet-ness of the coming chat with his darling Belinda.

He did not know that Jamison Tough was approaching at athletic on the opposite side of the street, clasping a capacious looking something in his right hand, and wearing on his ghoulish face, as a sort of mask, a savage scowl.

Now Belinda was very swell, and would never have come forth to the gate to meet Percy, but Percy was betrothed by Belinda's pa, and their meetings were therefore clandestine.

As Percy whistled, the door of the mansion softly opened and Belinda tube tripping out.

Percy was in raptures.

The ferocious Jamison Tough, on the opposite side of the street, was stirred to madness. With a horrible imprecation he raised his arm, aimed at Percy's head——

Percy heard a loud report, and Belinda staggered, covered her face with her hands, and shrieked. "I am shot! I am shot!"

Jamison Tough, after his deed, disappeared in the darkness.

Percy would have run to the aid of his only love, but her papa suddenly arrived on the scene and he was forced to hastily decamp. Howns in an agony to know the extent of her injury and who was the dastard who had perpetrated the crime.

The solution of the mystery was not reached by him until a few days afterward, when Belinda's little brother suffered himself to be bribed.

Belinda had received the bad egg intended for Percy.

On Business.

The Governor of Georgia had just dismissed a delegation of Prohibitionists, when a card bearing the name "Judge J. T. W. Madison" was handed him. The chief executive was very tired, having been harassed with dry speeches, and would have sent down an excuse, but the high-sounding name on the card bespoke a visitor of importance; so, wearily yielding, he told the porter to show the gentleman up. A few moments later one of the most deeply colored gentlemen in the State stepped into the room.

"Dis yere de guvner?"

"Yes. What do you want?"

"I'a called on bizness, sah. I's or jedge down——"

"You are a judge?"

"Yes, Justice o' de Peace down in de swamp district."

"Well, state your business with me as quickly as you can."

"I'll do it, sah. Caze dat's what I come yere for. Leastwise see, now. Oh, yas. Some time ago, sah, I had er man named Sam Bly 'rested an' tried for stealin' co'n. I tried him myse'f and fined him four hundred dollars an' six months in jail. Dis wuz all satisfactory, 'specially ter me, but de blame lawyer he tuck er 'peal ter de circus co't. Now, sah, my bizness wid you is dis yere: If you's got any 'fluence wid de jedge o' dat circus co't, I wush you'd drap him a few lines an' tell him ter send dat case back ter me. Now, is you got much 'fluence wid dat judge?"

"You old scoundrel, get out of here or I will have you thrown out."

"Jest wait er minit, sah; jest wait er minit. I know dat nigger stole dat co'n, an' I know dat he wants ter take er 'peal just so he ken skaup de justice dat is after him. Dar's anuder thing: Dat nigger is cr mighty political bother down dar an' de folks wants ter git rid o' him till after de leckshun—knows da does, or da wouldn't er promised me er hunnud dollars ter send him up. Now, it's er gubner's duty ter do what de folks wants him ter do an'—hol' on, hol' on, I'll go. Neber seed sich times cr dese comin' uber folks. Hol' on, fur I'so dun gone."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Hints for Amateur Sportsmen.

An excellent treatment for a bullet wound is to wash the wound clean and cover with clean muslin saturated with a solution of carbolic acid or alcohol. The great object is to keep the wound clean and protected from the air. Do not foolishly probe for the bullet. It can be better extracted after the healing of the wound.

To extract fish hooks from your flesh or clothing cut the leader free and push the hook on through, depressing the upper end so as to bring the point out as near as possible to where it went in. Don't try to pull the hook back over the barb.

Thirst can be abated by the eating of acid fruits or plants. The chewing of twigs, barks or leaves of trees and shrubs will also afford temporary relief. Snow and ice aggravate the thirst by chilling and closing the salivary glands.

Learn to shoot without closing your eyes when you pull the trigger. Beginners will find it hard to do this, but it must be done.

In sighting either shotgun or rifle the left eye should be closed, except in the case of left-handed persons; then the right eye should be closed. Some men keep both eyes open, but the majority of shooters and all the crack shots close the left eye.

An extra pair of socks are handy on a one-day out trip. Then, with your shoes nicely dried at my lady host's fire you will be in comfort for the next morning on your way home.

Avoid sleeping in close rooms. Keep the apartment well ventilated. Let in fresh air, but keep out the draught.

When out shooting carry a small square of shamois skin saturated with pure oil. Then you are prepared to well-grease your gun in case of a rain-storm.—*Nature.*

Didn't Want to Be an Angel.

"I say, Jones, what's the matter with you? You're as uneasy as a fish out of water: can't sit still a minute."

"Oh, it's smoking that makes me so nervous."

"Well, why don't you quit it, then?"

"The fact is I've given up all my other bad habits and I don't want to be an angel."

"Well, why don't you kick it, anyway?" *National Weekly.*

NATURE is upheld by antagonism. Passions, resistance, danger, are educators. We acquire the strength we have overcome.

JEFF DAVIS.

There are thousands upon thousands of people in this country who have asked why Jeff. Davis was never tried for treason. A satisfactory answer has probably never been given until recently, upon the appearance of Hon. Hugh McCulloch's interesting book entitled "Men and Measures of Half a Century." Mr. McCulloch, it will be remembered, is an Indianian, and served partial terms as Secretary of the Treasury under the administrations of Presidents Lincoln, Johnson, and Arthur. In this interesting book Mr. McCulloch says:

"The question, 'what shall be done with the Confederate leaders?' was referred to but not discussed at Mr. Lincoln's last meeting with his cabinet. Mr. Lincoln merely remarked in his humorous manner, 'I am a good deal like the Irishman who had joined the temperance society but thought that he might take a drink now and then if he drank milk-known to himself. A good many people think all the big Confederates ought to be arrested and tried as traitors. Perhaps they ought to be, but I should be right glad if they would get out of the country unbeknown to me." This question came up in the case of Jefferson Davis soon after Mr. Johnson became President. Mr. Davis had been captured while attempting to escape after the fall of Richmond, and was a prisoner in close confinement in Fortress Monroe. Some action must be taken in his case. What should it be? He had been the President of the Confederacy, and therefore was the most conspicuous of the enemies of the Government. By a large part of the people of the North he was regarded as the arch-traitor, upon whose head vengeances should be visited. Should he be liberated in the face of the strong feeling against him, or should he be arraigned for treason, and if arraigned, should he be tried by a military commission or a United States court? These were interesting and important questions, requiring the most careful consideration both in legal and political bearing.

"The legal question, Has Mr. Davis been guilty of such acts of treason that he can be successfully prosecuted? was submitted to the Attorney General, who, after a thorough examination of it and consultation with some of the ablest lawyers in the country, came to the conclusion that Mr. Davis could not be convicted of treason by any competent and independent tribunal and that therefore he ought not to be tried. The conclusion was undoubtedly correct. It was a revolution which had been attempted by the Southern States—a general uprising of the people of the South against the government. It was war in which they had been engaged—war of such proportions that belligerent rights had been accorded them by foreign nations. The same rights had been acknowledged by the government in exchanges of the prisoners and other acts. They could not therefore, be charged with treason, nor could one of their number be singled out and legally convicted of the crime. Aside from these considerations it was clear that what over treasonable acts Mr. Davis might have been guilty of, were committed in the Southern States, where, under the constitution, the trial must take place and where conviction would be impossible. The President (Andrew Johnson) was chagrined by the decision, which was forced upon him by the opinions of the Attorney General and other eminent lawyers. It was in direct opposition to his committals in the vindictive speeches which he made at the commencement of his administration; but he saw the correctness of it and from that time he pushed his generosity to those whom he had denounced as traitors to an extreme. Mr. Davis was only one of many thousands who were engaged in war against the government. His position was made the most conspicuous, but he was no more guilty than many others against whom no proceedings were contemplated. There was no evidence that he was responsible for the horrors of Andersonville, or the general bad treatment to which Union soldiers were subjected in Southern prisons. He was, however, kept in confinement until the spring of 1867, when he was brought before the United States Court at Richmond on the charge of treason, and admitted to bail. He was not tried, although he expressed a desire to be, nor was he among those who asked to be pardoned. * * * He was kept in prison for two years before he was arraigned and released on bail, and strangely enough Horace Greeley and Gerrit Smith, the distinguished abolitionists, were among the signers of his bond."

Mr. McCulloch gives an interesting account of his visit to Fortress Monroe, where the ex-Confederate President was held confined. Mr. McCulloch went to Fortress Monroe at the instance of President Johnson, to ascertain whether or not the treatment of Davis was true. "He was," said the President, "the head devil among the traitors and he ought to be hung; but he should have a fair trail, and not be brutally treated while a prisoner."

Of his visit to Fortress Monroe, Mr. McCulloch says:

"On my arrival at the fortress Mr. Davis was walking upon the ramparts accompanied by a couple of soldiers. I was glad to notice that his gait was erect, his step elastic, and when he came up where I was standing that he had the appearance of one who was suffering in health by imprisonment. I spent an hour or two in conversation. 'I was,' he said, 'in the first two or three months of my imprisonment, treated barbarously, but now I am permitted to have a daily walk, and my present quarters, as you perceive, are such as a prisoner charged with high treason ought not to complain of.' A cot, a small pine table and two cane-bottomed chairs. The cot and chairs were hard and of the plainest and cheapest kind, but the room was clean and well-lighted.

"'I was,' he said, 'when brought to the fortress, not only strictly confined in a casemate, which is little better than a dungeon, but I was heavily ironed. As I had been a submissive prisoner, and was in a strong fortress, I thought that chains were unnecessary and that I ought not to be subjected to them. I resisted being shackled, but resistance was in vain. I was thrown violently on the floor and heavily fettered. This was not all. The casemate in which I was confined was kept constantly and brilliantly lighted, and I was never relieved of the presence of a couple of soldiers. My eyes were weak and sensitive. I suffered keenly from the light, and you can judge how my sufferings were aggravated by my not being permitted for months to have one moment by myself.'"

"THE man who laughs" is a most important factor in the world, not often appreciated at his worth. Good, genuine, honest, mirth-provoking laughter does more to clear the cobwebs out of the sky than a thousand diverted formalists. *Ladies' Messenger.*

Better Than Killing the Murderers.

It may now be asked what form of punishment should be substituted for the death penalty. It is not necessary to my purpose in writing this article that I should touch that subject at all. This article is written mainly for the purpose of protesting against the crime of capital punishment, and not for the purpose of explaining what can or should be substituted for it. It will not, however, be out of place to say that the great natural substitute for the death penalty, under our form of government, would be imprisonment for a term sufficiently long to demonstrate that the offender might be safely allowed to go free. It is just as solemn, of course, to imprison a man for revenge, as to hang him for revenge. There is therefore, no sound reason why a murderer should be punished at all. It is right that he should be apprehended and confined until it is determined whether he is of such a nature or disposition as to be likely to commit more murders. But if this view of the case is too nearly in accordance with humane considerations to suit this cruel and bloodthirsty age, then the obvious mode of punishment to substitute for judicial killing is imprisonment at hard labor for life. This is far too cruel a punishment to visit upon anyone for any crime done under the impulse of passion, but among a people who so frequently say: "Hanging is too good for him," and who are so given to lynchings, it is as much of a modification of our present practice as we could expect to get.

It has been observed that the most of the murders occur among the poor people, and upon the top floors of tenement houses; that is to say, among the poorest of the poor. The connection between poverty and the crime of murder, like the connection between poverty and all other crime, is demonstrably close. If we could cure the social disease of poverty, the seeds of crime would be destroyed. The people rarely think of this. They think it is our business to punish crime; but it is our best business to prevent it. Our present organization of society manufactures criminals faster than we can possibly take care of them. Poverty degrades men; it robs them of leisure, which is absolutely necessary for the development of mind, and the domination of passion; it keeps the people hungry and fierce; it imbrutes them; it makes blunnels of them—their hand is against society as the hand of society is against them. Plant a generation of paupers, and you will reap a crop of criminals.—*H. O. Pentecost, in the Arena.*

Looking on the Bright Side.

Uncle Billy Dawson, who lived in the house where Mr. Crowne was reared a kind-hearted man, who never lost a lo hold out hope to the despairing chance or sympathy to the suffering. He was always ready with the proof that however hard a neighbor's lot was, it might have been many fold worse; and his ingenuity at finding a recompensing gain for every loss that one might suffer was a matter of local wonderment.

One day somebody told Uncle Billy that his neighbor, Thomas Darrow, had fallen under the cars and lost a leg.

Uncle Billy stood in silence several minutes, looking at the ground. Then, raising his eyes, he said:

"Well, I'm awful sorry for poor Tom, but there's some consolation in the thought that a pair o' socks 'll last him twice as long as they ust to, and to a man as poor as he is that's a good deal."

The next day Uncle Billy called on the injured man, and to his surprise learned that Tom had lost both legs. A little disconcerted, Uncle Billy stood by the bed in solemn consideration. Presently, however, his face brightened, and he said:

"Well, Tom, if you had to lose one leg it's a mighty good job that you lost two."

"Oh, Uncle Billy," said Tom, "how can you say such a thing?"

"'Cause it's true, Tom, true as Gospil. You see if you'd only lost one leg you'd be thinkin' about it and worrin' about it all the time, but now you see, the loss of each one 'll serve to keep your mind off'n the loss of the other. It's a great blessin' you lost 'em both, 'stead o' only one."

Does this serve to clear up the Hourglass-sandglass paragraph?—*Washington Post.*

All His Own Fault.

It was agreed by everybody in the car that she was the handsomest woman they ever saw, says the New York *Sun*, and the man in the seat with her probably noticed the sly glances and heard some of the whispered exclamations. He became restless and uneasy, and by and by he got up and walked back to where a couple of drummers sat and said:

"Boys, she's my wife."

"Yes!" responded one.

"I allow that she's homely 'nuff to scare a hungry bear out of a hog-pen, but it's all my fault."

"Indeed!"

"And I'll tell you the story, because there is a great moral lesson in it. We was engaged to be married. I took her into Syracuse to a Fourth of July. There she met Bill Prime, an old beau of hers, and to make me jealous, as some gals will, you know, she agreed to ride home with him. It hit me hard, as you may believe, and so I went out to the stable and drove tacks into Bill's harness. When they came to start out the hoss ran away. Bill jumped out and didn't get a scratch, but Mary stood till the buggy struck a bridge and was all smashed up. She lost twelve teeth, had her nose broken, her mouth torn out at the corner, an eye cocked up, her nose turned in, her tongue bit half in two, and the color of her hair changed to the bridle you now see before you."

"I see the moral lesson."

"Not yit you don't. That came in when I tried to give her the shake and crawl out of the marriage. Her old dad put on the screws and I had to come to time or lose my farm, and so I walked chalk. The great moral lesson is, never get mad at your best gal. If you do get mad, don't make a fule of yourself. That's all, boys, and I hope the warning will sink deep into your hearts."

Weathernise.

Solon, Sr.—Why does my tobacconist always take his wooden statue of Pocahontas into the house at night?

Solon, Jr.—I suppose because if he didn't he'd find his Indian maidens chic. Now tell me, please, why does he hoops that wooden Highlander?

Solon, Sr.—Doubtless, my son, because he doth not desire to have a Scoth mist in the morning.

BIRDS CARRY THEIR YOUNG.

How a Woodcock Parent Removes Her Brood.

One of the most interesting traits about the woodcock is the fact of its occasionally conveying its young through the air, which is done by only one or two other birds. This is no recent discovery. The fact was known as early as the middle of last century, though Gilbert White rightly surmised that those observers were mistaken who fancied the young were conveyed either by or in the bill. It is not as erroneous, however, to substitute the claws, as some have done.

The truth is that, when the parent bird wishes to convey her young one from a place of danger to one of safety, the first thing is gently pressed between the feet and against the breast, the aid of the bill being resorted to only when the burden has been lastly taken up. In this way the whole of the brood is sometimes removed from one part of a wood to another when the birds have been much disturbed. On this subject there is an interesting note in "Lays of the Deer Forest," by the brothers Stuart: "One morning, sitting on a gray stone, I saw a dark eye which was fixed upon mine from the bed of leaves before me, which suddenly the little brown head of a young woodcock, peeped out from the feathers of the old one's breast, uttering that plaintive cry for which language has no sign. There were two more young woodcocks, and to relieve the anxiety of the mother, I left her. Near the place where I found her there was a soft green stripe, such as woodcocks love. I have no doubt that the family would be there next day; and as I passed near I turned aside to see what they were doing. Upon the dry bank half way down the brae, I almost stumbled over a bird, which rose at my feet; and as it darted through the trees I saw that it had something in its claws, and at the same time I heard the plaintive cry of young woodcocks just under my feet. I looked down—there were two; and I thought a hawk had carried off the third, and perhaps killed the mother. This, however, I found, on following the bird, was the old woodcock, which, being flushed again suddenly, after a few flight of only a few yards, dropped what it was carrying—her own young woodcock." This trait may be confirmed by any one who will look out the bird in its haunts, and is all the more interesting as it seems to be quite an acquired one. The bird is in no way adapted to transport its young through the air.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

A Grand Duke's Escapade.

A writer in the Paris *Figaro* gives numerous details regarding the private life of several princes, among which the following story of Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, is particularly piquant:

The Grand Duke, who is an Admiral in the Russian navy and has a great influence over his brother, the Czar, at one time created as great consternation in the imperial house of Russia as that of which the Archduke John has recently been the cause of in the Austrian Court, but by another method—an affair of the heart.

The young Empress Marie, his mother, had with her as a maid of honor, the daughter of the poet, Joukowski, in whom she took an especial interest. One evening when the young girl was alone with her sovereign, she fell in tears at her feet and confessed that she was loved by the Grand Duke Alexis, that she shared his passion and begged her to consent to their union.

Imagine the Empress' surprise. The imperial answer was the immediate escort of the maid of honor to the other side of the frontier to the home of her relatives in a foreign country and an order to the Grand Duke to rejoin the Russian fleet in the Baltic.

But the august masters of Russia did not realize with whom they were dealing. The Grand Duke escaped from his vessel, joined the maid of honor in her exile, took her away without ceremony, and, carrying her to America, there married her secretly. I pass over the disgraces, the vicissitudes, the phases of all sorts that followed this exploit. Royal loves are like fires of straw—the are as quickly extinguished as kindled. The day came, when the Grand Duke, under the influence of his mother, completely submitted to Emperor Alexander II., and re-entered the fold.

The secrecy of this union and the conditions under which it had been contracted made it null in law. Time dried the tears of the heroine, and she married a Saxon gentleman, Baron Opohrman, and lived in retirement in Germany. Their only child enjoys a large income, and bears the title of Marquis de Seglana, conferred upon him by an obliging chancellor.

No Candles for Them.

When some one was talking about Irish wit, said he: "I knew a couple of Irishmen once who went on a long tour for pleasure. They carried small knapsacks containing changes of clothing, and they footed the whole route they had decided on taking. Wherever night found them or inclination ruled they stopped. They would put up in an inn or tavern, have a carouse and pass the night. This was in the old country, gentlemen, and about the time that gas was introduced. In those days when a man retired to his room he was handed a candle in a candlestick which also held an extinguisher and some matches.

One night they struck a hotel where there was gas. They had never seen such an illumination before.

"Dedad, Dat," says Mike, 'that's a darling light!'

"'Faith an' it is,' says Pat, and the pair stood looking at it like a couple of moon-gazers.

"In the morning a great idea seized Pat. He wrenched off the gas fixtures from the wall of the bedroom and hid it under his coat. That night they struck another hotel. When the time for retiring came, each was handed a candlestick with the usual equipments. Pat looked at the hotel proprietor and at the candlesticks and then hauling out of his pocket the gas fixture he had unscrewed, he flourished it before the astonished Boniface and said:

"'To blazes with your candles. Don't you see we have the gas?'"

A Girl's Guess.

She was a girl with big, round blue eyes and yellow curls. She stood before her grizzled ex-captain of an uncle with a deep, thoughtful air that concerned him.

"What are you thinking about, my dear?" he inquired.

"I just occurred to me that you must use a great many ciphers in your work," she said.

"Why?" he inquired.

"They would be so necessary in naughtical reckoning."

ODD, QUEER, AND CURIOUS.

SNAILS sometimes sleep for four years at a time.

THERE is a breed of dogs in Russia that cannot bark.

IN a handful of clover, plucked in his yard, Edward Keisler, of Bethlehem, Penn., found fifty four-leaf stalks.

A CURIOUS story comes from Salonica, in Hungary. A young maid entered a seminary to prepare for the priesthood, and lived exactly the same life as the young men on the premises. The Cardinal's suspicions were aroused, and it transpired that the pupil was a lady, who said she desired to become a priest.

SALLIE MCALLISTER, of Springfield, Ky., a colored girl of 19, is believed to be the largest woman in the world. She is five feet two inches in height, measures seven feet three inches round the waist, and three feet six and one-fourth inches round the arm above the elbow. She weighs 652 pounds. She enjoys excellent health, and makes her living at the wash-tub.

A BIRD squirrel in the menagerie and pet of Mr. C. B. DeWolf, a traveling theatrical agent. The quadruped lodges in his owner's overcoat pocket, and goes with him in all his travels. He frequently comes out for a ramble, when he sportively crawls over his master's shoulders and legs, and varies the performance by following him through the streets like a dog, and engaging in the drollest antics.

MR. STODDEN, the famous billiard player, claims to be able to foretell a storm eight hours before its arrival by the sound of the ivory globes. He declares when the barometer is falling, they do not give that clear, ringing click which sounds so musical to the ear of the player, nor do they rebound with the same elasticity. With a rising barometer, the balls resume their wonted elasticity and clear click.

RECENTLY two Jackson County (Ga.) men were working in front of a circular saw, when one of them reached over to remove a chip from behind it. The saw caught his sleeve, and dragged him over the shafting. Round and round he went, until his fellow workman could run and stop the machinery. When he was taken out not a scratch or bruise was found upon his body, but the saw had torn every thread of clothing off him.

THE carrier pigeon has just been turned to a curious use in Russia. It is to convey negatives of photographs taken in a balloon. The first experiment was made from the cupola of the Cathedral of Isaac, in St. Petersburg and the subject photographed was the Winter Palace. The plates were packed in envelopes impenetrable to the light, and then tied to the feet of the pigeons, who safely and quickly carried them to the station at Volkovo.

THE Right Hon. Arthur Ravenagh, once Conservative M. P. for Carlow, was the most remarkable man in a physical sense that ever sat in the House of Commons. He had neither arms nor legs. He was regularly carried to his seat in the House. He was allowed to address the House sitting, and to vote without going into the lobby. In spite of his physical defects he took an active part in the business of the House. He spoke frequently on Irish questions, and sat on many select committees.

The Blue Durbar at Lucknow.

Some birds are used medicinally, and it is well known what strange ideas native doctors have of the virtue of bird flesh. Both the flesh and the brains of the common sparrow, especially the cock sparrow, are in great repute for certain diseases; so a cageful of these familiar chatterers is never missing in the market. Certain species are used in making love potions, and are administered by rejected sailors to the objects of their adoration. On the other hand, the blood or the flesh of an owl is supposed to make a person insane who drinks or eats it. On this account men who are devoured by jealousy of a rival or hatred of an enemy come furtively to the market, and, purchasing an owl, in silence carry it home secretly and prepare a decoction which an accomplice will put into the food or drink of the object of their malignant designs.

The list of uses for bird flesh is not exhausted yet. Eating a crow is supposed to prolong life by keeping the hair black and preventing it from turning gray. The common roller, often called a blue jay, has certain rites performed over it, and is then set free after one feather has been plucked from it. This feather is then worn as an amulet, and is supposed to have great potency in averting the evil eye. Another purpose for which birds are purchased every morning is to be set free again. This is done by Hindus as a work of merit, and by Mohammedans, after certain rites have been performed, as an atonement in imitation of the Jewish scapegoat. It is essential that a bird used for this purpose should be strong enough to fly away. But that does not induce the cruel dealers to feed the birds or to refrain from dislocating their wings or breaking their legs. They put down everything to good or bad luck, and leave the customer to choose a strong bird if he can find one, and to go away if he cannot.

The merit obtained by setting a bird free is not attributed to the Deity, but is supposed to come in a large measure from the bird itself or from its attendant spirit, and hence birds of good or bad omen, and especially kites or crows, are in much demand, and are regularly caught to be sold for this purpose.—*Pioneer.*

His Home Was Gone.

A West Side attorney, noted for his absentmindedness, as well as for his business shrewdness, is in the habit of leaving the management of his house entirely to his wife, in whose ability he has the utmost confidence, says the *Evening Wisconsin*. He furnishes her the wherewithal to run things, and never inquires nor cares about what she does so long as his comfort is provided for. One evening, not long ago, he was seen standing on the corner of Grand avenue and West Water street, looking disconsolate and greatly troubled.

"Hello, Blank," said an acquaintance, "what's the matter?"

"Dash it," he responded, "I'm in a deuced bad box, and I don't know what to do. My wife moved today. She told me this morning she was going to move, but I'll be blowed if I remember where it was. I think it was somewhere in the Thirteenth Ward. Where do you think my wife would be apt to move to?"

The friend could not help him, and how and where he found her his domicile history saveth not.

He who knows only his own side of the case, knows little of that.

Catching Old Crusty.

There lived in the town of B—— an old and apparently friendless man known to many persons as "Old Crusty," and the name seemed to fit him well, and to describe his bearing toward his neighbors. It was rumored that he was a miser, and this did not add to the little respect people seemed to have for him. He lived in one or two rooms of an old house in the outskirts of the town, while he rented the rest of the house to any one or poor as to be forced to occupy such undesirable locations.

His tenants one winter were a poor widow and her five children. The two oldest, one a boy of 12 years named Walter, the other, Bryce, a year younger, two sturdy little fellows, did what they could to assist their mother, which was not enough to keep them from being very poor.

They moved into the house with a marked distrust of Old Crusty. They had heard much against him, and their impression of the old man when they saw him confirmed what they had heard.

He was in his own rooms most of the time, however, and manifested some desire to be friendly when he met the boys, but they would have none of him.

"I despise a miser," said Bryce, stoutly, "and I don't want anything to do with one."

Soon after they moved into the house the widow scraped enough money together to buy half a ton of coal at once. The coal was put into the shed side by side with Old Crusty's coal, only a board partition separating the two bins.

"You don't s'pose he would take any of our coal, do you?" asked Walter of his mother.

"No," she replied. "I never suspect persons of doing wrong things until I have cause."

"Don't you think our coal goes pretty fast?" asked Bryce one cold day a week or two later.

"Yes," replied his mother, "but it has been so very cold we have had to use a great deal of it."

"It's my honest opinion that Old Crusty helps himself to a bushful of our coal once in a while," said Bryce to Walter a day or two later.

"I shouldn't wonder. Misers will do anything rather than spend money. What makes you think he takes our coal?"

"Well, he's out there so often, and nearly every night I hear him there after dark shovelling coal. He knows very well that we could see him in the daytime, because there's a window right in front of our bin."

The result of their confidence was that the boys decided to watch Old Crusty. The very next night, just before they went to bed, they heard their landlord leave his room and go out. Then they heard also his coal hod strike against the wall as he walked along.

"He's after more of our coal. I'm sure of it!" whispered Walter to Bryce. Their mother had just gone to bed, and the boys slipped out unobserved. It was a clear, moonlight night, they could distinctly see Old Crusty through the cracks in the building. They watched him steadily until he left the coal-shed.

When they came into the house their mother called out, "Where have you been, boys?"

"Oh, just out to the coal-shed, replied Walter, in a strangely subdued tone.

"What were you doing out there at this time of the night?"

"Oh, we were—well, we were watching Old Crusty," said Walter, who always told the simple truth.

"What was he doing?"

"Well, he—he—the fact is, mother, he was shovelling coal from his bin into ours, that's what he was doing—the generous old fellow! I don't see what makes people tell such yarns about him! After this I'm not going to believe all I hear."

Strange Game of Indian Furo.

Four big Yuma Indians, who arrived here on Tuesday, created a lively sensation at a downtown hotel yesterday. The cause of it was the game of Indian faro, or totoyebuk, which they were playing. It is the most exciting of all Indian games. It was played by the contestants squatting opposite to one another in a kneeling position, the money wagered being under a handkerchief on the lap of a disinterested party. Equal numbers of black and white sticks were then given out, each player getting one of each. A short string was then fastened to each, connecting it to the wrist, while the sticks themselves were under a cloth and could not be seen. When they were tied the Yumas folded their hands, concealing the sticks. Then those on one side untied in the strange, wild chant, Oh-oh-kah-ideraht repeated over and over, and ending in a derisive ha-ha! Their opponents then cried out, Sasah-hasasah-ha, bowing low their heads. The guessing commenced as to which the colored sticks were tied, there being meantime a great clapping of hands and shouting. The sticks were shown, and when the guess was correctly made the winner received, besides the particular stick, one from a pile of seven or eight. When the guesser erred he had to give a stick back. This was continued for over two hours, when one side won all the sticks and all the money, some $5.50 all told. Great interest was taken in the game by many spectators. It is said to have been the first Indian faro ever played here.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

How Big an Orang-Outang Is.

The North Borneo orang-outang would seem to be a good deal bigger than the Sarawak one, of which Wallace says that of a good many shot by him the largest stood four feet two inches only. Hornaday's largest was four feet four inches. In North Borneo the smallest full-grown male I have measured was four feet four inches; four feet six inches seems to be a common size. A Mr. Adams shot one on the Sunalamba said to be four feet eight inches, and the one Mr. Dunlap shot near there in stood as much as four feet ten inches, the largest on record. Mr. Albert shot one on the Kinabatangan lately which measured from tip to tip of its fingers eighty-six inches across its outspread arms.—*North Borneo Herald.*

From the Heart.

The manager of a matrimonial agency is responsible for the statement that when he proposes a candidate for the hands of his lady patrons the young girls invariably ask:

"What's he like?"

The widows inquire:

"What are his business prospects?"

While the old maids breathlessly ejaculate:

"Great heavens! quick! Where is he?"—*Judge.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

ENTERTAINING DISSERTATION ON SERIOUS SUBJECTS.

A Pleasant, Interesting, and Instructive Lesson and Where It May Be Found—A Learned and Concise Review of the Same.

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 29—QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Lesson 1, 2 Samuel 5:1-12.
Subject: The Tribes United Under David.
Memory Verses 1-3.
Golden Text: "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Ps. 133:1.

Lesson 2, 2 Samuel 6:1-12.
Subject: The Ark Brought to Zion.
Memory Verses 11, 12.
Golden Text: "The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob." Ps. 87:2.

Lesson 3, 2 Samuel 7: 18-29.
Subject: David's Thanksgiving Psalm.
Memory Verses 28, 29.
Golden Text: "In everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." 1 Thess. 5: 18.

Lesson 4, 2 Samuel 11: 1-11.
Subject: Sin, Forgiveness, and Peace.
Memory Verses 1, 2.
Golden Text: "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Rom. 5: 1.

Lesson 5, 2 Samuel 15: 1-12.
Subject: David's Rebellious Son.
Memory Verses 5-6.
Golden Text: "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Ex. 20: 12.

Lesson 6, 2 Samuel 18: 18-33.
Subject: David's Grief for Absalom.
Memory Verses 32, 33.
Golden Text: "A foolish son is a grief to his father, and bitterness to her that bare him." Prov. 17: 25.

Lesson 7, 2 Samuel 23: 1-7.
Subject: David's Last Words.
Memory Verses 3, 4.
Golden Text: "He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure." 2 Samuel 23: 5.

Lesson 8, 1 Kings 3: 5-15.
Subject: Solomon's Wise Choice.
Memory Verses 12, 13.
Golden Text: "Wisdom is better than rubies." Prov. 8: 11.

Lesson 9, 1 Kings 8: 54-61.
Subject: The Temple Dedicated.
Memory Verses 57, 58.
Golden Text: "The Lord is in his holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before him." Hab. 2: 20.

Lesson 10, 1 Kings 10: 1-13.
Subject: Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.
Memory Verses 6-8.
Golden Text: "She came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and behold, a greater than Solomon is here. Matt. 12: 42.

Lesson 11, 1 Kings 11: 4-13.
Subject: Solomon's Fall.
Memory Verses 9-11.
Golden Text: "Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." 1 Cor. 10: 12.

Lesson 12, 1 Kings 11: 26-43.
Subject: Close of Solomon's Reign.
Memory Verses 42, 43.
Golden Text "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man." Eccles. 12: 13.

INTRODUCTORY.

We have again come to the quarterly review, this time to lid good-by for awhile to the Old Testament, pages as a basis of study. We take up now the New Testament again, and are to continue its perusal in our Sunday-school classes for a long time to come. By the decision of the International Committee, acceptable, no doubt, to us all, we are to spend the entire year, instead of six months, as formerly, upon one book. Just inside the gospel of Luke. It will be our opportunities might in these days and weeks with Samuel, Saul, David, and Solomon, we shall be all the readier to take up the later record, and read of that blessed One toward whom all kingly and priestly, as well as prophetic, eyes were turned, the desire of the ages.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.
Proverbs 23: 29-35.

29. "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? [Complaining, Revision.] Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes?

30. They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine.

31. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his [its, Revision] color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright [goeth down smoothly, Revision].

32. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

33. Thine eyes shall behold strange women [things, Revision], and thine heart shall utter perverse things.

34. Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth on the top of a mast.

35. They have stricken me, thou shalt say, and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not; when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again.

MISSIONARY LESSON.
Psalm 110: 1-7.

1. "The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool.

2. "The Lord shall send the rod of thy strength out of Zion: rule thou in the midst of thine enemies.

3. "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauty of holiness from the womb of the morning: thou hast the dew of thy youth.

4. "The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent. Thou art a priest forever after the order of Melchizedek.

5. "The Lord at thy right hand shall strike through kings in the day of his wrath.

6. "He shall judge among the heathen, he shall fill the places with the dead bodies; he shall wound the head over many countries.

7. "He shall drink of the brook in the way; therefore shall he lift up his head."

LESSON PARAGRAPH.

Hebrews, first chapter, is the best commentary on this. You might suppose, to see how little is said, that his work was done; but in Scripture imagery it is but just begun. When the Master, wished to call the disciples for instruction and ministration he sat. So the apostle in the Hebrews represents him as sitting down at the right hand of the Father as our Melchizedek spokesman to guide his church in the conquest of the world: "henceforth expecting, till his enemies be made his foot-stool."

God has chosen the church as the instrument for the glorifying of his son and the extension of his kingdom. It is "out of Zion" that his scepter is to extend. And this makes us very clear as to our duty. We are not to withdraw from the world in a separate and select community how the church will be said of Christ, "take them in the midst of thine enemies?" When Christ said, "I pray not that thou should'st take them out of the world, but that thou should'st keep them from the evil," there was a very significant and righteous emphasis to the prayer. Just in proportion as the church pushes its righteous principle into all the ways of life, may the kingdom be said to come for this world.

"The Lord hath sworn," that is our hope. In that oath and covenant is wrapped our own redemption and the salvation of the uttermost parts of the earth. Africa is there as well as America. As surely as Christ has a crown that will not be taken from him, so sure is the ultimate establishment of holiness and righteousness throughout the earth. It is unfortunate that the translators did not bring out this distinction of the Hebrew between Jehovah and Lord. The latter word occurs but twice, once in the first verse and again in the fifth. It is Jehovah who hath sworn. It is the Lord at his right hand who executes the oaths. Nothing hinders him in his course. You, the very cup of affliction and suffering that is said like a storm across his pathway, is shuffled, is made to vent him the more. And in the token of that uplifted Head the church goes forward to certain victory.

Next Lesson: "The Forerunner Announced." Luke 1: 5-17.

No fewer than nineteen species of microbes in one kind of cheese—and that in a fresh state—have been found by Prof. Adametz, of the School of Cheese-Manufacture at Sornthal in Switzerland. Every gramme of the cheese contained from 90,000 to 140,000 bacteria, which increased to more than 800,000 in 70 days. In a soft cheese 34 days old the number was calculated to be 1,200,000 to the gramme, and 2,000,000 in a specimen 45 days old. This was the interior, while on the rim there were from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 for every gramme. It was proven that the arrest of these organisms prevents the maturing of the cheese.

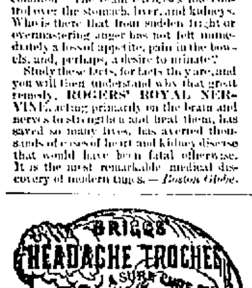
His Heart Stopped.



Commencing its work some months before we are born, the heart keeps up its movement of at least seventy times per minute, or nearly one hundred thousand beats a year. [illegible] enough to wear out the stoutest piece of machinery. And yet it is like any other puppet. It is influenced by two sets of nerves, that the brain pulls—the one or the other as the movements are faster or slower.

Fear, anger, excitement, love, passion, over-strain, weakness, exhaustion, debility, disease, headaches, or poisons by acting on the brain influence the heart, and the little pump works faster or slower as the case may be. This is why there are so many weak and diseased hearts, so many sudden deaths, that palpitation is so frequent, and cold hands and feet so common. The brain exercises like control over the stomach, liver, and kidneys. Who is there that from sudden fright or overmastering anger has not felt immediately a loss of appetite, pain in the bowels, and, perhaps, a desire to urinate?

Study these facts, for facts they are, and you will then understand why that great remedy, ROGERS' ROYAL NERVINE, acting primarily on the brain and nerves to strengthen and heal them, has saved so many lives, has averted thousands of cases of heart and kidney disease that would have been fatal otherwise. It is the most remarkable medical discovery of modern times.—*Boston Globe.*



DIETER'S CROWN



BAKING POWDER

Recommended by the highest medical and chemical authorities, who testify to its absolute purity, wholesomeness and wonderful strength. Every can guaranteed to do the work of any other baking powder costing twice as much. Every can guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded.

1 lb. Can, 20c.; ½ lb., 10c.; ¼ lb., 5c.

If your dealer does not keep Crown, do not let him persuade you to buy some other he claims to be just as good, but ask him to oblige you by getting DIETER'S CROWN BAKING POWDER.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages

Allays Pain and Inflammation,

Heals the Sores

Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell,

TRY the CURE.



A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered 60 cents. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

Many Witnesses.

100,000 witnesses testify to the virtues of Dr. Tutt's Pills. Wherever Chills and Fever, Billous Diseases or Liver Affections prevail, they have proven a great blessing. Readers, a single trial will convince you that this is no catch-penny medicine. Twenty years test has established their merits all over the world.

Gains Fifteen Pounds.

"I have been using Tutt's Pills for Dyspepsia, and find them the best remedy I ever tried. Up to that time everything I ate disagreed with me. I can now digest any kind of food; never have a headache, and have gained fifteen pounds of solid flesh."

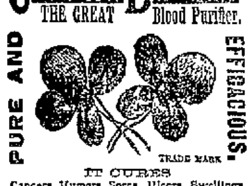
W. C. SCHULTZE, Columbia, S. C.

Tutt's Liver Pills

GIVE STRENGTH AND HARD MUSCLE.

LOOSE'S EXTRACT RED CLOVER BLOSSOM

THE GREAT Blood Purifier.



IT CURES

Cancers, Humors, Sores, Ulcers, Swellings, Tumors, Abscesses, Blood Poisoning, Salt Rheum, Catarrh, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, and all Blood and Skin Diseases.

PRICE, $1 per Pint Bottle, or 6 Bottles for $5. 1 lb. can Solid Extract $2.50.

J. M. LOOSE RED CLOVER CO., Detroit, Mich.

For sale by Dreier Bros.,

—FOR YOUR—

Hay, Straw, Oats,

Corn, Mill Feed

And Poultry Supplies,

—GO TO—

W. E. MINER'S,

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PERILS OF RAILROADING.

Carelessness on the Part of Brakemen Causes Many Accidents—The Day's Local Budget.

Superintendent Guckert, of the Philadelphia division of the Pennsylvania road, in an interview with a reporter of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, said that three-fourth of all the accidents to brakemen and switchmen were caused by the carelessness of the men. He said:

"To the veteran brakeman there is a fascination about making reckless couplings which an inexperienced sane man would never think of attempting. The very mention of a brakeman diving between freight cars while they are in motion is enough to freeze one's blood, but the feat is performed, not only daily, but hourly, by these wizards of the brake wheel and coupling pin.

"Their apparent utter disregard of the simplest rules of safety leads the uninitiated to overlook the fact that a skillful railroad brakeman is all eyes, hands and feet. He is also a marvelously quick thinker, and acts with the inception of thought.

"There is probably no better point of vantage in the state for witnessing the acrobatic feats of railroad brakemen than the Pennsylvania railroad yards at Fortieth street. A score of tracks, with innumerable switches, stretch in all directions, and all the switching from the main-line tracks to those of the New York division is done at this point. Three hundred and sixty-five days in the year the accident list of the Pennsylvania railroad contains the name of one or more victims.

"The daily accidents to brakemen are of such frequent occurrence that the Pennsylvania Railroad company have special reports made of them, and the superintendents of the various divisions render a faithful accounting of the casualties to brakemen within their precinct during every twenty-four hours. The blank is filled out with the name of the injured man, and the circumstances of the accident. These reports are filed among the company's archives."

BUSY CENTER FLASHES.

Next Tuesday will be the last working day in the year.

Master Mechanic G. L. Potter has returned from Crestline, O.

Passenger Agent R. G. Thompson, of the Wabash, is at Camden, Ind.

Superintendent Stevens, formerly of this city, is climbing up in railroad life.

W. C. Kerr, of the Nickel Plate train dispatcher's office, is sick with influenza.

Division Freight Agent J. M. Osborne, of the Wabash, was in the city yesterday.

Traveling Passenger Agent D. L. Smith, of the Pennsylvania, left on a trip of the road last evening.

Will Bates, the railroad reporter of the *Gazette*, has returned from a visit to his old home at Winchester, Ind.

W. L. Bowlus, commercial agent of the Wabash at Cleveland, Ohio, was in the city to-day en route to St. Louis.

The tracks for hauling heavy castings from the moulding rooms to the boiler departments at the Bass shops have been finished and are now being used.

Charles Traver, traveling passenger agent of the Chicago and Northwestern railroad, is in the city to-day, the guest of Passenger Agent Ross, of the Pennsylvania.

Chief Train Dispatcher Dave Caldwell, of the Nickel Plate, was presented by his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Caldwell, with a life-sized picture of himself on Christmas day.

President W. O. Hughart, of the Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad company, in accordance with his well established custom, sent about 100 pails of candy to Sunday schools in the northern part of Michigan.

President Hughart, of the Grand Rapids and Indiana, received several boxes of fine oranges from his plantation in Florida Christmas. He leaves next Thursday, accompanied by his family, to spend the winter there, as is his custom.

In a freight wreck on the Pennsylvania railroad near Altoona, Pa., yesterday sixteen cars were demolished, four engines wrecked and Fireman Charles English injured so that he died. The wreck was caused by one of the trains parting on the mountain.

General Freight Agent Paul Morton, of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, has resigned his position and will leave the service of the company February 1. Morton's successor will be Thomas Miller, at present general freight agent of the Burlington and Missouri River railroad at Omaha.

The *Engineering News* places the railway construction of this year in the United States and territories at 5,000 miles. This is the smallest construction recorded in any one year since 1885, when the total increase was but 3,588 miles. The bulk of this year's construction has been done in the south.

H. P. Barney, a brakeman on the Pittsburg road, living near the new yards in this city, was badly injured at Nevada, Ohio, yesterday morning. While engaged in coupling cars he fell under the wheels and his right foot was badly crushed. He was brought to this city and taken to the St. Joseph hospital in the patrol wagon.

Road Foreman of Engines A. H. Polhamus, of the Pennsylvania road, has removed his office to the pleasant rooms located in the east side of the Pittsburg passenger depot building. Chief Clerk Philley was in charge of the office this morning when our scribe entered and seemed as happy as could be. The new quarters give them more room and are more pleasant and convenient in every way. The rooms are also used as the offices of Traveling Passenger Agent D. L. Smith and Dr. Kells, of the Pennsylvania Relief association.

Wm. Dartwell, who is a clerk in Master Car Builder Graham's offices at the Pittsburg shops, is a native of England. He came from that country about six months ago and was one of the passengers on board a steamer, which on this trip made the fastest time in crossing the ocean on record. The trip from Liverpool to New York was made in five days and two hours.

It is stated that Elijah Smith, president of the White Water Valley road, and D. J. Mackey, of the Evansville lines, are working together to extend the White Water Valley road independently into Cincinnati. When completed it will give Mackey an entrance into Cincinnati for the road he is building eastward, and which is to work over part of the White Water Valley road in getting into Richmond. At the same time it would give the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville, operating the White Water Valley, a line of its own into Cincinnati.

The following section of the state law has been declared constitutional by the Indiana supreme court: "Whoever is found in any public place in a state of intoxication shall be fined in any amount not exceeding five dollars; upon a second conviction for such offense he shall be fined not more than one hundred dollars, may be imprisoned in the county jail not more than thirty days or less than five days, and disfranchised and rendered incapable of holding any office or trust for any determined period."

A gentleman from the Indiana gas belt, who lately visited the sterile hills of North Carolina, found that the existence of natural gas was unknown to many of the people of that region. Some of the more ignorant would not believe his statements about gas and cut him off by saying: "You don't expect us to believe that."

Pain and dread attend the use of most catarrh remedies. Liquids and snuffs are unpleasant as well as dangerous. Ely's Cream Balm is safe, pleasant, easily applied into the nostrels, and a sure cure. It cleanses the nasal passages and heals the inflamed membrane, giving relief at once. Price 50c.

SUICIDE as a risk to life decreases rapidly after the thirty-fifth year, and the very old take their own lives as rarely as the very young. Under ten and over seventy years of age suicide is extremely rare, and takes an insignificant place in the statistical tables.

Interested People.

Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam for Coughs and Colds does, is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle free, that they may try it before purchasing. The large bottles are 50c and $1. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

Unsuccessful Plot.

ZANESVILLE, Ohio, Dec. 27.—This morning a plot was discovered of ten prisoners in jail to murder the jailor and escape with outside assistance. It was frustrated.

Bradfield's Female Regulator

Should be used by the young woman, she who suffers from any disorder peculiar to her sex, and at change of life is a powerful tonic; benefits all who use it. Write the Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by all druggists.

Ask for Baker's Famous Headache Specific. It never fails to give relief. Sold and guaranteed by Thieme & Gross.

HALF RATES FOR THE HOLIDAYS

The "Muncie Route" Will Make One Fare For the Round Trip.

Tickets good going December 24th, 25th and 31st, 1889, and January 1st, 1890; good returning until January 3d, 1890; also one fare for the round trip to Cincinnati and reduced rates to Indianapolis and Louisville.

W. H. FISHER,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

It is not the brave man who feels no fear—it is the liar.—Puck.

Nickel Plate Excursion.

If you contemplate a trip during the holidays you should consult the cheap excursion rates on the Nickel Plate; sale commences Monday, Dec. 23, and continues each day to and including Jan. 1, 1890. All tickets good to return to and including Saturday, Jan. 4, 1890. 21-9t

Cheap holiday rates via Nickel Plate. Inquire of nearest agent. 11-18t

If you do not receive your SENTINEL regularly, please notify us immediately, either in person or by postal card, that we may remedy the fault.

ONLY A POSTAL CARD

With your name and address, mailed to the Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga., is necessary to obtain an interesting treatise on the blood and the diseases incident to it.

SSS

Skin Eruption Cured.

One of my customers, a highly respected and influential citizen, but who is now absent from the city, has used Swift's Specific with excellent result. He says it cured him of a skin eruption that he had been tormented with for thirty years, and had resisted the curative qualities of many other medicines.

ROBERT CLEGG, Druggist, Falls City, Neb.

Attorney H. Z. Zimmerman, of Albion, had a very exciting experience with a lunatic in his office a few days ago. The crazy man insisted that Zimmerman had gained "control" over his mind and that the only chance of escape was to shoot him. Zimmerman skillfully avoided a controversy and postponed a "settlement" for a day or two, and persuaded his distracted visitor to go home. Shortly after leaving the office, the unfortunate man was arrested and two revolvers were found upon him.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh by expelling impurity from the blood, which is the cause of the complaint. Give it a trial.

Wind Storm.

PITTSFIELD, Mass., Dec. 27.—The wind is sweeping over Berkshire county at an awful rate. Telegraph and telephone wires are down in all directions. The roof of the new shoe shop at Dalton was blown off and all the trees in that vicinity were blown down. The mercury is falling.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

California Excursions.

The Wabash railroad is now prepared to sell for the coming season round trip tourist tickets to all principal Pacific coast points, giving a wide choice of routes both going and returning, and an extreme return limit of six months. Stop overs granted at pleasure, west of the Missouri river. Parties contemplating a journey to sunny California—with a view of spending the winter there—will do well to call at the Wabash ticket office and learn the many advantages offered by the great through car route.

For rates, routes, time, accommodations and conditions call upon or address R. G. THOMPSON,
Passenger and Ticket Agent,
18-tf Fort Wayne, Ind.

Florida has new-crop watermelons ready for the market.

The True Elixir Of Life Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, builds up weak and debilitated systems, gives strength to weakened nerves, overcomes that tired feeling, tones the digestive organs, invigorates and regulates the kidneys and liver, expels disease and gives vigorous health. Young people say: "It is the best medicine we ever took." Old people say: "It makes us feel young again."

Health is Wealth!



Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self abuse or over indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by Thieme & Gross, Druggists, Sole Agents, 94 Calhoun street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

JAMES MADDEN,

PLUMBER,

Steam and Gas Fitter,

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Next door to Y. M. C. A.,

FORT WAYNE, - - - INDIANA

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We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers," 862 W. Madison St., Chicago. Free trial package sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of a 2 cent stamp. Sold by Thieme & Gross, Druggists, 94 Calhoun street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

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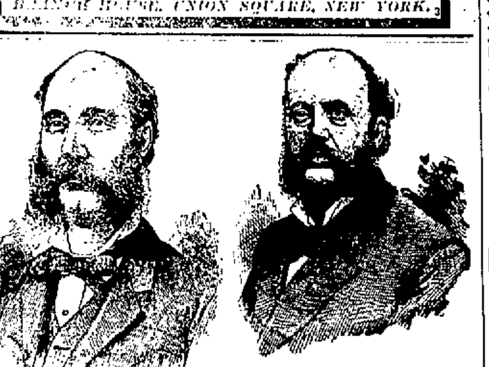
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Ask your Grocer for Menier Chocolate (Yellow Wrapper)

For sale Everywhere.

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Our rapidly increasing business makes us feel very happy and we feel thankful to the general public for their liberal patronage. It is a convincing proof to us that a large majority of the PEOPLE will BUY GOOD HONEST GOODS. We have the largest assortment of HOLIDAY SLIPPERS, all styles and sizes, for the smallest child and largest man. Call and see us. You will find almost everything in the line of BOOTS AND SHOES in our stock. We do not deal in shoddy goods.

E. VORDERMARK & SONS,

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SIGN OF BIG RED BOOT.

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WALLPAPER

FOR

TEN DAYS

—AT—

LESS THAN COST.



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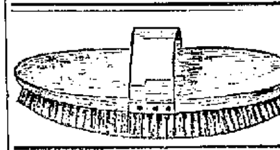
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Writing Machine

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Most Durable, Most Rapid.

Every machine fully warranted. Call or send for circulars and specimens of work. Full line of best paper, supplies and furniture, &c.

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The Forum.

A MONTHLY REVIEW OF LIVING SUBJECTS

By the Foremost Writers in the World.



JOHN G. CARLISLE.

THE FORUM has won the highest place reached by any periodical; for it publishes articles by more authoritative writers and by more workers along instructive lines of activity than any other publication. It contains eleven studies of great subjects every month. It is impartial, giving hearings alike to each side. It is financially independent, and it belongs to no sect or party or "interest." It is never sensational, but it aims always to be instructive.

I consider THE FORUM as furnishing the most intelligent and sympathetic audience that a thoughtful writer can find to address in any land.—*Prof. ALEXANDER WINCHELL, of the University of Michigan.*

THE FORUM continues to hold its place as the foremost of our magazines, for the variety, the value, and the weight of its contributions.—*THE NEW YORK TIMES.*

Announcements of forthcoming articles can seldom be made long in advance, for THE FORUM'S discussions are always of problems of present concern. Every such problem that the year 1890 will bring forward will be discussed, whether in politics, or religion, or social science, or practical affairs. The January number will contain a reply by ex-Speaker J. G. CARLISLE to Senator Cullom's recent article on "How the Tariff Affects the Farmer."

THE FORUM PUBLISHING COMPANY,

253 Fifth Avenue, New York.

50 Cents a Number. $5.00 a Year. Subscriptions received at this office.

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

From Pennsylvania Station.

Pennsylvania Lines.

Trains run by Central Time.

Leave and Arrive at Fort Wayne, by the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railway, as follows.

GOING EAST:	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
No. 20, Mail Express......	1 20 p m	1 40 p m
No. 6, d, Fast Line........	7 40 p m	8 00 p m
No. 2, d, Penn'a Limited..	8 58 p m	9 00 p m
No. 4, d, Atlantic Ex......	5 10 a m	5 20 a m
No. 58, Chicago Accom....	10 50 p m	.....
No. 62, Plymouth Accom..	8 55 a m	.....
No. 16, Crestline Accom...	.....	7 00 a m
No. 60, Chicago Express..	11 55 a m	.....

GOING WEST:	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
No. 3, d, Pacific Express..	1 35 a m	1 45 a m
No. 5, d, Penn'a Limited..	6 38 a m	6 45 a m
No. 1, Fast Line..........	11 20 a m	11 40 a m
No. 9, d, Western Ex......	5 10 p m	5 15 p m
No. 11, Crestline Accom...	6 45 p m	.....
No. 61, Plymouth Accom.	.....	4 00 p m
No. 59, Chicago Accom....	.....	5 30 a m

dDaily except Monday; all other trains daily except Sunday.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R. R.

GOING EAST		GOING WEST
Lv 2 00 p m	Express	Lv 2 00 p m
Lv 6 10 a m	Accommodation	Lv 6 45 a m

LAKESHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.
[Fort Wayne Division.]

FROM NORTH		GOING NORTH
10 20 a m—A.	Cincinnati Ex......—Lv	
	Detroit Ex	" 4 40 p m
3 10 p m	"—Detroit Ex	" 11 50 a m
6 20 p m	"—Way Freight.......	" 6 40 a m

All trains daily except Sunday.

NORTH DEPOT.
[MUNCIE ROUTE]
FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE AND WHITE WATER RAILROADS.

The direct line to and from Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and Fort Wayne.

Through car service between Fort Wayne and Indianapolis. Solid trains between Fort Wayne and Cincinnati.

Central Standard Time.

TIME CARD. Dec. 1, 1889.	No. 5. Daily.	No. 1. Ex-S'dy.	No. 3. Daily.
Fort Wayne..lv	6:00 a. m.	10:25 a. m.	6:05 p. m.
Indianapolis.ar	10:30 a. m.	3:50 p. m.	10:50 p. m.
Cincinnati....ar	—	5:30 p. m.	—
Louisville....ar	—	7:00 p. m.	—
RETURNING:	Daily.	Ex-S'dy.	Daily.
Louisville....lv	—	7:30 a. m.	—
Cincinnati....lv	—	7:50 a. m.	—
Indianapolis.lv	7:00 a. m.	11:10 a. m.	3:05 p. m.
Fort Wayne.ar	11:35 a. m.	3:45 p. m.	7:30 p. m.

ONE FARE FOR ROUND TRIP

Between all stations from Fort Wayne to Muncie on Sundays. Two Sunday trains each way. Trains leave from North Side depot. Rates to Cincinnati and points South less than via. any other line.

WABASH RAILWAY,
MARCH 31, 1889.

GOING WEST.	Depar
Pacific Express, daily	5 00 a. m.
Kansas City ex, daily ex'pt Sunday	1 45 p. m.
Vestibule Limited and Mail........	6 17 p. m.
Lafayette accom	3 30 p. m.

GOING EAST.	Depart
Vestibule limited daily.............	5 05 a m
Cannon Ba except Sunday.......	1 30
Limited Expr. daily	6 25
Lafayette accom. rrives 11 a m.	

INDIANA LIS TIME CARD.

Lv Ft Wayne	Ar Indianapolis
5 00 a m..................................	10 30 a m.
1 45 p m..................................	6 20 p m
Lv Indianapolis	Ar Ft Wayne
7 15 a m..................................	1 20 p m
1 10 p m..................................	6 10 p m
7 00 p m..................................	5 00 a m

Through Buffalo Palace sleeping cars and new free chair cars on the Pacific and Limited express. Free chair cars, dining car and New York and Boston sleeping car on Vestibule Limited express.

Kansas City express and Cannon Ball has new reclining chair cars for Kansas City free.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.
Time Table for Fort Wayne, in Effect Nov. 10, '89
GOING NORTH.

*For Grand Rapids and North........	Lv 3 50 a m
" " " "	" 8 05 a m
For Grand Rapids.....................	" 2 40 p m
From Richmond........................	Ar 6 10 p m

GOING SOUTH.

For Richmond and Cincinnati......	Lv 5 45 a m
" " "	" 1 00 p m
" " "	" 12 10 a m
From Grand Rapids..................	Ar 3 30 p m

*Daily between Cin. and Grand Rapids. All other trains daily except Sunday.

AMUSEMENTS.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

MONDAY, December 30th.

Return of the Favorites. The Supremely Great and Unrivalled

GEO. WILSON!

MAMMOTH

MINSTRELS!

An Exclusive Exposition of Pre-Eminent Stars Never Before Seen Conjointly.

MR. GEO. WILSON,
LEW BENEDICT,
JOHN T. KEEGAN,
HI TOM WARD,
RAMSEY & ARNO,
ORION TRIO.

THE SWEDISH DANCE.

With 22 Participants,

FROM THE KIRMESSE.

The $30,000 Introductory

DERBY -- DAY -- IN -- ENGLAND!

(Duly Copyrighted by Geo. Wilson.)

Prices as usual. Seats at Box Office.

THE MIRACLE AT CANA.

TALMAGE ON THE TRANSFORMATION OF WATER INTO WINE.

An Eloquent Sermon Preached on Biblical Ground—Christ Loves the Housekeeper—He Comes in the Hour of Extremity—He Wants Us to Be Happy.

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached at Cana, in the Far East, Sunday, Dec. 22, on "A Marriage Feast." Text: St. John II, 10: "Thou hast kept the good wine until now." He said:

Standing not far off from the demolished town of what was once called Cana of Galilee, I bethink myself of our Lord's first wonderful miracle, which has become the astonishment of the ages. My visit last week to that place makes vivid in my mind that beautiful occurrence in Christ's ministry. My text brings us to a wedding in that village. It is a wedding in common life, two plain people having pledged each other, hand and heart, and their friends having come in for congratulation. The joy is not the less because there is no pretension. In each other they find all the future they want. The daisy in the cup on the table may mean as much as a score of artistic garlands fresh from the hothouse. When a daughter goes off from home with nothing but a plain father's blessing and a plain mother's love, she is missed as much as though she were a princess. It seems hard, after the parents have sheltered her for eighteen years, that in a few short months her affections should have been carried off by another; but mother remembers how it was in her own case when she was young, and so she braces up until the wedding has passed, and the banqueters are gone, and she has a good cry all alone.

Well, we are to-day at the wedding in Cana of Galilee. Jesus and his mother have been invited. It is evident that there are more people there than were expected. Either some people have come who were not invited, or more invitations have been sent out than it was supposed would be accepted. Of course there is not enough supply of wine. You know that there is nothing more embarrassing to a housekeeper than a scant supply. Jesus sees the embarrassment, and he comes up immediately to relieve it. He sees standing six water pots. He orders the servants to fill them with water, and immediately it is wine—real wine. Taste of it, and see for yourselves; no logwood in it, no strychnine in it, but first rate wine. I will not now be diverted to the question so often discussed in my own country, whether it is right to drink wine. I am describing the scene as it was. When God makes wine He makes the very best wine; and one hundred and thirty gallons of it standing around in these water pots—wine so good that the ruler of the feast tastes it and says: "Why, this is really better than anything we have had! Thou hast kept the good wine until now." Beautiful miracle! A prize was offered to the person who should write the best essay about the miracle in Cana. Long manuscripts were presented in the competition, but a poet won the prize by just this one line descriptive of the miracle:

The unconscious water saw its God, and blushed.

We learn from this miracle, in the first place, that Christ has sympathy with housekeepers. You might have thought that Jesus would have said: "I cannot be bothered with this household deficiency of wine. It is not for me, Lord of Heaven, of earth, to become caterer to this feast. I have vaster things than this to attend to." Not so said Jesus. The wine gave out, and Jesus, by miraculous power, came to the rescue. Does there ever come a scant supply in your household? Have you to make a very close calculation? Is it hard work for you to carry on things decently and respectably? If so, don't sit down and cry. Don't go out and fret; but go to Him who stood in the house in Cana of Galilee. Pray in the parlor! Pray in the kitchen! Let there be no room in all your house unconsecrated by the voice of prayer. If you have a microscope, put under it one drop of water, and see the insects floating about; and when you see that God makes them, and cares for them, and feeds them, come to the conclusion that He will take care of you and feed you, oh, ye of little faith!

A boy asked if he might sweep the snow from the steps of a house. The lady of the household said: "Yes; you seem very poor." He says: "I am very poor." She says: "Don't you sometimes get discouraged, and feel that God is going to let you starve?" The lad looked up in the woman's face and said: "Do you think God will let me starve when I trust Him, and do the best I can?" Enough theology for older people! Trust in God and do the best you can. Amidst all the worriments of housekeeping, go to Him; He will help you control your temper, and supervise your domestics, and entertain your guests, and manage your home economies. There are hundreds of women weak, and nervous, and exhausted with the cares of housekeeping. I commend you to the Lord Jesus Christ as the best adviser and the most efficient aid—the Lord Jesus who performed His first miracle to relieve a housekeeper.

I learn also from this miracle that Christ does things in abundance. I think a small supply of wine would have made up for the deficiency. I think certainly they must have had enough for half of the guests. One gallon of wine will do; certainly five gallons will be enough; certainly ten. But Jesus goes on, and He gives them thirty gallons, and forty gallons, and fifty gallons, and seventy gallons, and one hundred gallons, and one hundred and thirty gallons of the very best wine. It is just like Him, doing everything on the largest and most generous scale. Does Christ, our Creator, go forth to make leaves? He makes them by the whole forest full; notched like the fern, or silvered like the aspen, or broad like the palm; thickets in the tropics, Oregon forests. Does He go forth to make flowers? He makes plenty of them; they flame from the hedge, they hang from the top of the grape vine in blossoms, they roll in the blue wave of the violets, they toss their white surf into the spiræa—enough for every child's hand a flower, enough to make for every brow a chaplet, enough with beauty to cover up the ghastliness of all the graves. Does He go forth to create water? He pours it out, not by the cupful, but by a river full, a lake full, an ocean full, pouring it out until all the earth has enough to drink, and enough with which to wash.

Does Jesus, our Lord, provide redemption? It is not a little salvation for this one, a little for that, and a little for the other; but enough for all—"Whosoever will, let him come." Each man an ocean full for himself. Promises for the young, promises for the old, promises for the lowly, promises for the blind, for the halt, for the outcast, for the abandoned. Pardon for all, comfort for all, mercy for all, Heaven for all; not merely a cupful of Gospel supply, but one hundred and thirty gallons. Ay, the tears of godly repentance are all gathered up into God's bottle; and some day, standing before the throne, we will lift our cup of delight and ask that it be filled with the wine of Heaven; and Jesus, from that bottle of tears, will begin to pour in the cup, and we will cry: "Stop, Jesus, we do not want to drink our own tears!" and Jesus will say: "Know ye not that the tears of earth are the wine of Heaven." Sorrow may endure, but joy cometh in the morning.

I remark further, Jesus does not despise the joys of others with His own griefs. He might have sat down in that wedding and said: "I have so much trouble, so much poverty, so much persecution, and the cross is coming; I shall not rejoice and the gloom of my face and of my sorrows shall be cast over all this scene." So said not Jesus. He said to himself: "Here are two persons starting out in married life. Let it be a joyful occasion. I will hide my own griefs. I will kindle their joys." There are many not so wise as that. I know a household where there are many little children, where for two years the musical instrument had been kept shut because there had been trouble in the house. Alas for the folly! Parents saying: "We will have no Christmas tree this coming holiday because there has been trouble in the house. Hush that laughing up stairs! How can there be any joy where there has been so much trouble?" And so they make everything consistently doleful, and send their sons and daughters to ruin with the gloom they throw around them.

Oh, my dear friends, do you not know those children will have trouble enough of their own after a while? Be glad they cannot appreciate all yours. Keep back the cup of bitterness from your daughter's lips. When your head is down in the grass of the tomb, poverty may come to her, betrayal to her, bereavement to her. Keep back the sorrows as long as you can. Do you not know that son may, after a while, have his heart broken? Stand between him and all harm. You may not fight his battles long; fight them while you may. Throw not the chill of your own despondency over his soul; rather be like Jesus, who came to the wedding hiding His own grief and kindling the joys of others. So I have seen the sun, on a dark day, struggling amidst clouds, black, ragged, and portentous, but after a while the sun, with golden pry, heaved back the blackness; and the sun laughed to the lake, and the lake laughed to the sun, and from horizon to horizon, under the saffron sky, the water was all turned into wine.

I learn from this miracle that Christ is not impatient with the luxuries of life. It was not necessary that they should have that wine. Hundreds of people have been married without any wine. We do not read that any of the other provisions fell short. When Christ made the wine it was not a necessity, but a positive luxury. I do not believe that He wants us to eat hard bread and sleep on hard mattresses, unless we like them best. I think, if circumstances will allow, we have a right to the luxuries of dress, the luxuries of diet, and the luxuries of residence. There is no more religion in an old coat than in a new one. We can serve God drawn by golden plated harness as certainly as when we go a-foot. Jesus Christ will dwell with us under a fine ceiling as well as under a thatched roof; and when you get wine made out of water, drink as much as you can.

What is the difference between a Chinese mud hovel and an American home? What is the difference between the rough bear skins of the Russian boor and the outfit of an American gentleman? No difference, except that which the Gospel of Christ, directly or indirectly, has caused. When Christ shall have vanquished all the world, I suppose every house will be a mansion, and every horse an arch-necked courser, and every carriage a glittering vehicle, and every man a king, and every woman a queen, and the whole earth a paradise; the glories of the natural world harmonizing with the glories of the material world, until the very bells of the horses shall jingle the praises of the Lord.

I learn, further, from this miracle, that Christ has no impatience with festal joy, otherwise He would not have accepted the invitation to that wedding. He certainly would not have done that which increased the hilarity. There may have been many in that room who were happy, but there was not one of them that did so much for the joy of the wedding party as Christ Himself. He was the chief of the banqueters. When the wine gave out, He supplied it; and so, I take it, He will not deny us the joys that are positively festal.

I think the children of God have more right to laugh than any other people, and to clap their hands as loudly. There is not a single joy denied them that is given to any other people. Christianity does not clip the wings of the soul. Religion does not frost the flowers. What is Christianity? I take it to be simply a proclamation from the throne of God of emancipation for all the enslaved; and if a man accepts the terms of that proclamation, and becomes free, has he not a right to be merry? Suppose a father has an elegant mansion and large grounds. To whom will he give the first privilege of these grounds? Will he say: "My children, you must not walk through these paths, or sit down under these trees, or pluck this fruit. These are for outsiders. They may walk in them." No father would say anything like that. He would say: "The first privileges in all the grounds, and all of my house, shall be for my own children." And yet men try to make us believe that God's children are on the limits, and the chief refreshments and enjoyments of life are for outsiders, and not for his own children. It is stark atheism. There is no innocent beverage too rich for God's child to drink; there is no robe too costly for him to wear; there is no hilarity too great for him to indulge in, and no house too splendid for him to live in. He has a right to the joys of earth; he shall have a right to the joys of Heaven. Though tribulation, and trial, and hardship may come unto him, let him rejoice. "Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous, and again I say, rejoice."

I remark again that Christ comes to us in the hour of our extremity. He knew the wine was giving out before there was any embarrassment or mortification. Why did He not perform the miracle sooner? Why wait until it was all gone, and no help could come from any source, and then come in and perform the miracle. This is Christ's way; and when He did come in, at the hour of extremity, He made first rate wine, so that they cried out: "Thou hast kept the good wine until now." Jesus in the hour of extremity! He seems to prefer that hour.

In a Christian home in Poland great poverty had come, and on the week day the man was obliged to move out of the house with his whole family. That night he knelt with his family and prayed to God. While they were kneeling in prayer there was a tap on the window pane. They opened the window, and there was a raven that the family had fed and trained, and it had in its bill a ring all set with precious stones, which was found out to be a ring belonging to the royal family. It was taken up to the King's residence, and for the honesty of the man in bringing it back he had a house given to him, and a garden and a farm. Who was it that sent the raven tapping on the window? The same God that sent the raven to feed Elijah by the brook Cherith. Christ in the hour of extremity!

You mourned over your sins. You could not find the way out. You sat down and said: "God will not be merciful. He has cast me off." but in that, the darkest hour of your history, light broke from the throne, and Jesus said, "O wanderer, come home. I have seen all thy sorrows. In this, the hour of thy extremity, I offer thee pardon and everlasting life!"

Trouble came. You were almost torn to pieces by that trouble. You braced yourself up against it. You said: "I will be a stoic, and will not care; but before you had got through making the resolution, it broke down under you. You felt that all your resources were gone, and then Jesus came. "In the fourth watch of the night," the Bible says, "Jesus came walking on the sea." Why did he not come in the first watch? or in the second watch? or in the third watch? I do not know. He came in the fourth, and gave deliverance to His disciples. Jesus in the last extremity!

I wonder if it will be so in our very last extremity. We shall fall suddenly sick, and doctors will come, but in vain. We will try the anodynes and the stimulants and the bathings, but all in vain. Something will say: "You must go." No one will hold us back, but the hands of eternity stretched out to pull us on. What then? Jesus will come to us, and as we say, "Lord Jesus, I am afraid of that water; I cannot wade through to the other side," He will say, "Take hold of my arm," and we will take hold of His arm, and then He will put His foot in the surf of the wave, taking us on down deeper, deeper, deeper, and our soul will cry: "All thy waves and billows have gone over me." They cover the feet, come to the knee, pass the girdle and come to the head, and our soul cries out: "Lord Jesus Christ, I cannot hold thine arm any longer." Then Jesus will turn around, throw both His arms about us, and set us on the beach, far beyond the tossing of the billows. Jesus in the last extremity.

That wedding scene is gone now. The wedding ring has been lost, the tankards have been broken, the house is down; but Jesus invites us to a grander wedding. You know the Bible says that the church is the Lamb's wife, and the Lord will after awhile come to fetch her home. There will be gleaming of torches in the sky, and the trumpets of God will ravish the air with their music; and Jesus will stretch out His hand, and the church, robed in white, will put aside her veil, and look up into the face of her Lord the King, and the bridegroom will say to the bride: "Thou hast been faithful through all these years! The mansion is ready! Come home! Thou art fair, my love!" and then He shall put upon her brow the crown of dominion, and the table will be spread, and it will reach across the skies, and the mighty ones of Heaven will come in, garlanded with beauty and striking their cymbals; and the bridegroom and bride will stand at the head of the table, and the banqueters looking up, will wonder and admire it and say: "That is Jesus the bridegroom? But the scar on his brow is covered with the coronet, and the stab in his side is covered with a robe!" and "That is the bride! The weariness of her earthly woe lost in the flush of this wedding triumph!"

There will be wine enough at that wedding; not coming up from the poisoned vats of earth, but the vineyards of God will press their ripest clusters, and the cups and the tankards will blush to the brim with the heavenly vintage, and then all the banqueters will drink standing. Esther having come up from the bacchanalian revelry of Ahasuerus, where a thousand lords feasted, will be there. And the Queen of Sheba, from the banquet of Solomon, will be there. And the mother of Jesus, from the wedding in Cana, will be there. And they all will agree that the earthly feasting was poor compared with that. Then, lifting their chalices in that holy light, they shall cry to the Lord of the feast: "Thou hast kept the good wine until now."

Origin of the Word "Bumper."

A correspondent who seemed to be very much elated at having "caught Webster in an error," calls our attention to that lexicographer's etymology of the word "bumper" as used in the sentence "a bumper of wine." The correspondent informs us that the word did not come from "Bumbard," as Webster has it, but "had its origin with the Catholics, who usually drank the Pope's health every day after dinner in a full glass, with the expression in French—au bon pere (to the good father); hence the term 'a bumper.'" Yes; we may have seen the story before. It is one of the many faked up yarns told by Henry James Loaring in his book of "Common sayings," which is as full of inaccuracies (we had almost said deliberate inaccuracies) as his other book about the antiquity and derivation of signs. The fact is, we find no comparison that our correspondent has used the exact words of Loaring, so he doubtless relies on this testimony to make his case against Webster. All we have to say of Mr. Loaring is that he knows some French, and whenever he comes upon an English expression which sounds somewhat like a French one he invents a story to prove that the French expression is the parent of the English one, and relies on the popular ignorance of etymology to make his invention stand. Webster makes a good case in favor of his etymology of the word, and we beg our correspondent to look into the literature of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, where, if he looks deep enough, he will find that Shakespeare's use of "bumbard" (a large mug or can), was well authorized; and he will probably not hold that "bumbard" came from "bon pere."—*Washington Post.*

Rouge et Noir.

"Miss De Rigeur gave a pink tea last evening. I was there."

"Everything at a pink tea should have been couleur de rose, but you somehow don't look as if you enjoyed it very much."

"Well, the fact is I took the opportunity of proposing to Miss De Rigeur—"

"And—"

"And she gave me a black eye."

Bargains in Crape and No Deaths.

Mr. Youngglove—Why, my dear, what makes you look so miserable! Is there any bad news in the paper?

Mrs. Youngglove—N-no, not exactly bad news; but oh, George, don't you know of any of our relatives who are in poor health? I never saw such bargains in crape in all my born days.—*Chicago America.*

The Kind-Hearted Cop.

Policeman—Here, now, move on.

Stranger (who has lost his way trying to get back to his hotel)—I'm no tramp.

Policeman—What are ye then?

Stranger—I am a country editor——

Policeman—I see, I see. Poor fellow! Here's a dime.—*New York Weekly.*

No Amusement to Her.

Mrs. Houlihan: "Phwat do ye t'ink about this debate, 'How to kape a husband at home,' Mrs. Rourke?"

Mrs. Rourke (the wash lady): "Sorra bit do Oi care about it at all, at all. Sure it's mesilf has to kape Rourke, at home and out av dure, all the toime, bad luck to him!"—*Puck.*

It is one of the strangest things in life that not one of these sweet-tempered, soft-voiced, gentle-hearted and velvet-handed women we see about us daily ever reaches the distinction of being a mother-in-law.—*Binghampton Leader.*

Every man may have a price, but every other man can not pay it.—*Whitehall Times.*

Put to Flight by Shop Girls.

Sharp tongues have the knowing shopgirls of New York and the knowledge how to use them, says the *Herald* of that city. Woe beside the unlucky man who falls afoul of them. They can make life more miserable to him than a carbuncle between his shoulder-blades.

A lot of these girls who work on the East side, were riding uptown on a crowded Third avenue elevated train the other night. An old man in one of the cross seats was trying to read an evening paper. A self-important, flashily dressed, silk-hatted youth stood between him and the light and held a paper spread out just so the old man couldn't see. The youth paid no attention when asked twice to move. Then the old man got mad, and, reaching up, jerked at the young man's paper and tore it from top to bottom. The young man turned and aimed a vicious blow at the old man's head. A by-stander caught his arm, while the carful of people hissed.

Then the shop-girls, who had seen the whole thing, turned their vials of wrath on that young man, and how they did make him suffer! First they all shrieked "Shame!" in chorus at him for striking at an old man, then they began to pull him to pieces. They began at his hat, and minutely dissected his wearing apparel, making savage sarcasms. They ridiculed to each other his collar, his necktie, the fit of his clothes, the size of his feet, the shape of his nose, the expanse of his mouth, and the color in his face, which grew fast from pink to scarlet, and then purple, under the tongue-lashing he was getting. They edged their remarks with ready wit, and at every sally the passengers roared. The castigation began at Ninth street. When the train reached Twenty-third street the young man's face was about ready to burst into flame and he could stand no more of it. He incontinently fled for the door.

Then everybody applauded, but the girls only looked in a satisfied way at each other for a moment and calmly resumed their conversation about the altitude unattainable of accordion plaits.

Human Nature.

"That's a fine dog of yours," said a man at the postoffice to another man who had a fine hunting dog at his heels.

"Yes, he's a pure strain and well trained. To heel, Roger."

The dog fell into position with brisk alacrity.

"I'd like to buy a dog like that," said the first speaker, "but the trouble is when you find such a dog his owner will never part with him."

"You can have Roger for $50," said the dog owner. "I paid $75 for him when he was two months old."

"Isn't he a little sunken in the back for a thoroughbred?" asked the other anxiously.

"Not a bit. That is one evidence of pure blood."

"Now that I notice him I see that his legs are a trifle crooked, and he is longer than the real Gordon setter. I must have a true proportion in a dog that I buy."

"That's right," said the owner coolly. "You couldn't buy my dog if you were Vanderbilt. Why, there isn't a hair on him that I would sell if I could get $500 for it. You needn't depreciate him another point. He isn't for sale and never will be—good day," and the man and dog disappeared together.

Something for the New Year.

The world renowned success of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and their continued popularity for over a third of a century as a stomachic, is scarcely more wonderful than the welcome that greets the annual appearance of Hostetter's Almanac. This valuable medical treatise is published by The Hostetter Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., under their own immediate supervision, employing 60 hands in that department. They are running about 11 months in the year on this work, and the issue of same for 1890 will not be less than ten millions, printed in the English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian, and Spanish languages. Refer to a copy of it for valuable and interesting reading concerning health, and numerous testimonials as to the efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, amusement, varied information, astronomical calculations and chronological items, etc., which can be depended on for correctness. The Almanac for 1890 can be obtained free of cost from druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the country.

An Unmerited Rebuke.

"Hello," said a traveling man to his companion, as they paused in front of a bill-board, "there's a walking match in town."

The lady who happened to be passing just then was rather angular. With wrath in her eye she said:

"Young man, I've no doubt that you forget a good deal of what was taught you in your youth about manners, when you go on commenting on people's personal appearance that way. I may not be very stout, but for you to make remarks about being a walking-match is, to say the least, worse than impolite."

On the Stage.

"Don't you think," said a youth, after working his vocal chords with intense vigor beside the hotel piano, "that I ought to go on the stage?"

"Yes," replied Miss Pepperton, who doesn't like him very well, anyhow; "I certainly do. There is one that leaves for the station just an hour and a half from now."—*Washington Capital.*

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Wasted Humor.

"I say," remarked the man who writes "Flashes of Fun" to the sporting editor, "did the old Romans ever have prize fights?"

"Hum—no, I think not."

"Never?"

"Not that I know of. They might have, but none of the sporting records took any notice of it."

"All right," said the funny man, dejectedly, as he crumpled up a piece of paper and dropped it on the floor. "There goes an ancient joke about Roman punch."

Throat Diseases commence with a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give immediate relief. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cts.

Won Her Bet.

Between the acts.

Miss Tiny (an agile coryphee)—I will bet a bottle of champaigne that I can kick higher than that chandelier.

Jack—I'll take the bet.

Miss Tiny—You've lost. That chandelier can't kick at all.

(Bet paid.)—*Pittsburgh Bulletin.*

No stranger should visit the city without smoking "Tansill's Punch" 5c. Cigar.

A man of philosophical temperament resembles a cucumber—for although he may be completely cut up he still remains cool.

Entitled to the Best.

All are entitled to the best that their money will buy, so every family should have, at once, a bottle of the best family remedy, Syrup of Figs, to cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists.

The Wrong Place.

Applicant (at the Golden Gate)—May I enter.

St. Peter—What was your business below?

Applicant—I was a newspaper writer, sir.

St. Peter—And what is your name?

Applicant—Er—er—well, really, I don't like to give my name. I always wrote over a nom de plume, you know.

St. Peter—Ah, yes, I see. You are in the wrong place. The next gate, further down. But, I say, just leave that nom de plume with me. If there is anything I hate, it is the smell of burning feathers.—*American Commercial Traveler.*

A Cure of Catarrh

In the head, as well as of all bronchial, throat, and lung diseases, if taken in time, is effected by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, or money paid for it will be promptly returned.

A more pleasant physic
You never will find
Than Pierce's small "Pellets,"
The Purgative kind.

A Desperate Resolve.

Cholly—Well, the gov'nor cut me off to-day. Said b'jove he wasn't going to support me any longer, don't you know?

Gussie—What are you going to do now, my deah boy?

Cholly—I hardly know. Maybe I'll have to twamp. Or perhaps I may become one of those bawid prize-fighters, don't you know? Got any good thigawettes?—*Terre Haute Express.*

Entirely Helpless to Health.

The above statement made by Mrs. S. H. Ford, wife of Gen. Ford, can be vouched for by nearly the entire population of Corunna, Mich., her home for years. She was for two years a terrible sufferer from rheumatism, being confined to her bed most of the time, her feet and limbs being so badly swollen she could scarcely *move*. She was induced to try a bottle of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup. It helped her, and two additional bottles entirely cured her. To-day she is a well woman.

First ask your druggist; should he not keep it, we will send on receipt of price, $1 per bottle or six for $5.

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Jackson, Mich.

A scientist says that a very strong solution of salt applied boiling hot will preserve wood. This is important to those whose wood pile has to be protected by a spring gun.

The Homeliest Man in This Town,

As well as the handsomest, and others, are invited to call on any druggist and get *free* a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits, and is guaranteed to relieve and cure all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis, and Consumption. Large Bottles, 50 cents and $1.

If a burnt child dreads the fire, why does a person who has been singed by Cupid's torch so often have a lingering regard for the old flame?

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The most gigantic sharks in the world are said to be found near Australia. Of course this discovery makes the New York bar mad, but facts are facts.

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"Waiter, you can bring me a nice young chicken smothered in onions?" "No, sah. We doesn't kill 'em dat way, sah. We cuts off d'er heds."

All that we can say as to the merits of Dobbins' Electric Soap pales into *nothingness* before the story it will tell you *itself*, of its own *perfect* quality, if you will give it one trial. Don't take imitation.

Wild oats are often sown with rye.—*Boston Post.*

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

Cincinnati pork men believe the pen mightier than the sword.—*St. Paul Herald.*

In the Winter

Rheumatism is most prevalent because exposure to the cold and wet drives the blood from the surface of the body, and causes congestion of the liver and kidneys. These organs are thus unable to perform their functions of eliminating the impurities and lactic acid, which are taken up by the blood and deposited in the joints and tissues, resulting in the pains and aches we call rheumatism. Hood's Sarsaparilla has had great success in curing this disease, both chronic and inflammatory. Acting promptly on the blood, it neutralizes the lactic acid, expels all impurities, and restores the liver and kidneys to natural action.

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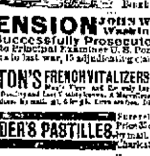
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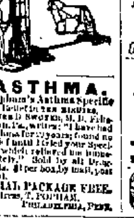
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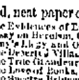
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IN THE VINEYARD.

What Some of the Workers Therein Are Doing and Saying.

WHOLESOME READING FOR ALL.

Face Your Troubles—The Avaricious Man's Prison—Gems of Thought.

Face Your Troubles.

"I had plowed around a rock in one of my fields for five years," said a farmer, "and I had broken a mowing machine knife against it, besides losing the use of the ground in which it lay, all because I thought that it was such a large rock that it would be too much time and trouble to remove it. But to-day when I began to plow for corn, I thought that by and by I might break my cultivator against that rock, so I took a crow-bar, intending to poke around and find out its size once for all. And it was one of the surprises of my life to find that it was a little more than two feet long. It was standing on its edge, and so light that I could lift it into the wagon without help."

"The first time you really faced your trouble you conquered it," I replied aloud, but continued to enlarge upon the subject all to myself, for I do believe that before we pray, or, better, while we pray, we should look our troubles square in the face.

Imagine the farmer plowing around that rock for five years, praying all the the while, "O Lord, remove that rock!" when he didn't know whether it was a big rock or a little flat stone.

We shiver and shake and shrink, and sometimes do not dare to pray about a trouble because it makes it seem so real, not even knowing what we wish the Lord to do about it, when, if we would face the trouble and call it by its name, one-half of its terror would be gone.

The trouble that lies down with us at night and confronts us on first waking in the morning is not the trouble that we have faced, but the trouble whose proportions we do not know.

The Avaricious Man's Prison.

No man can go on accumulating, laying up, adding dollar to dollar, acre to acre, never giving, seldom spending, without incarcerating himself at last in a prison-house.

By and by he finds that above him, around him, beneath him is nothing but money, money, money. We have all read of the miser locked into his own cellar with his gold. The heavy trap-door falls while he is counting his money, the ponderous spring lock clicks, and he is a prisoner with his precious box of money. He has it all. He can plunge his arms up to his elbows in coin, but he has nothing more, and he is the poorest man in the universe of God. He is shut in from the light of day; no friendly ear will hear his cry, no friendly voice will answer his call, no friendly hand will help him out, and with all his thousands he is a poorer man than the beggar on the street above him, whose only posessions are free air, the generous sunlight, and the crust of bread in his hand. So every man who hoards and does not spend, who piles up and never gives away, is slowly incarcerating himself in a similar dungeon. The trap door does not fall suddenly, the spring lock does not close with a snap in his case, but nevertheless, by the slow accumulation of years, and the slow growth of habit, he is enclosed as tightly as the miser in his cellar, and his only companionship is the wealth which at last must become worthless and useless to him.—*Golden Rule.*

Gems of Thought.

Life is the test of faith.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Your salvation is His business; His service your business.—*Fuller.*

Nothing is so strong as gentleness, nothing so gentle as real strength.

As you learn, teach; as you get, give; as you receive, distribute.—*Spurgeon.*

One is never more on trial than in the moment of excessive good fortune.—*Lew Wallace.*

Wit should be used as a shield for defense, rather than a sword to wound others.—*Fuller.*

I have never found a thorough, pervading, enduring morality but in those who feared God.—*Jacobi.*

Nothing is more pitiful than a life spent in thinking of nothing but self; yes, even in thinking of nothing but one's own soul.—*Farrar.*

The absence of any kind of anxiety for the spread of the truth, implies spiritual paralysis, if it does not imply actual spiritual death.—*Canon Liddon.*

Do right, and God's recompense to you will be the power of doing more right, give, and God's reward to you will be the spirit of giving more; love, and God will pay you with the capacity of more love, for love is Heaven, and is God within you.—*F. W. Robertson.*

FINGERS AND FORKS.

Less than three hundred years ago the fingers were still used to perform the office now assigned to forks, in the highest and most refined circles of society. At about this time, in fact, was the turning point when forks began to be used at table as they are now. When we reflect how nice were the ideas of that refined age on all matters of outer decency and behavior, and how strict was the etiquette of the courts, we may well wonder that the fork was so late in coming into use as a table furnishing. The ladies of the middle ages and the Renaissance were not less proud of a delicate, well-kept hand than those of our own days, and yet they picked the meat from the platter with their slender white fingers, and in them bore it to their mouths. The fact is all the more remarkable, because the form of the fork was familiar enough, and its application to other uses was not uncommon.

WHY THE COMPASS POINTS NORTH.

The compass-needle points north because practically the earth is a magnet, not differing essentially in its magnetic properties from a bar of magnetized steel, says *American Notes and Queries.*

It has two poles of greatest intensity, and, like most large steel magnets, there are several supplemental poles of lesser intensity. Just as the pole of one bar magnet attracts the end of another, so the magnet poles of the earth behave toward poles of the compass-needle, unlike poles attracting, and like poles repelling each other.

But it is not correct to say that the needle always points north; as a matter of fact there are but few localities on the earth where it does so, and even those are constantly changing.

An irregular line drawn from the mouth of the Orinoco River through the east coast of Hayti, Charleston, S. C., and Detroit, Mich., represents very nearly the line in which there is no variation at the present time.

In all places east of this line the north end of the needle swings slightly to the westward; in all places west of it to the eastward. At the mouth of the Columbia River the variation of the compass is about 22 degrees east; in Alaska it is from 40 to 60 degrees east; midway between New York and Liverpool it is about 35 degrees west.

Of course there is a reason for this variation, and the explanation is that the needle does not point to the North Pole, as so many people suppose, but to the magnetic pole, which is something entirely different.

The magnetic north pole is at present on or near the northwestern shore of Boothia Peninsula, in the northern part of North America. Its position is constantly changing, and in the last six hundred years it has moved about half the distance round the geographical pole.

During the period of three hundred years, in which observations have been carefully made at the Magnetic observatory in Paris, the variations have changed from 11 degrees 20 minutes east of north to 22 degrees and 10 minutes west.

In the United States the rate of the change in variation differs much in different parts of the country. In Washington State it changes at the rate of about 7 minutes a year; in Arizona and New Mexico it is stationary; in the New England States it is from 1 to 3 minutes per year.

A WOMAN MARRIES A WOMAN.

An extraordinary story, first published by a Vienna newspaper and then generally disbelieved, has since been confirmed in every particular, says a dispatch from Vienna to the London *Standard.* "A young man calling himself Count Sander Vay, who pretended to have fallen out with his family in Hungary, married last August a teacher at Klagenfurt, aged 27, daughter of an Inspector of Woods and Forests there. The marriage took place on a lonely farm in Hungary, a certain Father Imre officiating at the wedding ceremony.

"The newly-married couple lived together for some time, and afterward visited the girl's parents in Klagenfurt, where the father-in-law was constantly fleeced by the alleged Count. Quarrels arose, and ultimately it turned out that the young Count's tales of himself were all inventions. The persons he referred to were imaginary, and the Inspector was convinced he was a swindler. Something still stranger, and indeed unparalleled, soon came to light. Ere long it was found that the so-called Count was in reality a woman of 36, the Countess Sarolta Vay, daughter of the late Colonel of Honveds, Count Ladislaus Vay, one of whose daughters, named Sarolta, had been educated as a boy.

"All her life she had worn male attire, and recently had appeared in the uniform of the Honveds. She published a collection of poems under the name Sandor, and associated with young men, who were not in the secret, in manly amusements. From Pesth, where eccentricities of that sort are hardly a rarity, she disappeared about a year ago, after which she was not again heard of till her arrest, on the demand of her nominal father-in-law, at Klagenfurt. It is probable that Father Imre was not a priest, and that the girl, in going through the form of marriage, only executed another eccentricity in order to procure money, of which she was in great need."

HE TOOK THE MONEY.

New Clerk (anxious to show his sagacity)—This silver dollar you just took in is counterfeit.

Proprietor (nervously)—I was waiting on the minister's wife."

"But you don't take counterfeit money from women just because they happen to be ministers' wives, do you?"

"No, of course not."

"Didn't you see this was counterfeit?"

"Consarn it! Young man, if you must know, that's the dollar I dropped into the contribution box last Sunday."—*New York Weekly.*

A PATHETIC SCENE.

"Ah," said the gray-eyed wayfarer at the railroad lunch counter, "this is the old place. I recognized yonder landmark at once."

"What landmark?" inquired the cashier considerately.

"Forty years ago when I traveled over this road," continued the stranger in a choked voice, "I carved my initials and date on yonder piece of apple pie. I see you have it still. Excuse an old man's tears."—*Albany Argus.*

A LIFE's happiness is easily flung away, and hardly found again when you have parted with it.

WOMAN'S PROGRESS

Gossip About Matters in Which the Dear Creatures Take an Interest.

SEASONED WITH A LITTLE WIT.

A Column or Two of Tittle-Tattle Anent Matronly Mothers, Modish Maidens, and Merry Misses.

A Hollow in the Back.

If you have a hollow place in your back just below the waist-line (most women have) fasten a very small pad of curled hair on the yoke of the skirt. With skirts thus arranged there is nothing to interfere with the perfect fit of the dress waist. Some dressmakers insist upon this arrangement of skirts before they will fit your gowns.—*New York Press.*

Latest Styles in Fans.

Fans usually match the gown in color and are in great variety.

The most beautiful, and naturally the most costly, are those made of ostrich and marabout feathers combined, with sticks of pearl, amber or shell. Nothing has yet been devised more graceful and elegant, especially when in the color of the gown. There is nothing in Paris more attractive than the show windows of a certain manufacturer of fans on one of the bulevards. There is an arrangement of steps on which to exhibit these dainty wares covered with delicate lace over satin the color of the fans to be exhibited; one day they are all pale green, another pale blue, another mauve, and another red, and gold, and black. There are feather fans of every possible description, lace fans, lisse fans with open work pearl sticks, all hand painted, as are the spaces between them, and fans made of net and ribbons. Fans made in the shape of leaves, of flowers and of butterflys all vie with each other for popularity. As an additional indication of the progress of good taste the medium is the popular size.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Why Women Lose Their Hair.

"How common it is to see a woman under 30 with only a tiny twist of hair behind her head," remarked a fashionable hair-dresser to a *Mail and Express* reporter. "I venture to say, however," the speaker went on, "that if you ask her she will say that when she was a girl she had a splendid head of hair. Now what is the reason for this? The woman has lost no other of her physical charms, but her hair has well-nigh disappeared.

"I think that I can solve the problem. On retiring at night, she goes to sleep without releasing her hair, or giving it the vigarous combing and brushing which is absolutely necessary to its healthy vitality. Hundreds of careless women do that. Then, too, she is not careful as to the kind of hairpins she uses. Metal hairpins should be used as little as possible, for rubber or gutta-percha pins are preferable, although they may seem more clumsy; but if metal pins are chosen they should be straight and smooth.

What is the best tonic for the hair? In my experience, I have found that a good, brisk and regular brushing is the best tonic. If the hair is coming out rapidly, let this treatment begin at once. Every morning unbraid the hair, and brush it in its natural hanging position with a stiff, white bristle brush never a wire one. First brush one-half of the hair. Then change the brush to the other hand and treat the remaining half in the same fashion. The same operation should be repeated in the evening.

"Begin with about fifty strokes on each side and gradually increase the treatment, until not less than two hundred strokes are given each morning and evening. It will soon become a habit, and before long the hair will cease to come out."

Pretty Finger Nails.

"Your nails always look nice," I overheard one damsel remark to another not long ago, says a correspondent. "Do you go to a manicure every day?"

"Oh, no, I have never been to one, for it is the easiest thing in the world to take care of one's own nails—just a little care every day."

"Well, I've tried and tried, and I can't make mine look even decent. Tell me what you do."

Here I listened for the prescription, which in sum and substance was as follows:

"In order to keep the skin back from the nail I use a nail brush freely—using it on the nails particularly. Then, in drying my hands, I work the towel from the point of the nail back toward the finger. I cut my nails often, and don't let them get too long. By cutting the nails in such a way that the corners do not adhere to the skin, hangnails can be avoided and the shape of the nails changed. Where the nails are thin and inclined to break, frequent oiling is necessary, and the nails should never be polished, except when some oily substance is used besides the powder. This keeps the nails more pliable, and no matter how thin they are, if properly treated they are no more liable to break than thicker ones. Another thing that is bad for the nails is polishing them too roughly. They should be lightly touched and not rubbed until they become heated. This is one cause of white spots coming on the nail and marring its beauty. A little attention every day will make any hand look nice."

To this conversation which I overheard let me add a word or two about the hands. To make them white they should be occasionally rubbed with lemon juice and water. The hands should never be allowed to remain long soiled with anything that will stain them. But unless there is some reason for it, it is better not to wash the hands too often. They should be dried with a soft towel.

Only an Indian Woman.

Here is an account of the brave deed of an Oneida Indian woman, whose courage seemingly equaled by her pride of race:

Driving into the fields one day where her husband and others were at work, she encountered a log lying across the road in such a way that she could not pass. As there was no one near to help her, and the log was beyond her strength to move, she proceeded to cut it in two with an ax she had in the wagon.

To her surprise she found she had disturbed a mother bear and her family of cubs. The bear, more alarmed than angry, took to the woods, and the woman walked in search of the men and their fire-arms. Finding them, she conducted the relief party quickly back to the log, to find that the bear had also returned.

When all were stationed ready for action she again used her ax on the log and the bear made her second appearance, this time angry and vengeful. The man who stood ready for just this emergency missed his aim, dropped the gun, and with all his other masculine companions took to his heels. Left alone with the infuriated beast, with only an ax for defense, the Indian woman coolly waited until the bear came near enough, and, letting the ax fall with all her might upon its head, killed it with that one stroke.

The same weapon applied to three of the little orphans effectively prevented their ever realizing their loss, and the other she kindly adopted and carried home with her.

Reaching her home she found her husband, son and others assembled there, anxiously speculating as to what could have been the result of the encounter they had failed to see ended. Standing before them, with the cub in her arms, she scornfully surveyed them from head to foot and exclaimed: "Cowards, you have no Indian blood in your veins. *Philapelphia Press.*

THE RETORT DISCOURTEOUS.

A young barrister was once smartly set down by a judge who readily grasped the points of even a complicated case and who could not endure that time should be wasted. The novice poured forth argument after argument into the unwilling ears of the Judge, who tried in vain to put an end to him. In this instance he was overmatched. The enemy had always some fresh point to open out, and, of course, it must be listened to before it could be refuted. At length he mentioned one which the chief said he would at once refuse to hear discussed—it ought to have been taken in the court below.

"But, my Lord, I did take it in the court below and the Judge stopped me!"

The chief revived. He looked forward over his desk and said earnestly to his persecutor: "Do you really mean to say, sir, that he stopped you?"

"Yes, my Lord—he really stopped me!"

"Did he?" said the chief. "You would much oblige me by telling me how he did it; the process may be useful to me in the future."

An old lady from the country had been brought into the court as a witness, and a sharp little lawyer had her in hand, and was trying his best to upset the old lady in a legal way, and, at the same time, air his knowledge before the crowd of spectators in the room. But the old lady, from the start, seemed to have the best of it. She was much his superior at Yankee wit and repartee. This at last nettled the little disciple of Blackstone, and he exclaimed, angrily:

"Madam, you have brass enough in your face to make a large-sized kettle."

"Quite likely," said the old lady, while her eyes blazed with wrath, "and it comforts me somewhat to know that you have sap enough in your head to fill it."

THE ANGELUS BIRD.

When traveling in forests of Guiana and Paraguay, it is not uncommon to meet with a bird whose music greatly resembles that of an Angelus bell when heard from a distance. The Spanish call this singular bird a bellringer, though it may be still more appropriately designated as the Angelus bird, for, like the Angelus bell, it is heard three times a day, morning, noon and night. Its song which defies all description, succeeding one another every two or three minutes, so clearly and in such a resonant manner, that the listener, if a stranger, imagines himself to be near a chapel or convent. But it turns out that the forest is the chapel, and the bell a bird.

The beauty of the Angelus bird is equal to his talent; he is as large as a jay, and as white as snow, besides being graceful in form and swift in motion. But the most curious ornament of the Angelus bird is the tuft of black, arched feathers on its beautiful head; it is of comical shape and about four inches in length.

MUST HAVE BEEN SOME LOCAL ROAD.

"Well, sir," said the railroad superintendent to a forlorn-looking man who had gained admittance to his presence, "what do you want?"

"I would like a situation on your road."

"No place for you I think."

"But there is. I want to be interpreter."

"Interperter?"

"Yes, sir. To tell the passengers what the brakeman says when he calls out the names of the stations."

The superintendent studied a few minutes and then told the man to call later.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A Choice Selection of Interesting Items.

THE Ottomacs of South America eat one pound of clay every day.

BALZAC lived to be fifty, and wrote twenty-seven books. Night work and strong coffee killed him.

ONE of the witnesses who recently testified at Salt Lake regarding the oaths of the Endowment House, has since had one valuable horse killed and another shot at, but not fatally injured, by his Mormon neighbors.

COL. JOHN C. BOONE, grandson of the pioneer, Daniel Boone, is living friendless and needy near Sulphur Springs, Ark., and a movement for his relief has been started in Missouri, Arkansas and Kentucky.

ONE of Wilkesbarre's policemen dreamed that he was in a fight, and his pistol refusing to explode he was unable to defend himself. When he awoke he was so impressed that he tried his pistol, and found, as in his dream, the weapon would not go off.

"IF you have a flower for me," says Mrs. Lew Wallace to one of her friends, "give it to me now while I can enjoy it, rather than lay a whole wreath on my coffin lid." That has been the sad cry of many a lonely heart, which, when it could be thrilled no more with pleasure, or hurt with pain, had flowers enough and to spare.

A MAN named Rye, who lives near Bellaire, Ohio, has a fancy for naming his daughters after the big rivers. Three of his girls are called Missouri, Ohio and Mississippi. Recently a baby daughter was added to the household, and the father, forgetting the double significance of the word, determined to have her christened Monongahela Rye.

ONE of the most surprising features of the modern business world is the extensive use of cotton seed, formerly considered worthless. Over 800,000 tons of these seeds are now pressed for their oil, from thirty-six to forty pounds being obtained from each ton. The consumption of cotton seed oil is increasing, both in this country and in Europe, and new uses for the oil are constantly being discovered.

COUNT D'EU expresses the opinion that the primary cause of the Brazilian revolution was—first, the hasty and ill-concealed emancipation of the slaves, which deprived the Imperial cause of the larger portion of its supporters; next, the demoralization of the navy. He considers Da Fonseca a weak-minded man of supple and complaint nature; a person with no defined character.

A YOUNG lady school teacher of Sumter County, Florida, one night last week dreamed that she was whipping one of her scholars, and from reports she certainly had a terrible time of it. She waked up the inmates of the house by screaming: "Won't you be a good boy—won't you study your lessons—won't you quit sticking pins into the scholars?" Her mother, thinking that something must be the matter, rushed into the young lady's room and found her standing up in bed, beating, kicking, and otherwise abusing a pillow.

AN old farmer in Indiana wanted to sell his farm for a fancy price, and after throwing a number of deceased eggs into a sink hole, circulated the report that he had found a fine supply of natural gas. A Chicago man came along and the farmer, eager with the consciousness of guilt, sold the farm for little more than it was worth as agricultural land. The Chicago man dug in the sink hole and has been rewarded by finding the richest gas deposit in the State. When last heard from the honest farmer was butting his head against a tree.

EVEN vegetation seems to acknowledge that this is the age of electricity. There has just been discovered in the forests of India, a strange plant, which possesses astonishing magnetic power. The hand which breaks a leaf from it receives immediately a shock equal to that which is produced by the conductor of an induction coil. At a distance of twenty feet a magnetic needle is affected by it, and it will be quite deranged if brought near. It is shunned by birds and insects; its power is increased during a storm; yet all magnetic force is lost when rain falls, even though the plant be sheltered by an umbrella.

SPEAKING to a reporter of the Boston *Herald* of the book of reminiscences which he hopes to prepare some of these days, Ben Butler says that he has "a personal desire that the true inwardness of the actions of some soi-distant saints, martyrs, heroes and generals, who have figured so romantically in the history of the greatest occurrences in the life of any nation, as peddled out to magazines at so many pennies a line, shall be set right by an impartial statement of the true facts and incidents of their careers." The truth of history is what the world always longs for, and whoever helps to place her in possession of it becomes one of her favorite sons. We gather from the way the General expresses himself that he is convinced that the halos surrounding the heads of the saints, martyrs, heroes, and generals in question are neither so large nor so dazzling as they ought to be.

MR. HERBERT WARD, who was with Stanley at the outset of his expedition, has many interesting stories to tell about that remarkable old gentleman, Tippoo Tib. His real name is Hamid Ben Mohammed, his nom de guerre being a phonetic effort on the part of the natives. Tippoo has a pleasing way of going around in the early morning surprising peaceful villages where ivory is reported to be stored and pegging away with his rifles. The natives used to say that the sound of his gun was like "tip, tip, tip," hence they call him "Tip Tip," which Europeans have rendered into the now famous Tippoo Tib. Tippoo is as wealthy as he is rapacious. Mr. Ward has a photograph which he took of him in front of his hut, surrounded by his braves, who are standing guard by thirty tons of ivory, worth at least $70,000. Tippoo, in presence of his treasures, wears an amiable, almost angelic expression.

IN a suit which has just terminated in the English High Court of Justice, it seems to have been deemed libellous to publish of a lady that she had once, in her days of poverty, been a washerwoman. Such a publication would hardly be pronounced a libel in any court in this country. The occupation of a washerwoman is most useful and respectable, and neither dishonorable nor degrading. To engage in it, for the purpose of earning an honest living, cannot justly subject a woman to reproach, unless the simple toil which poverty imposes is to be regarded as disreputable. The doctrine that it is defamatory to accuse a person of having once engaged in any form of honest labor would never do in the United States. To a great lady, admitted to be worthy of moving in the most brilliant society, it might well be a source of pride rather than of mortification that in time of need she had been able to support herself by the work of her hands.

A STRANGE thing happened to D. B. Chase, of Locust Ridge, Pa. He was driving a single horse along the Sparrowhawk creek at the time. At that point the highway is on the left of the creek and very close to the bank for nearly a mile. The road was muddy, the horse was walking slowly, and Mr. Chase was reading a newspaper, when all at once he heard something scrambling up the bank of the brook on his right. Mr. Chase turned to see what had made the noise, and there stood a large buck. He was panting as though he had been run by a hound, and, without seeming to notice the man, he walked along by the side of the front wheel. As quick as thought, Mr. Chase said, he threw the lines over the buck's antler's. Why he did so he could not tell, but the act stirred the buck up in a twinkling. He backed like a flash, and the next minute horse, wagon and driver were yanked into the creek. Mr. Chase said he didn't get a glimpse of the buck after that. His wagon was broken and everything in it was upset in the shallow stream.

Harder on the Tramp Than Mr. Hoxie.

Paul Morton, the general freight agent of the Burlington road, tells a very good story on the late H. M. Hoxie, who was manager of Jay Gould's Southwestern system during the great strikes. One afternoon a rather tough-looking young man walked into Mr. Hoxie's private office, unannounced. He neglected to remove his plugh hat as he entered, and he cocked it further over his right eye, and took two or three vigorous pulls at the "cannon" he was smoking, before he said: "Is your name Hoxie?" Mr. Hoxie said that such was the fact. "Well," said the fresh young man, as he hit the bullseye in the neighboring cuspador, "I want a job. Anything from general passenger agent up will do me." Mr. Hoxie's eyebrows indicated mild surprise. "Young man," he said, gently, "that is no way to approach an official for a position. Just take a seat there and watch me." The young man sat down and Mr. Hoxie called his private secretary to the seat at the desk, and then walked out.

A moment later he wrapped at the office door, and the private secretary bade him enter. The fresh young man looked on with wondering eyes. "Is the general manager in, sir?" asked Mr. Hoxie, bowing politely, hat in hand, to the private secretary. "Yes, sir. What can I do for you?" inquired the secretary. "Well, sir," said Mr. Hoxie, deferentially, "I am seeking a position on your road, and I wish to place my application before you. What position it is I do not care; I simply desire a start. Can you do anything for me?" The secretary said he would take his name and bear him in mind. "You might call in again in a week or so, and I may have something for you." "All right, sir," said Hoxie; "I thank you." Then he bowed again and walked out, hat in hand. In a moment he re-entered, and the secretary walked back to his own desk. "That," said Mr. Hoxie, "is the proper way to apply for a position. Now see if you can do as well," he added, addressing the fresh young man. The latter went out, and Mr. Hoxie resumed his seat. There was a rap at the door. "Come in," said Mr. Hoxie. The tough young man entered, hat in hand, and bowed low. "Is the general manager in," he asked, politely. "Yes, sir, I am the general manager; what can I do for you?" The young man looked at him sharply, and blurted out: "You can go to ——!" Then he jammed his plug hat on his head, rushed out, and took up his still-smoking "cannon," which had burned a hole in the wainscoting where he had laid it. Mr. Hoxie's eyebrows expressed a surprise which was by no mean mild, while his private secretary, at the typewriter spelled tariff with four f's.—*Chicago Herald.*

Why She Was Anxious.

"What did you want?" queried the sergeant at police headquarters yesterday as a colored woman came in.

"Heard from my ole man yet?" she asked.

"Let's see? Who was he?"

"Named Haygood, an' he run'd off las' summer."

"Oh, I remember. No, we haven't heard anything of him yet."

"Thanks.

"You are very anxious, I presume?"

"Yes, sah. I was afraid you had found him."

"And you don't want him found?"

"Not 'zactly right away, sah. I was dun mar'd agin two days ago. So you'l jist better keep quiet an' let de ole man stay losted."

NO, CEDRIC, the small boy who has been doing wrong could hardly be called a locksmith because at his father's approach he makes a bolt for the door

A BIT OF CRIMINAL HISTORY.

The First Counterfeit Greenback Bill Made at Lawrence, Ind.

Sim Coy's new book will bring out the historical fact that the first counterfeit greenback (fold series) was made at Lawrence, in this county, during that war, by the criminally-famous Johnson family. Many thousands of the bills were placed in circulation, people not dreaming of a counterfeit so early after the first appearance of the bill, and besides the stirring events of the war largely diverted their attention from business matters.

Pete McCartney was the financial backer of the Johnsons, and after the plate had been worked the Johnsons attempted to unload McCartney, but his suspicions being aroused, he stole the plate and caused it to be electrotyped, after which it was returned to its old hiding-place. The electrotype was a marked improvement on the original counterfeit, and McCartney worked off his scrues in this city, and over $100,000 of the spurious stuff were readily placed in circulation.

Meanwhile the secret service officers, led by Major Woods, had been apprised of the counterfeit, and were laying for the Johnsons and McCartney. Instead of tracking the latter to his rooms, where the printing was going on, McCartney was arrested at the postoffice, and in a few days, in company with the Johnsons, who had been found at Lawrence, he was forwarded under strong escort to the military prison at Washington.

While the train was crossing the mountains, although McCartney was handcuffed and shackled at the time, he managed to make his escape, and in two weeks he was back again in this city, secured possession of his electrotype and disappeared. It cost the Government a great many thousands of dollars before the officers again laid hands on him. Meanwhile the Johnsons succeeded in making terms, by which they escaped prosecution by turning over the original plate and giving the officers certain pointers with reference to other offenders. Neither the Johnsons nor the Government knew until long afterward that McCartney had an electrotype, and had stolen a march on his former associates.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

FOUND A HOLE FOR HIM.

A Washington man has recently returned from an extensive tour of Europe. During his absence he wandered from the beaten paths of travel and explored new and undiscovered lands. In one of these side excursions he landed in an obscure German town, and to his surprise met an old friend of whom he had lost track these eight years. After exchanging greetings and taking in the melancholy and dejected air of the exiled one, the traveler asked:

"What are you doing here?"

"I am the American Consul at this confounded place, and have been here for the last eight years."

"How is that? Didn't the Democrats fire you out?"

"They would hardly do that," said the Consul with a sickly smile. "The pay is only $120 a year. Beer and rye bread are cheap, however, and I can live on about that figure."

"But tell me how you came to get here?"

"It was this way. I had a friend who had an intimate friend who knew Secretary Blaine intimately. Through this channel, I made application for a place and was brought in contact with the Secretary. This was in the early days of the Garfield administration. Mr Blaine gave me a cordial grasp of the hand and beamed one of those warming, magnetic smiles on me.

"'Ah, yes, Mr. L——. You are one of the L——'s, of Ohio, are you not? Yes; I know your father very well, sir, in my younger days. You would like a consulship, perhaps?'

"Visions of gold lace and diplomatic receptions appeared before my eyes. I managed to say that that was in the line of my ambitions. Then Mr. Blaine smiled again.

"'Well, Mr. L——, there are plenty of pegs and not many holes; but I think we will have to find a hole for you.'

"He found a hole and put me in it, signed the commission, and I have been in a hole ever since. *Washington Post.*

FINING HIMSELF FOR DRUNKENNESS.

An extraordinary scene was presented in Oakland to-day. A few days ago Judge Alexander Laidlaw got drunk and created a scene in a saloon. He was not arrested, but a report of his unseemly conduct was published in the papers. He wore an air of unusual dignity when court opened, and in presence of a large crowd lectured himself for breaking a city ordinance, pledged himself to resign if it occurred again, imposed a fine of $50 and paid it to the baliff.—*New York Tribune.*

HE KNEW THEM.

"You seem to know those two intoxicated fellows over there?"

"Yes; one of them is a strapping fellow. He's a barber."

"Oh!"

"The other is a step-watch."

"Step-watch?"

"Yes; he's a discharged policeman."—*Chicago Ledger.*

SUFFICIENT CREDENTIALS.

Careful Parent—Before I can give my consent to your proposed marriage to my daughter, I must know something about your character.

Suitor—Certainly, sir, certainly. Here is my bank book.

Careful Parent (after a glance)—Take her, my son, and be happy.—*New York Weekly.*

THE essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of a greater action is gone like the bloom from a soiled flower.

ROOT & COMPANY

WRAPS AT COST!

From this time forth every wrap remaining in the Cloak Department will be sold at exact cost, not one penny will be added above that. There are lots of Fine Wraps still unsold. You who have been waiting will find this the opportunity.

SEAL, PLUSH, CLOTH

In all the latest new shapes of New Markets, Coats and Jackets,

ALL AT COST.

FUR RUGS

At a big reduction and some splendid ones left. The last one will be as good as the first sold. They are going out every day and they who buy now get them at a big reduction.

The Carpet Department

Offers many good bargains and will continue it all through the month of January. We are going to clean up for the spring trade, reduce stock and to do that

Reduce Prices.

BLANKETS!

At a reduction. Comfortables at a reduction.

ORIENTAL RUGS!

A large line consigned to us, to sell at a low price, came yesterday—some beauties among them. Long Hall Rugs in this lot.

ROOT & COMPANY.

Capital, $250,000. Surplus, $70,000.

The Old National Bank

OF FORT WAYNE.

STEPHEN B. BOND, President.
OLIVER P. MORGAN, Vice President.
JARED D. BOND, Cashier.
JAMES C. WOODWORTH, Ass't Cashier.

As an addition to its general banking business, this bank has opened a Dollar Deposit Department for the accommodation of patrons desiring to deposit small sums of money. Books will be provided for this class of depositors, bearing the words, "Dollar Deposit Department Old National Bank." 25-2w

J. E. WAUGH, D. D. S.,

Dental Office in Shoaff's Gallery,

21 W. BERRY St.

FURNITURE.

What is better for a Christmas or wedding present than a fine piece of Furniture? We have everything you can think of at our elegant new store, 28 and 30 East Berry street.

THE PAPE FURNITURE CO.

Beauty and Utility.

No more appropriate or useful Christmas present can be given by a parent to a son or daughter than a Caligraph Type Writer. The time is not far distant when a type writer will be found in every intelligent home. The educational value of a type writer is unquestioned. It assists in learning to spell correctly, and results in a close observation of the construction of sentences, and helps to form the habit of composition. W. E. McDermut is the Fort Wayne agent for the Caligraph, which embraces the latest and best improvements in writing machines. Call and get samples, and see the machine in actual operation. 14 janl

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

Fancy Cabinets, Blacking Boxes, Foot Rests, Easels, Statuary, cheap at the new store of THE PAPE FURNITURE CO.,
12-tf 28 and 30 E. Berry St.

Cheap Holiday Rates Via the "Muncie Route."

Lowest ever made
To Cincinnati and return, $4.21;
To Louisville and return, $7.30;
To Indianapolis and return, $4.15.
One fare for round trip
to all local points.

Tickets good going December 24, 25 and 31, 1889, and January 1, 1890; good to return until January 3, 1890.

For tickets and rates to other points call on or address

W. H. Evans, G. P. & T. A.,
21-8t 75 Calhoun street.

Holiday Rates.

The Nickel Plate will sell tickets at reduced rates between all stations commencing Monday, Dec. 23, 1889, to Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1890, good returning on any train to and including January 3, 1890. Inquire of nearest agent. Nickel Plate holiday excursion rates all above the line. 11-18t

For Influenza use Fathers Balsam, the only sure cure. Janl

REALLY REMARKABLE REDUCTIONS.

All lines of Ladies' Shoes which are broken in sizes we have marked down in order to close them out. Come and see them. If we have your size in these lots you can buy them at sacrificing prices. These lots include Ladies' French Kid Shoes in hand turned and machine sewed, Fine Dongola Kid Shoes, in Opera and Common sense lasts, and of different widths.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS GOODS.

Redlick Bros.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, DEC. 28, 1889.

LOCAL NEWS.

Rev. A. Guttmacher lectured at Ligonier last evening.

The Transfer and Storage company held a meeting last night.

Mr. Theodore H. Haberkorn received the eighth patent on his air-brake to-day.

The county commissioners will probably have a special meeting early in January.

Mr. and Mrs. Gillsland, of Van Wert, Ohio, are visiting his sister, Mrs. Lawn.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Thompson are at Camden, Ind., visiting at Mrs. Thompson's old home.

Phoenix lodge No. 101, K. of P., will hold an election of officers next Monday evening.

Mr. Frank Falker will not return to Chicago. He says he will always make this city his home.

Miss Amelia Makarius, of Dayton, O., is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. W. Frederick, of LaSalle street.

Hon. R. C. Bell is at home from Muncie and Cincinnati. He reports Mrs. Bell in improved health.

Mr. Jacob Balles has completed the stone contract on the handsome new Auger block on East Main street.

The holiday season is the dullest of the year for hotels and this year is by no means an exception to the rule.

Mrs. John Haynes and mother, of Bucyrus, are visiting Mrs. Gates and Mrs. Raifsnyder, of south Harrison street.

Mr. W. E. Lewis, formerly of L. O. Hull's store, now a hotel-keeper at Monroeville, was a visitor in the city last evening.

The funeral of Bessie, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Lehman, occurred this afternoon from the residence, 35 Walnut street.

Major Geo. Ewing received a handsome setter dog from the Latonia kennels at Lexington, Ky., yesterday. The canine cannot be touched for $500.

Fort Wayne Grand Lodge of Perfection will keep "open house" at the Masonic Temple on New Years day. All masons will receive a cordial reception.

Rev. Sam Small will deliver his lecture "From Bar Room to Pulpit" at the Academy of Music on New Years night. Admission free. Every person invited to come.

Mr. Klinkel, a resident of the east end, received a painting of himself from his wife, who just completed it for a Christmas gift. He thinks it is a splendid piece of work, and so it is.

A very interesting and entertaining musicale was given by Misses Anderson and Large on Thursday evening, at which Misses Siboni and Kenower contributed to the pleasure of invited guests.

Mr. Geo. Hahn, of Cincinnati, is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hahn. They have also as their guest, Miss Ida Brossard, of Cincinnati, an accomplished young lady and a cousin of Mrs. Hahn.

The funeral of the late Mrs. O. N. Heaton occurred yesterday afternoon, and was largely attended. Rev. S. A. Northrop, of the First Baptist church, officiated. The pall bearers were as follows: Messrs. P. L. Jones, L. Diether, W. J. Vesey, W. P. Breen, B. F. Harper and Wilmer Leonard.

A councilman in expressing his views upon the question of new pavements said he was in favor of more of them. He thought it would be a good policy to accomplish the laying of several pavements, because the muddy condition of our streets has no doubt been a loss of many thousands of dollars to the commercial interests.

Because Mr. Otto Klinkenberg, the druggist, made mistakes while waiting on customers today, it is not to be supposed he has the symptoms of approaching influenza. He changed a hundred dollar bill for a Sewcuse reporter and when the mistake was told he explained it away by saying a darling little daughter had just arrived in his household, hence the recklessness.

Mr. Amasa Kauffman, of this city, is visiting at Lagrange.

Mr. and Mrs. James Lillie, of Kankakee, Ill., are in the city.

Manager R. T. McDonald left for New York City last night.

Capt. Chris Hettler was surprised by the Saengerbund on Christmas evening.

Misses Emma Searles and Cora Nave, of Huntington, are visiting friends in the city.

M. N. Pinnadore, professor of the violin at the Conservatory of Music, is at Chicago.

Miss Cora Edwards has returned to this city from Montana. She is attending school here.

Mr. Harry Funk, representing the Fraternal Mystic Circle, is the guest of Dr. E. L. Siver.

A portion of the office force at the electric light works have been working extra hours lately.

The funeral of the young son of Wm. Pappert and wife will take place to-morrow at 1:30 p. m.

Assistant Manager Bernard Rorison, of the electric light works, has gone to Brookville, Ont., on business.

Mr. J. W. Hayden presented his daughter, Grace, as a Christmas gift a valuable lot on South Broadway.

The Tyner well, the twenty-eighth one in the field of the Salimonie company, is expected to develop to-day.

Bessie, the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Wyatt, of 21 Francis street, is down with typhoid fever.

Broadway may have a pavement next season. There is activity among a number favoring such improvement.

Reuben Webb, of Manitou Springs, Col., is in the city. He came to attend the funeral of his sister, Mrs. O. N. Heaton.

Miss Clara Buchwalter was presented with a handsome gold watch and chain on Christmas day. The gift came from her parents.

Misses Lillie and May Fisk have returned from a pleasant trip to Bluffton. While there they were the guests of Mrs. T. B. Empie.

Mrs. Aull and her daughter, Miss Julia, mother and sister of Mrs. W. F. Heath, are expected in this city to-day to visit here a short time.

Mr. Levi Fireovid and family, of Crestline, Ohio, are visiting at the residence of Mr. D. W. Souder, of Spy Run avenue. Mrs. Souder is a sister of Mr. Fireovid.

Among the Fort Wayne people who spent Christmas at Avilla were Messrs. Joe Reiman, Alex and Joseph Schlatter, Frank Kink, Chas. Fitch and wife and Mrs. Lathrop.

Edward Murray, a vagrant, arrested by Marshal Franke, was sent to jail today. Fred Peters, arrested by Officer Daseler, was arraigned on an old charge of intoxication. He paid his fine.

Mr. George Larrimore, of L. O. Hull's establishment, returned from Elkhart yesterday where he spent the past week visiting relatives. His cousin, Miss Nellie Miller, of the latter city, returned with him to remain two weeks.

Leesburg people are recovering from the shock caused by the great fire of last Saturday night. Most of the burnt district will be covered with new buildings, just as soon as the necessary material can be procured and the work done in the coming spring.

An interesting volume on musical matters has just been issued. It is entitled. "The First Hundred Years of Music in America." A biography of Professor W. F. Heath, of this city, who is prominent in musical circles, and a full page portrait of himself are among the contents of the volume.

The money contributions in the several Catholic churches of this city on Christmas day amounted to $1,358.07. The sums are accredited as follows: Cathedral, $769.26; St. Mary's, $366.86. St. Paul's, $111.67; St. Peter's, $110.28. The amount from each church, except St. Mary's, is a trifle less than was given for the same purpose a year ago.

At a regular meeting last evening, at their hall, Fort Wayne encampment, No. 152, I. O. O. F., elected the following officers for the ensuing term: C. P., William Blondot; S. W., E. M. Powers; J. W., Byron J. Johnson; H. P., C. J. Lose; scribe, C. F. Fullmer; per. scribe, D. L. Harding; treasurer, T. J. Rodabaugh; trustees, D. L. Harding, John Shuster, Christian Bruns.

Hon. J. W. Ady, of Newton, Kansas, who will be remembered as an old Wells county boy, formerly a student at the Fort Wayne college, has made a brilliant success of his chosen profession, the law, at his western home. He was recently appointed by the president as United States district attorney and the other evening was made the recipient of a magnificent gold watch and chain, the gift of his many friends at Newton. Many acquaintances in northern Indiana will be glad to learn of Mr. Ady's success.

The marriage of Miss Ione Winton, of North Manchester, to H. E. Hamilton, of Grand Rapids, has proved a cruel farce, the groom already having two wives: one living at Salem, Ohio, and another at Grand Rapids. Hamilton claims he would secure work in this city. Dr. Winton, the bride's father, will make diligent effort to bring Hamilton to justice, and in this he will be assisted by the relatives of the other ladies he has wronged. It is sincerely to be hoped that Hamilton will soon be placed where he will no more menace the honor and happiness of innocent girls.

A fine black colt strayed into Fletcher's livery stable last night.

Mr. Fred Kline is visiting the family of William Wefel, at Logansport.

A plat of Winch's addition has been filed in the county recorder's office.

Dr. Peter Drayer is said to be the first soloist from "Spring ..." at Hartford City.

Mr. T. F. McKeever and daughter Verna are the guests of N. C. Broward, of this city.

Miss Nora Butler, of Waterloo, is in the city a guest of her father, Collector W. O. Butler.

Clarence Swann, of the postoffice, who is off duty by reason of sickness is a little better to-day.

Rev. W. E. Murray, of Miami county, is visiting friends in this city and vicinity, for a few days.

Mrs. Watt P. Denny has returned from Boise City, where she was the guest of her parents.

Mr. C. E. Baker, of the electric light works, has returned from a visit to his parents at Kendallville.

The case of Eicher vs. the Fort Wayne Water Power company has been continued until Monday.

Miss Susie L. Potter, of Chicago, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Potter, of 31 Sherman street.

Mr. Archie P. Wolford, who has been visiting his parents, has returned to Chicago, where he is employed.

Mr. E. J. Clapp, head baker of Barcus' bakery, has returned from Chicago, where he spent Christmas with his parents.

The new building of the Meyer Brother's Drug company at St. Louis is completed and the firm is preparing to move therein.

Mr. P. L. Currier, of Markle, Ind., left Monday for a brief visit with his daughter, Mrs. S. J. Logan, of Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mr. Mart Rehman, who has been sick for some weeks, has about reached the crisis of his disease. His condition is very uncertain.

Mr. R. G. Thompson, sr., of Reading, Mich., will spend the holidays with his son, Wabash passenger agent Thompson, of this city.

Miss Grace Virgil, of Bristol, is in the city attending the St. Augustine's academy, where she expects to fit herself for a teacher in that institution.

Richard Weber, son of Mr. B. Weber, proprietor of the Washington House, has taken a position at the drug store of Mr. C. O. Lepper on West Jefferson street.

John D. Bashman and Louisa Braun; Fred W. Kellerman and Elsie Bell; John B. Teague and Bertha Langer; Edward Vinston and Flora Hansover have been licensed to wed.

The W. K. P. had a social hop at Morton club hall last night. George Jacob's party furnished the music for the merry dancers. The enjoyment was kept up until nearly midnight.

George Wilson, the minstrel, is said to have a most magnificent residence in Binghamton, N. Y., his grounds presenting the appearance of a private park, with statuary, fountains, drives, etc., the whole representing an outlay of over $60,000.

Mr. Harry Keplinger, of the Hamilton bank, and Mr. Frank Keplinger, of the First National bank, will go to Bucyrus, Ohio, to-night, to attend the funeral of their uncle, M. D. Fulton, which will occur to-morrow.

Mr. Charles McKee, of the firm of Charles McKee & Co., who will occupy the corner room of the Schmitz block for the jewelry business, was in the city yesterday. He let the contract to Liebman & Henry for the furniture of the room. The firm will open up February 1.

Mr. W. B. Smith, of South Calhoun street, met with quite a severe accident Thursday evening. He went into the stable at his home and, while moving around among his horses, was crushed up against the side of the stable and severely injured in the chest. Dr. Porter was called and attended him. Mr. Smith will be confined to the home for several days.

Officer Daseler arrested Fred Block and Henry Lichstin, two more youths who are supposed to be accomplices in the pigeon stealing raids made by a gang of boys in Frenchtown. They were bound over in the sum of $200. Fred Brown, Chas. Menze and young Gibson are also behind the bars, and it is believed the law will make an example of the whole gang.

The annual reunion of company D, eighty-eighth Indiana volunteer infantry was held to-day at Sion S. Bass post hall. The reunion commemorated the twenty-seventh anniversary of the battle of Stone river, at which point was the bloodiest engagement of the company. Captain Scott Swann, M. M. Thompson and Frank Alderman were the committee on arrangements for the meeting. Colonel Briant, of Huntington, was present with quite a number of other comrades from out of the city.

Captain C. Hettler and wife were surprised on Thursday evening by the Saengerbund, whose coming was heralded by a serenade. The whole party was invited into the house by the astonished captain. They were soon joined by the St. Mary's church choir, who had called to pay their respects to Mr. and Mrs. Herman H. Hettler, of Chicago. The captain's surprise was still further heightened when he was presented with a beautiful gold pin as a token of esteem from the Saengerbund. The evening passed in delightful discourse. The recipient of the surprise will always recall the occasion with pleasant feelings.

FORMING ALLIANCES.

Pleasant, Aboite and Lake Townships Organize.

The farmers of Pleasant township met at Kenark's school house, and organized an alliance. A charter was sent for and the following officers chosen: Wm. Kenark, president, John Corsin, vice president; Chas Dalman, secretary; John Gride, treasurer.

Aboite Township Farmers' Alliance effected a permanent organization at Center school house. A charter was sent for and the following officers elected: President, Frances Cordrey; secretary, Frank Parnin; treasurer, Wm. A. Kelsey. The Alliance starts with thirty-five charter members, and will meet on Friday night, Jan. 10, 1890. Three delegates were elected to the County Alliance, which meets at Fort Wayne, Saturday, Jan. 4, 1890.

The farmers of Lake township perfected their alliance organization Thursday, December 13. The following officers were elected to act for a term of six months President, J. Rapp; Vice President, 'Squire Keiler; Treasurer, Mr. Hire, Secretary, A. T. Cook. The president appointed a committee, Messrs. Larimore, Grosjean and Smith, to attend the county alliance to be held at Fort Wayne, Saturday, January 4. Prior to adjournment the motion to hold another meeting at Lake Center, Thursday evening, January 2, was carried.

The Deaths.

The following deaths have been reported at the undertakers for the week ending December 28:

Wm. Pappert, 3 years, croup.

Mary Ruggaber, 71 years, dropsy.

Albert Crawford, 26 years, consumption.

Bessie Lehman, 7 days, spasms.

Martha J. Isett, 34 years, uremic poison.

Rhoda A. Heaton, 27 years, uremic poison.

Frank J. Early, 7 years, typhoid fever.

George Geiger, 76 years, asthma.

Mr. Elroy Lohmiller and wife, of Dixon, Ohio, are guests of Rev. S. D. Miller and wife, of South Harrison street.

The board of directors of the Fort Wayne Building, Loan and Savings association met last night.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Dec. 28.—Wheat: December, 77; January, 78; May, 82½. Corn: December, 31⅝; January, 30¼; February, 30; May, 32½. Oats: December, 20; January, 20¼; February, 20½; May, 22@22½. Pork: Year, $8.10; January, $9.05; February, $9.17½; May, $9.47½. Lard: Year, $5.77½; January, $5.80; February, $5.82½; May, $6.00. Short ribs: Year, $4.62½; January, $4.60; February, $4.62½; May, $4.82½.

Loose's Red Clover Pills Cure Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, 25c per Box, 5 Boxes for $1. For sale by Dreier Bros.

Oranges, Grapes and Nuts For New Years.

Large, Bright Floridas, 35c doz.
Choice Malaga Grapes, 18c lb.
New Mixed Nuts, 12½c qt.
FRUIT HOUSE.

At the Certia combination grocery you can find most anything you want.

COME TO STAY.

Our Fourth Year.

Toys, Notions, Novelties, Tinware, Glassware, Woodenware and Dolls a specialty. Wholesale and retail, at the Temple of Economy, 15 East Main St.
15-tf A. R. HILLS.

NEXT! NEXT! NEXT!

New Years Shooting.

Blank cartridges, powder, caps, horse pistols, revolvers, fire works, etc.
MAX G. LADE,
28&31 58 East Main street.

Reduction on Butter--Down 2c. Pound.

Choice Roll Butter, 18c; good Butter, 12c lb.

Fresh Eggs, 22c doz.
FRUIT HOUSE.

WANTED A good second girl at 99 East Wayne street. 28-tf

FOR SALE OR RENT—The large, commodious building on Columbia street, occupied by Staub Bros. Enquire of D. W. Bowen, 29 East Washington street.

FOR RENT—A nice cottage house on North Hanna street. Wood shed, cistern and cellar. Enquire of D. W. Bowen, 29 East Washington street.

REMEMBERED THE ORPHANS.

Supt. J. Rettig Returns Thanks to Kind Donors.

The following articles were sent to the Reformed orphan home during the holidays:

Mrs. Mary H. Williams, 35 yards of calico, 8 yards of dress goods, 1 pair mittens and toys; Miss Maggie Hamilton, 1 bolt of muslin, $10 in cash, 1 dozen handkerchiefs, 1 doll and other presents; the Misses Sweeney, ½ barrel of sugar, 12 cans of fruit, coffee, rice and prunes; Mr. J. B. White, 1 box of oranges (10 dozen); Pixley & Co., 3 books; Mr. Evans, books; Mrs. McDonald, 3 dolls, 1 buggy and pop corn; Mrs. Howenstein, 2 hoods, books and toys; Mrs. H. C. Moderwell, books; Mr. L. Hull, $3 cash; Mrs. Rudolph Siemon, 1 boys suit and 1 muffler; Mr. U. Stutz, 1 pair rubber boots; Mrs. F. W. Kuhne, $2; Mr. C. Rau, 2 pair boots; Mrs. R. Klaehn, $2.

Thankfully acknowledged,
REV. J. RETTIG, Supt.

Rev Rettig and family, as also the various employes of the orphan home, wish to express their hearty thanks for the special presents they received from Mrs. Williams and Miss Hamilton.

Bloomingdale.

Mr. Certia, bound to lead, honest weights and good goods has brought his business to the front. His customers always find him good natured and obliging, which is the road to success. The people on the north side appreciate this fact, as it is a great advantage to have such a firm so convenient. At 116 Wells street.

MERGENTHEIM'S BAZAAR,

The balance of our Stock of Ladies', Gents', and Childrens' Winter Underwear, CLOAKS,

At and below cost. Yarns of all kinds at cost. Bisques, Toilet Cases, and other holiday goods below cost. Comfortables and Blankets at cost.

Influenza is in our city, and all so affected, will at once get Fathers Balsam, a sure cure. 28-30-Janl

I. C. Clark's is the best place to go for picture framing. A large stock always on hand and prices lower than the lowest. 181 Calhoun street.

Your Gain---Our Loss---But they must go. The Great Trade we have been having! Some lines of Suits and Overcoats have been reduced to 1 or 2 sizes. Now, to close them out, altho' they are among our best goods, we will not consider cost, but make a substantial reduction below it. We are determined, if price will move them, that they shall go before our removal.

The Early Comers are going to get the biggest values of their lives.

FRIEND'S ENTERPRISE CLOTHIERS, 26 Calhoun street.

—THE—

PEOPLE'S STORE

(PIXLEY & LONG BLOCK), EAST BERRY STREET.

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Popular Place TO BUY

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Fancy Goods, NOTIONS,

Ladies, Misses —AND— Children's CLOAKS!

Always the Lowest Possible Prices.

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Keep on hand and make to order, just what you want for

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Fresh Roasted Coffee Everyday.

Full Line of Fancy and Staple Groceries, Domestic and Tropical fruits.

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XCEEDINGLY CEESNABLE.

Ladies' Rubbers, - - .25
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